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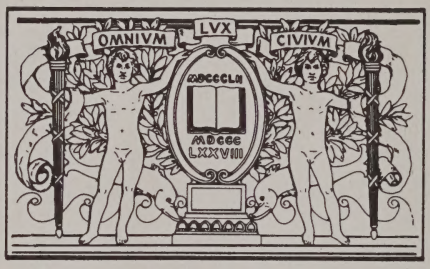

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXXIII.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXII.

JULY, 1856.

ART. I. — *Life of George Washington.* By WASHINGTON IRVING. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 3 vols.

BIOGRAPHY is an art that demands a peculiar sense of the appropriate. Even the acknowledged exemplars of this species of writing do not yield precedents of universal application. Few men, of however rare colloquial powers, can bear so minute a record of their sayings and doings as renders Boswell's Life of Johnson one of the most attractive books in the English language. Where the hero, on the other hand, is a man of deeds rather than of words, the more simple, literal, and authentic the chronicle of his actions, the better; and, accordingly, scrupulous fidelity to this condition has made Southey's Life of Nelson a model of its kind. When the interest of the subject, however, is psychological, — a revelation of the conflicts, the aspirations, and the noble pleasures of one whose achievements bear no proportion to the daily beauty of his life and the inward resources of courage, love, and wisdom incarnated in the man himself, and chiefly exhibited to the eye and heart of friendship, — then we hail, with delight, the sympathetic intelligence and moral insight displayed by Carlyle in his Life of Sterling. There is, notwithstanding this diversity of merit, one test applicable to all memoirs, — their more or less vivid reflection of character.

Whatever plan is adopted, if the result is to impart a clear, definite, harmonious revelation of the subject, — if the saint or hero, the man or woman, becomes so distinct and palpable, that henceforth we know each feature and recognize the normal expression in all its individuality, — the object is gained, whether the process is the minute detail of consciousness like the French autobiographies, a critical analysis such as Dr. Johnson applied to the British poets, an egotistical narrative of personal and daily life such as Haydon left behind him, the generalized eulogy of one of Arago's academical discourses, the philosophical estimate of one of Lord Brougham's reviews, or the panoramic grouping of characters and scenes that gives life to the portraiture of Macaulay. In the instance before us, the elements of character were too evenly combined, and the balance of faculties too nicely adjusted, to admit of great metaphysical interest. The incidents are of a public rather than a personal nature; the virtues crave calm contemplation rather than dramatic exhibition. The man was a great moral unity, and not an erratic and marvellous genius; but, on the other hand, the scenes have an unparalleled significance, the character is the purest and the most effective in all history, and the events which brought out its latent meaning and force were of limitless and permanent influence.

When a new Life of Washington was announced as forthcoming from the graceful and endeared pen of Irving, we imagined that our literary pioneer was induced to give the ripe years of his honorable career to this labor of love, by the fortunate possession of fresh *memorabilia*, chiefly relating to the domestic and personal character of his great subject; and we enjoyed, in anticipation, a fund of new anecdotes and a series of genial pictures of home-life in the Old Dominion, with Washington as the central figure. This expectation was a natural inference from our author's previous writings, wherein the humorous and the picturesque alternate so agreeably with legend and sentiment. What we already possessed, also, in the shape of biography, suggested the need of a somewhat more detailed and elaborate portrait, one which might represent the man as well as the soldier and the statesman. Recalling the numerous traditional incidents of his early life

and the vivid glimpses of his later years, recorded by those who enjoyed the hospitalities of Mount Vernon, it was not difficult to conjure up a delightful sketch, like that which embalms a visit to Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, and has made us so well acquainted with Roscoe and Bracebridge Hall. Local associations and amenities of private life are so native to Irving's genius, that we thus instinctively prefigured his Life of Washington as less didactic and political than Marshall's, less historical and official than that of Sparks, and more familiar and minute than either. These anticipations have been, in a measure, realized by the vividly narrated details of Washington's youthful days, the picture of colonial life in Virginia, the personal anecdotes occasionally introduced in the subsequent narrative, and, now and then, by a phrase of quiet humor or an expressive outbreak of sentiment; but, as a whole, the aim of Irving proves higher, more complete, and of a profounder intent, than our truant fancy prophesied. He dwells, indeed, with characteristic zest, upon a juvenile episode of the tender passion, and fondly exhibits the claims of ancestral distinction, and the nurture of those instincts which come only from gentle blood; he shows that, if his youthful hero is no classical scholar, his copy-books are models of neatness; he does not permit a single element of refinement and natural beauty which influenced the first development of the future leader to escape him; but it soon becomes apparent that literary display and mere entertainment are far beneath the scope of his self-imposed task. He curbs his imagination and simplifies his language, like a man conscious of working in the service of truth. Before the simple majesty of the life he describes, rhetoric shrinks. No metaphor is required to illustrate what is in itself luminous throughout. Words have no value here but to represent things as they are. The facts require no embellishment. The man needs only to be unveiled; to deck him out with eulogy would be impertinent; the biographer's office is to report faithfully, and truth itself becomes eloquence. His aim has been, therefore, in the quaint language of old Herbert, to "copy fair what Time hath blurred," and thus "redeem truth from his jaws."

Accordingly, it is in a thoroughly conscientious spirit that this work is written; a striking evidence of which is in the candid statement of the Tory intrigues in the author's native and beloved State at the commencement of the war. The art manifested is constructive, not rhetorical; and no one but a practised writer can estimate the difficulty of weaving into a consecutive and harmonious whole events so broken up by time and space, and interfused with such a variety of local and social agencies. With a calm and patient research and arrangement, a fluent and pure diction, a judicious inweaving of correspondence and contemporary testimony, the story of Washington's life is narrated without exaggeration or artifice. So unambitious is the style, so quiet the strain, that, to some readers, it may appear to want spirit, to lack sympathy with the heroic side of Washington's character, and to flow on in too tranquil and undramatic a vein. And yet this very calmness, this avoidance of rhetorical display and philosophic comment, this reliance on the facts of character for the interest and value of the work, is, in our view, the highest conceivable tribute to the unequalled grandeur of the subject, and the noblest compliment to the national heart. It shows perfect confidence in the power of the sublime lineaments which are reflected from the lucid page, and of the vital import of the events recorded, to win profound attention. Its value is characteristic, not adventitious; and to place such occurrences and a personage like this in the open light of truth has obviously been the single and heartfelt desire of the author. Herein he proves himself adequate to the grateful duty, which he has fulfilled in a manner that makes every true American his debtor. We do not mean to assert that the work is faultless. Errors have already been discovered, and, in some instances, corrected; we could point out an infelicitous expression, perhaps, here and there, and suggest cases of the superfluous working out of certain points to the neglect of others. But this ungracious task is needless; to render such a work perfectly correct and satisfactory, requires more than one edition, and there is no defect in its execution not easily susceptible of remedy. Meantime, it is to its design and general scope, to its merits as a whole, and in conception, that we

desire to bear our earnest testimony. So widely have the intense school of fiction, the epigrammatic and fanciful style of essays and lectures, and the melodramatic and speculative phase of historical writing, infected the public taste, that we do not expect the unpretending and latent merits of this biography to be at once and generally appreciated; but, eventually, its manly and consistent tone, and its singular accordance with its subject, in directness, fidelity, and adherence to clear, unadorned truth and fact, will be felt and acknowledged.

Avoiding alike disputed points of minor importance, irrelevant comment, and incidental gossip, our author deals almost exclusively with action. It is this that he constantly endeavors to depict, thus constructing a biography essentially popular, fitted to interest the young and old, the erudite and the ignorant, through the inevitable attraction and permanent value which belong to events as distinguished from speculation, and to life as the exponent of character. With this aim, the stateliness of formal history is sedulously repudiated, the story is encumbered by no irrelevant matter, and every page is crowded with incidents. Even with so concise a plan, the work has expanded under the author's pen; the three volumes are inadequate to embrace the Revolutionary epoch; and the administration and closing years of Washington may extend to two volumes more, especially as the last will naturally deal with those private details, which the rapid march of events excluded from the earlier portions of the work, which have gradually accumulated as successive contemporary memoirs have appeared, and to which every year has added since death has canonized his memory.

The memory of Washington is the highest and most precious of national blessings, and, as such, cannot be approached by artist or author without reverence. To pervert the traits or to mar the unity of such a character is to wrong, not only his sacred memory, but the dearest rights of his countrymen. We have no patience with those who, in the bravado of mediocrity, or the recklessness of mercenary authorship, have caricatured and vulgarized so lofty a theme; and we repeat, that, if anything could have enhanced our estimate of Washington Irving as an American writer, it is the true-hearted veneration,

the simple faith, the gracious candor, with which he has recorded the life of our matchless chief. There is a singular appropriateness in a literary task of so national a character being undertaken by our earliest author who achieved a European reputation, whose memory embraces the period when the living hero glorified our nascent republic, and whose name identifies him with the grateful renown that crowned the life and labors his pen commemorates.

When we say that he has written the biography of Washington in the spirit of its subject, we mean to express the highest praise of which such a task is susceptible. A poet of our country once conceived a drama based on the fate of André; and, after striving to embody Washington in the piece in a manner coincident with his own profound sense of his character, he found that the only way of effecting this without detriment to his ideal, was to keep that august presence off the stage, and to hint its vicinity by the reverent manner in which the name and views of Washington were treated by all the *dramatis personæ*. This instinct of dramatic propriety is a most striking proof of the native sacredness of the subject. The more fertile it may be to the poet and philosopher, the less right has the biographer to interfere with, overlay, or exaggerate its primitive truth, and the more grateful should we be when the authority of a favorite name in literature is thus nobly given to the lucid and conscientious statement of facts, in themselves and for themselves immeasurably precious.

"You have George, the Surveyor," said Carlyle, in his quaint way, to an American, when talking of heroes. Never had that vocation greater significance. It drew the young Virginian unconsciously into the best education possible in a new country for a military life. He was thereby practised in topographical observation; inured to habits of keen local study; made familiar with the fatigue, exposure, and expedients incident to journeys on foot and horseback, through streams and thickets, over mountains and marshes; taught to accommodate himself to limited fare, strained muscles, the bivouac, the woods, the seasons, self-dependence, and effort. This discipline inevitably trained his perceptive faculties, and made

him the accurate judge he subsequently became of the capabilities of land, from its position, limits, and quality, for agricultural and warlike purposes. A love of field-sports, the chief amusement of the gentry in the Old Dominion, and the oversight of a plantation, were favorable to the same result. Life in the open air, skilful horsemanship, and the use of the rifle, promoted habits of manly activity. To a youth thus bred in the freedom and salubrity of a rural home, we are disposed to attribute, in no small degree, the noble development of Washington. How naturally frank courage is fostered by such influences, all history attests. The strongest ranks in the old Roman armies were levies drawn from the agricultural laborers; the names of Tell and Hofer breathe of the mountains; and the English yeomen decided the victory on the fields where their kings encountered the French in the early wars. Political economists ascribe the deterioration of modern nations in those qualities which insure fortitude and martial enterprise to the encroachments of town life; and the greatest cities of antiquity fell through the insidious luxury of commercial success. Nor are these general truths inapplicable to personal character. In crowded towns artifice prevails. In the struggle for the prizes of traffic, nobility of soul is apt to be lost in thrift. The best hours of the day, passed under roofs and in streets, bring not the requisite ministry to health, born of the fresh air. It enlarges the mind to gaze habitually upon the horizon unimpeded by marts and edifices. It keeps fresh the generous impulses to consort with hunters and gentlemen, instead of daily meeting "the hard-eyed lender and the pale lendee." In a word, the interest in crops and herds, in woodland and upland, the excitement of duck-shooting, the care of a rural domain, and the tastes, occupations, duties, and pleasures of an intelligent agriculturist, tend to conserve and expand what is best in human nature, which the spirit of trade and the competition of social pride are apt to dwarf and overlay. Auspicious, therefore, were the influences around the childhood and youth of Washington, inasmuch as they left his nature free, identified him with the least artificial of human pursuits, and nursed his physical while they left unperverted his moral energies. He became attached to the kind of life of which

Burke and Webster were so enamored, that they ever turned with alacrity from the cares of state to flocks and grain, planting and reaping, the morning hunt and the midsummer harvest. There would seem to be a remarkable affinity between the charm of occupations like these and the comprehensive and beneficent mission of the patriotic statesman. To draw near the heart of Nature, to become a proficient in the application of her laws, to be, as it were, her active coadjutor, has in it a manliness of aim and a refreshing contrast to the wearisome anxieties of political life and the sordid absorption of trade, which charm such noble minds, and afford their best resource at once for pastime and utility.

There were, too, in that thinly peopled region over which impends the Blue Ridge, beside the healthful freedom of nature, positive social elements at work. The aristocratic sentiment had a more emphatic recognition there than in any other of the English Cisatlantic colonies; the distinctions of landed property and of gentle blood were deeply felt; the responsibility of a high caste, and of personal authority and influence over a subject race, kept alive chivalric pride and loyalty; and with the duties of the agriculturist, the pleasures of the hunt and of the table, and the rites of an established and unlimited hospitality, was mingled in the thoughts and the conversation of the people that interest in political affairs whence arise public spirit and patriotic enthusiasm. Thus, while estates carelessly cultivated, the absence of many conveniences, the rarity of modern luxuries, the free and easy habits of men accustomed rather to oversee workers than to work themselves, the rough highways, the unsubstantial dwellings and sparse settlements, might not impress the casual observer as favorable to elegance and dignity, he soon discovered both among the families who boasted of a Cavalier ancestry and transmitted noble blood. The Virginia of Sir Walter Raleigh — a country where the most extravagant of his golden dreams were to be realized — had given place to a nursery of men, cultivators of the soil and rangers of the woods, where free, genial, and brave character found scope, and the name of the distant colony that graced Spenser's dedication of the Faerie Queene to his peerless sovereign, instead of being identified with a new El Dorado,

was to become a shrine of Humanity, as the birthplace and home of her noblest exemplar.

These advantages, however, Washington shared with many planters of the South and manorial residents of the North, and they were chiefly negative. A broader range of experience and more direct influences were indispensable to refine the manners and to test the abilities of one destined to lead men in war, and to organize the scattered and discordant elements of a young republic. This experience circumstances soon provided. His intimacy with Lord Fairfax, who in the wilds of Virginia emulated the courteous splendor of baronial life in England, the missions upon which he was sent by the Governor of the State, combining military, diplomatic, and surveying duties, and especially the acquaintance he gained with European tactics in the disastrous campaign of Braddock, — all united to prepare him for the exigencies of his future career; so that, in early manhood, with the athletic frame of a hunter and surveyor, the ruddy health of an enterprising agriculturist, the vigilant observation of a sportsman and border soldier, familiar alike with Indian ambush, the pathless forest, freshets and fevers, he had acquired the tact of authority, the self-possession that peril can alone teach, the dignified manners of a man of society, the firm bearing of a soldier, aptitude for affairs, and cheerfulness in privation. To the keen sense of honor, the earnest fidelity, the modesty of soul, and the strength of purpose which belonged to his nature, the life of the youth in his native home, the planter, the engineer, the ambassador, the representative, the gentleman, and the military leader had thus added a harmony and a scope, which already, to discriminating observers, indicated his future genius for public life and his competency to render the greatest national services.

During these first years of public duty and private enterprise, it is remarkable that no brilliant achievement served to encourage those latent military aspirations which lurked in his blood. Braddock scorned his advice; Governor Dinwiddie failed to recognize his superior judgment; and he reached Fort Duquesne only to find it abandoned by the enemy. To clear a swamp, lay out a road through the wil-

derness, guide to safety a band of fugitives, survey faithfully the Shenandoah valley, treat effectively with Indians, and cheer a famished garrison, were indeed services of eminent utility; but it was only indirectly that they were favorable to his renown and prophetic of his superiority. His apparently miraculous escapes from bullets, drowning, and the ravages of illness, called forth, indeed, the recognition of a providential care suggestive of future usefulness; but the perplexities growing out of ill-defined relations between crown and provincial officers, the want of discipline in troops, the lack of adequate provision for the exigencies of public service, reverses, defeats, physical and moral emergencies, thus early so tried the patience of Washington, by the long endurance of care, disappointment, and mortification, unredeemed by the glory which is wont to attend even such martyrdom, that he cheerfully sought retirement, and was lured again to the field only by the serious danger which threatened his neighbors, and the prompting of absolute duty. The retrospect of this era of his life derives significance and interest from subsequent events. We cannot look back, as he must often have done from the honorable retreat of his age, without recognizing the preparatory ordeal of his career in this youth and early manhood, wherein he experienced, alternately, the solace of domestic comfort and the deprivations of a border campaign, the tranquil respectability of private station and the responsibility of anxious office, the practice of the camp and the meditations of the council, the hunt with gentlemen and the fight with savages, the safe and happy hospitality of a refined circle and forest life in momentary expectation of an ambush. Through all these scenes, and in each situation, we see him preserving perfect self-control, loyal to every duty, as firm and cheerful during the bitter ordeal at Fort Necessity as when riding over his domain on a summer morning, or shooting game on the banks of the Potomac, ready to risk health, to abandon ease, to forego private interests, with a public spirit worthy of the greatest statesman, yet scrupulous, methodical, and considerate in every detail of affairs and position, whether as a host, a master, a guardian, a son, or a husband, as a member of a household or a legislator, as leader of a regiment or agent

of a survey; and so highly appreciated was he for this signal fidelity within his then limited sphere, that his opinion in a social discussion, his brand on tobacco, his sign-manual to a chart, his report to a superior, and his word of advice or of censure to a dependent, bore, at once and for ever, the sterling currency and absolute meaning which character alone bestows. In this routine of duty and vicissitude under these varied circumstances, in the traits they elicited and the confidence they established, it is impossible not to behold a school often severe, yet adequately instructive, and a gradual influence upon the will, the habits, and the disposition of Washington, which laid the foundations, deep, broad, and firm, of his character, and confirmed the principles as well as the aptitudes of his nature.

So intimately associated in our minds is the career of Washington with lofty and unsullied renown, that it is difficult to recall him as divested of the confidence which his fame insured. We are apt to forget, that when he took command of the army his person was unfamiliar and his character inadequately tested to the public sense. Officers who shared his counsels, comrades in the French war, neighbors at Mount Vernon, the leading men of his native State, and a few statesmen who had carefully informed themselves of his antecedent life and private reputation, did indeed well appreciate his integrity, valor, and self-respect; but to the majority who had enlisted in the imminent struggle, and the large number who cautiously watched its prospects before committing either their fortunes or their honor, the elected chief was a stranger; nor had he that natural facility of adaptation or those conciliating manners which have made the fresh leader of troops an idol in a month, nor the diplomatic courtesy that wins political allies. If we may borrow a metaphor from natural philosophy, it was not by magnetism so much as by gravitation that his moral authority was established. There was nothing in him to dazzle, as in Napoleon, nothing to allure, as in Louis XIV., when they sought to inspire their armies with enthusiasm. The power of Washington as a guide, a chieftain, and a representative of his country, was based on a less dramatic and more permanent law; he gained the influ-

ence so essential to success, — the ability to control others, — by virtue of a sublime self-government. It was, in the last analysis, because personal interest, selfish ambition, safety, comfort, — all that human instincts endear, — were cheerfully sacrificed, because passions naturally strong were kept in abeyance by an energetic will, because disinterestedness was demonstrated as a normal fact of character, that gradually, but surely, and by a law as inevitable as that which holds a planet to its orbit, public faith was irrevocably attached to him. But the process was slow, the delay hardly tolerable to a noble heart, the ordeal wearisome to a brave spirit. In our view, no period of his life is more affecting than the early months of his command, when his prudence was sneered at by the ambitious, his military capacity distrusted even by his most intimate friend, and his "masterly inactivity" misinterpreted by those who awaited his signal for action. The calm remonstrance, the inward grief, the exalted magnanimity, which his letters breathe at this crisis, reveal a heroism of soul not surpassed in any subsequent achievement. No man ever illustrated more nobly the profound truth of Milton's sentiment, "They also serve who only stand and wait." His was not simply the reticence of a soul eager for enterprise, the endurance of a forced passivity, with vast peril and glorious possibilities, the spur of necessity, the thirst for glory, and the readiness for sacrifice stirring every pulse and bracing every nerve; but it was his part to "stand and wait" in the midst of the gravest perplexities, in the face of an expectant multitude, with a knowledge of circumstances that justified the "hope delayed," and without the sympathy which alleviates the restless pain of "hope deferred," — to "stand and wait" before the half-averted eye of the loyal, the gibes of a powerful enemy, the insinuations of factious comrades, — with only conscious rectitude and trust in Heaven for support. How, in his official correspondence, did Washington hush the cry of a wounded spirit; how plaintively it half escapes in the letter of friendship; and how singly does he keep his gaze on the great cause, and dash aside the promptings of self-love, in the large cares and impersonal interests of a country, not yet sensible of its infinite need of him, and of its own injustice!

The difficulties which military leadership involves are, to a certain extent, similar in all cases, and inevitable. All great commanders have found the risks of battle often the least of their trials. Disaffection among the soldiers, inadequate food and equipment, lack of experience in the officers and of discipline in the troops, jealousy, treason, cowardice, opposing counsels, and other nameless dangers and perplexities, more or less complicate the solicitude of every brave and loyal general. But in the case of Washington, at the opening of the American war, these obstacles to success were increased by his own conscientiousness; and circumstances without a parallel in previous history added to the vicissitudes incident to all warfare the hazards of a new and vast political experiment. That his practical knowledge of military affairs was too limited for him to cope auspiciously with veteran officers, — that his camp was destitute of engineers, his men of sufficient clothing and ammunition, — that the majority of them were honest but inexpert yeomen, — that Tory spies and lukewarm adherents were thickly interspersed among them, — that zeal for liberty was, for the most part, a spasmodic motive, not yet firmly coexistent with national sentiment, — that he was obliged, month after month, to keep these incongruous and discontented materials together, inactive, mistrustful, and vaguely apprehensive, — all this constitutes a crisis like that through which many have passed; but the immense extent of the country in behalf of which this intrepid leader drew his sword, the diversity of occupations and character which it was indispensable to reconcile with the order and discipline of an army, the habits of absolute independence which marked the American colonists of every rank, the freedom of opinion, the local jealousies, the brief period of enlistment, the obligation, ridiculed by foreign officers but profoundly respected by Washington, to refer and defer to Congress in every emergency, — this loose and undefined power over others in the field, this dependence for authority on a distant assembly, for aid on a local legislature, and for co-operation on patriotic feeling alone, so thwarted the aims, perplexed the action, and neutralized the personal efficiency of Washington, that a man less impressed with the greatness of the object in view, less sustained by solemn ear-

nestness of purpose and trust in God, would have abandoned in despair the post of duty, so isolated, ungracious, desperate, and forlorn.

Imagine how, in his pauses from active oversight, his few and casual hours of repose and solitude, the full consciousness of his position — of the facts of the moment, so clear to his practical eye — must have weighed upon his soul. The man in whose professional skill he could best rely during the first months of the war, he knew to be inspired by the reckless ambition of the adventurer, rather than the wise ardor of the patriot. Among the Eastern citizens the spirit of trade, with its conservative policy and evasive action, quenched the glow of public spirit. Where one merchant, like Hancock, risked his all for the good cause, and committed himself with a bold and emphatic signature to the bond, and one trader, like Knox, closed his shop and journeyed in the depth of winter to a far distant fort, to bring, through incredible obstacles, ammunition and cannon to the American camp, hundreds passively guarded their hoards, and awaited cautiously the tide of affairs. While Washington anxiously watched the enemy's ships in the harbor of Boston, his ear no less anxiously listened for tidings from Canada and the South. To-day, the cowardice of the militia; to-morrow, the death of the gallant Montgomery; now the capture of Lee, and again a foul calumny; at one moment a threat of resignation from Schuyler, and at another an Indian alliance of Sir Guy Johnson; the cruelty of his adversaries to a prisoner; the delay of Congress to pass an order for supplies or relief; desertions, insubordination, famine; a trading Yankee's stratagem or a New York Tory's intrigue; the insulting bugle-note which proclaimed his fugitives a hunted pack, and the more bitter whisper of distrust in his capacity or impatience at his quiescence; — these, and such as these, were the discouragements which thickened around his gloomy path, and shrouded the dawn of the Revolution in dismay. He was thus, by the force of circumstances, a pioneer; he was obliged to create precedents, and has been justly commended as the master of "a higher art than making war, the art to control and direct it," and as a proficient in those victories of "peace no less renowned than

war," which, as Fisher Ames declared, "changed mankind's ideas of political greatness."

What, we are continually impelled to ask, were the grounds of hope, the resources of trust and patience, which, at such crises, and more especially during the early discouragements of the struggle, buoyed up and sustained that heroic equanimity, which excited the wonder, and finally won the confidence, of the people? First of all, a settled conviction of the justice of his cause and the favor of God; then a belief, not carelessly adopted, that, if he avoided as long as possible a general action, by well-arranged defences and retreats, opportunities would occur when the enemy could be taken at disadvantage, and by judicious surprises gradually worn out and vanquished. Proof was not wanting of a true patriotic enthusiasm, — unorganized, indeed, and impulsive, yet real, and capable, by the *prestige* of success or the magnetism of example, of being aroused and consolidated into invincible vigor. Scattered among the lukewarm and the inexperienced friends of the cause were a few magnanimous and self-devoted men, pledged irretrievably to its support, and ready to sacrifice life, and all that makes life dear, in its behalf. Greene and Putnam, Knox and Schuyler, Robert Morris and Alexander Hamilton, were names of good cheer, and reliable watchwords in the field and the council; Franklin and Adams were representatives of national sentiment rarely equalled in wisdom and intrepidity; the legislative body whence his authority was derived more and more strengthened his hands and recognized his ability; the undisciplined New-Englanders hollowed a trench and heaped a mound with marvellous celerity and good-will; bush-fighters from the South handled the rifle with unequalled skill; a remarkable inactivity on the part of the enemy indicated their ignorance of the real condition of the American army; and last, though not least, experience soon proved that, however superior in a pitched battle, the regular troops were no match for militia in retrieving defeat and disaster. The marvellous siege of Boston, the masterly retreat from Brooklyn Heights, the success at Sullivan's Island, and the capture of the Hessians at Trenton, made it apparent that vigilant sagacity and well-timed bravery are no inadequate

compensation for the lack of material resources and a disciplined force.

Everything combines, in the events and the character so candidly portrayed in these volumes, to deepen moral interest and extinguish dramatic effect. In the absence of "the pomp and circumstance" of war, and the latent meaning and grand results involved, the chronicle differs from all other military and civil annals. The "lucky blows" and "levies of husbandmen," the poorly clad and grotesquely armed patriots, were as deficient in brilliancy of tactics and picturesque scenes, as was the bearing and aspect of their leader in the dashing and showy attractions of soldiership. "His eyes have no fire," says the Hessian's letter. An adept in the school of Frederic could find scarcely a trace of the perfect drill and astute combinations which were, in his view, the only guaranties of success in battle. The arrogant confidence of Marlborough, the inspired manœuvres of Napoleon, ordered with the rapidity of intuition beside a camp-fire and between pinches of snuff, the theatrical charge of Murat, the cool bravery of William of Orange, — all that is effective and romantic in our associations with military heroism gives place in this record to the most stern and least illusive realities. The actors are men temporarily drawn from their ordinary pursuits by a patriotic enthusiasm which displays itself in a very matter-of-fact way. The only sublimity that attends them is derived from the great interest at stake, and the deliberate self-devotion exhibited. Patience far beyond action, caution rather than enterprise, faith more than emulation, are the virtues demanded. What of poetry lies hidden in the possibilities of achievement is solemn rather than chivalric; endurance is the test, perseverance the grand requisite, indomitable spirit the one thing needful; and in these conditions, the restless, ambitious, and mercenary, who form the staple of armies, can find little scope or encouragement. It is neither the land nor the era for laurel crowns and classic odes, for orders and patents of nobility. If the volunteer falls, his only consolation is that he fills a patriot's grave, while some rude ballad may commemorate the victim, and the next Thanksgiving sermon of the pastor of his native hamlet may attest his worth. If

he survives, a grant of land, where land is almost worthless, and an approving resolution of Congress, are the only prizes in store for him, — save that greatest of all, the consciousness of having faithfully served his country.

The *tableaux* of Washington's life, however inadequately represented as yet in art, are too familiar to afford room for novel delineation to his biographer; and they differ from the prominent and dramatic events in other lives of warriors and statesmen in a latent significance and a prophetic interest that appeal to the heart more than to the eye. When we see the pyramids looming in the background of Vernet's canvas, the imagination is kindled by the association of Napoleon's victories with the mystical and far-away Egyptian land; but the idea of a successful hero, in the usual meaning of the term, of a distant campaign, of the spread of dominion, is dwarfed before the more sublime idea of a nation's birth, a vindication of inalienable human rights, a consistent assertion of civil freedom and the overthrow of tyranny, suggested by the successive portraits so dear to the American heart; — first, the surveyor guiding his fragile raft over the turbulent Alleghany; then the intrepid *aide-de-camp*, rallying the fugitive army of Braddock; next the dignified commander, drawing the sword of freedom under the majestic shadow of the Cambridge elm; the baffled but undismayed leader, erect in the boat which shivers amid the floating ice of the Delaware, his calm eye fired with a bold and sagacious purpose; cheering his famished and ragged men in the wintry desolation of Valley Forge; then receiving the final surrender of the enemies of his country; in triumphal progress through a redeemed and rejoicing land; taking the oath as first President of the Republic; breathing his farewell blessings and monitions to his countrymen; dispensing, in peaceful retirement, the hospitalities of Mount Vernon; and at last followed to the tomb with the tearful benedictions of humanity! It is the absolute meaning, the wide scope, the glorious issue, and not the mere pictorial effect, that absorbs the mind intent on these historical pictures. They foreshadow and retrace a limitless perspective, fraught with the welfare, not only of our country, but of our race. In comparison with them, more daz-

zling and gorgeous illustrations of the life of nations are as evanescent in effect as the *mirage* that paints its dissolving views on the horizon, or as a pyrotechnic glare beside the stars of the firmament.

As we ponder this record, its method and luminous order excite a new conviction of the wonderful adaptation of the man to the exigency; and it is one of the great merits of the work, that this impressive truth is more distinctly revealed by its pages than ever before. Not a trait of character but has especial reference to some emergency. The very faults of manner, as crude observers designate them, contribute to the influence, and thereby to the success, of the commander-in-chief. A man of sterner ambition would have risked all on some desperate encounter; a man of less self-respect would have perilled his authority, where military discipline was so imperfect, in attempts at conciliation; a man of less solid and more speculative mind would have compromised his prospects by inconsiderate arrangements; one less disinterested would have abandoned the cause from wounded self-love, and one less firm, from impatience and dismay; one whose life and motives could not bear the strictest scrutiny would soon have forfeited confidence; and moral consistency and elevation could alone have fused the discordant elements and concentrated the divided spirit of the people. Above all, the felicitous balance of qualities, through a moderation almost superhuman and never before so essential to the welfare of a cause, stamped the man for the mission. Not more obviously was the character of Moses adapted to the office of primeval lawgiver for the chosen people, not more clearly do the endowments of Dante signalize him as the poet ordained to bridge with undying song the chasm which separates the Middle Age from modern civilization, than the mind, the manner, the disposition, the physical and spiritual gifts, and the principles of Washington, proclaimed him the heaven-appointed chief, magistrate, man of America. In the very calmness and good sense, the practical tone and moderate views, which make him such a contrast to the world's heroes, do we behold the evidence of this. What does he proclaim as the reward of victory? "The opportunity to become a respect-

able nation." Upon what is based his expectation of success? "I believe, or at least I hope, that there is public virtue enough left among us, to deny ourselves everything but the bare necessaries of life to accomplish this end." What are his private resources? "As I have found no better guide hitherto than upright intentions and close investigations, I shall adhere to those maxims while I keep the watch." This moderation has been fitly called *persuasive*, and this well-regulated mind justly declared "born for command." His reserve, too, was essential in such an anomalous condition of social affairs. Self-respect is the keystone of the arch of character; and it kept his character before the army and the people, his brother officers and his secret foes, the country and the enemy, firm, lofty, unassailable, free, authoritative, — like a planet, a mountain, a rock, one of the immutable facts of nature, — a Pharos to guide, a sublimity to awe, and an object of unsullied beauty to win by the force of spontaneous attraction. It is his distinction, among national leaders, as has been well said by our foremost ethical writer, to have been "the centre of an enlightened people's confidence." The nature of the feeling he inspired among the troops may be inferred from the expression in a letter from the camp at White Plains preserved in a gazette of the times: "Everything looks very favorable, — a fine army of at least twenty thousand men in remarkably good health and spirits, *consummate wisdom, centred in a Washington*, to direct them, and *a determined spirit with the whole body* to die or carry our purpose into effect." His relation was obviously representative; he incarnated the highest existent patriotism. His wisdom, not his genius, is thus recognized as the grand qualification. His own remark concerning Hamilton is singularly applicable to himself, — "his judgment was intuitively great," — and this was the intellectual endowment which justified to the good sense of the people the confidence which his integrity confirmed.

Another secret cause of this remarkable personal influence was self-restraint. There is no law of nature more subtile and profound than that whereby latent power is generated. The silent weight of the distant lake sends up the lofty jet of the fountain; and the clouds are fed by innumerable particles of

aeriform moisture. The electric force generated amid the balmy quietude of the summer noon, the avalanche slowly conglomerated from the downy snow-flakes, the universal process of vegetation, the vast equilibrium of gravity, the irresistible encroachment of the tide, and all broad and grand effects in the universe, are the reverse of violent, ostentatious, and fitful. By gradual development, harmonized activity, regular and progressive transitions, are enacted the most comprehensive functions of the physical world. A similar law obtains in character. The most expressive phrases in literature are the least rhetorical; the noblest acts in history are performed with the least mystery; true greatness is unconscious; "life," says the wise German, "begins with renunciation"; silence is often more significant than speech; the eye of affection utters more with a glance than the most eloquent tongue; passion, curbed, becomes a motive force of incalculable energy; and feeling, subdued, penetrates the soul with a calm authority and the manner with an irresistible magnetism. Our instinct divines what is thus kept in abeyance by will with a profounder insight than the most emphatic exhibition could bring home through the senses. The true artist is conscious of this principle, and ever strives to hint to the imagination rather than to display before the eye. The poet, aware by intuition of this law, gives the clew, the composer the key-note, the philosopher the germinal idea, rather than a full and palpable exposition. In the moral world latent agencies are the most vital. If Washington had been the cold, impassive man which those whom he treated objectively declared him to be, he could not have exercised the personal influence which, both in degree and in kind, has never been paralleled by merely human qualities. It was not to the correct and faithful yet insensible hero that men thus gave their veneration, but to one whose heart was as large and tender as his mind was sagacious and his will firm; the study of whose life it was to control emotion; to whom reserve was the habit inspired by a sublime prudence; whose career was one of action, and over whose conscience brooded an ever-present sense of responsibility to God and man, to his country and his race, which encircled his anxious brow with the halo of a prophet

rather than the laurel of a victor. He who knelt in tears by the death-bed of his step-daughter, who wrung his hands in anguish to behold the vain sacrifice of his soldiers, who threw his hat on the ground in mortification at their cowardly retreat, whose face was mantled with blushes when he attempted to reply to a vote of thanks, whose lips quivered when obliged to say farewell to his companions in arms, who embraced a brother officer in the transports of victory and trembled with indignation when he rallied the troops of a faithless subaltern, — he could have preserved outward calmness only by inward conflict, and only by the self-imposed restraint of passion have exercised the authority of principle. When the cares of public duty were over, and the claims of official dignity satisfied, the affability of Washington was as conspicuous as his self-respect, his common sense and humane sentiments as obvious as his modesty and his heroism. The visitors at Mount Vernon, many of whom have recorded their impressions, included a singular variety of characters, from the courtier of Versailles to the farmer of New England, from the English officer to the Italian artist; and it is remarkable, that, various as are the terms in which they describe the illustrious host, a perfect identity in the portrait is obvious. They all correspond with the description of Chief Justice Marshall: —

"His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength, united with manly gracefulness. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, mingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship and enjoyed his intimacy was ardent, but always respectful. His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to anything apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to correct."

An illustration of the last-named trait is afforded in an incident related by the late Gouverneur Morris, who was distinguished by an uncommon share of Washington's confidence and affection: —

"At a convivial party to which Washington was invited, his remarkable traits were the subject of earnest discussion among the company; and it was insisted that no one, however intimate, would dare to take a liberty with him. In a foolish moment of elation, Gouverneur Morris

accepted a bet that he would try the experiment. Accordingly, just before dinner was announced, as the guests stood in a group by the fire, he induced a somewhat lively chat, and in the midst of it, apparently from a casual impulse, clapped Washington familiarly on the shoulder. The latter turned, and gave him a look of such mild and dignified yet grieved surprise, that even the self-possession of his friend deserted him. He shrank from that gaze of astonishment at his forgetfulness of respect, and the mirth of the company was instantly awed into silence."

It is curious, with this anecdote fresh in the mind, to revert to the eulogy delivered by Morris after the death of Washington: "You have all felt the reverence he inspired; it was such that to command seemed in him but the exercise of an ordinary function, while others felt that a duty to obey (anterior to the injunctions of civil ordinance or the compulsion of a military code) was imposed by the high behests of nature."

To a reflective mind, there is something pathetic in the gravity so often noticed as a defect in Washington. It foreshadowed, in his youth, the great work before him, and it testified, in his manhood, to his deep sense of its obligations. It betokened that earnestness of purpose wherein alone rested the certainty of eventual success. It was the solemnity of thought and of conscience, and assured the people that, aware of being the central point of their faith, the expositor of their noblest and best desires, the high-priest of national duty, it was not with the complacency of a proud, or the excitement of a vain, but with the awe of a thoroughly wise and honest man, that he felt the mighty trust and the perilous distinction. Let it never be forgotten that it was his task to establish a grand precedent, untried, unheralded, unforeseen in the world. Such experiments, in all spheres of labor and of study, lead the most vivacious men to think. In science, in art, and in philosophy they breed pale and serious votaries. Such an ordeal chastened the ardent temper of Luther, knit the brow of Michel Angelo with furrows, and unnerved the frame of the starry Galileo. It is but a pledge of reality, of self-devotion, of intrepid will, therefore, that, with a long and arduous struggle for national life to guide and inspire, and the foundations of a new constitutional republic to lay, the chief and

the statesman should cease even to smile, and grow pensive and stern in the face of so vast an enterprise, and under the weight of such measureless responsibilities.

The world has yet to understand the intellectual efficiency derived from moral qualities, — how the candor of an honest and the clearness of an unperverted mind attain results beyond the reach of mere intelligence and adroitness, — how conscious integrity gives both insight and directness to mental operations, and elevation above the plane of selfish motives affords a more comprehensive, and therefore a more reliable view of affairs, than the keenest examination based exclusively on personal ability. It becomes apparent, when illustrated by a life and its results, that the cunning of a Talleyrand, the military genius of a Napoleon, the fascinating qualities of a Fox, and other similar endowments of statesmen and soldiers, are essentially limited and temporary in their influence; whereas a good average intellect, sublimated by self-forgetting intrepidity, allies itself for ever to the central and permanent interests of humanity. The mind of Washington was eminently practical; his perceptive faculties were strongly developed; the sense of beauty and the power of expression, those endowments so large in the scholar and the poet, were the least active in his nature; but the observant powers whereby space is measured at a glance, and physical qualities noted correctly, — the reflective instincts through which just ideas of facts and circumstances are realized, — the sentiment of order which regulates the most chaotic elements of duty and work, thus securing despatch and precision, — the openness to right impressions characteristic of an intellect, over which the visionary tendencies of imagination cast no delusion, and whose chief affinity is for absolute truth, — these noble and efficient qualities eminently distinguished his mental organization, and were exhibited as its normal traits from childhood to age. To them we refer his prescience in regard to the agricultural promise of wild tracts, the future growth of localities, the improvement of estates, the facilities of communication, the adaptation of soils, and other branches of economics. By means of them he read character with extraordinary success. They led him to methodize his life and labors, to

plan with wisdom and execute with judgment, to use the most appropriate terms in conversation and writing, to keep the most exact accounts, to seek useful information from every source, to weigh prudently and decide firmly, to measure his words and manner with singular adaptation to the company and the occasion, to keep tranquil within his own brain perplexities, doubts, projects, anxieties, cares, and hopes enough to bewilder the most capacious intellect and to sink the boldest heart. His mental features beam through his correspondence. We say this advisedly, notwithstanding the formal and apparently cold tenor of many of his letters; for so grand is the sincerity of purpose, so magnanimous the spirit, so patient, reverent, and devoted the sentiment underlying these brief and unadorned epistles, whether of business or courtesy, that a moral glow interfuses their plain and direct language, often noble enough to awaken a thrill of admiration, together with a latent pathos that starts tears in the reader of true sensibility. The unconsciousness of self, the consideration for others, the moderation in success, the calmness in disaster, the grand singleness of purpose, the heroic self-reliance, the immaculate patriotism, the sense of God and humanity, the wise, fearless, truthful soul that is thus revealed, in self-possessed energy in the midst of the heaviest responsibilities that ever pressed on mortal heart, with the highest earthly good in view, and the most complicated obstacles around, serene, baffled, yet never overcome, and never oblivious of self-respect or neglectful of the minutest details of official and personal duty, — is manifest to our consciousness as we read, and we seem to behold the benign and dignified countenance of the writer through the transparent medium of his unpretending letters. Compare, as illustrations of character the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, the correspondence of Washington and that between Napoleon and his brother Joseph, recently published at Paris. All the romance of spurious memoirs, all the dazzling *prestige* of military genius, fails to obviate the impression the Emperor's own pen conveys, in the honest utterance of fraternal correspondence, of his obtuse egotism, arrogant self-will, and heartless ambition. In Washington's letters, whether expostulating, in the

name of our common humanity, with Gage, striving to reconcile Schuyler to the mortifications of a service he threatened to quit in disgust, freely describing his own trials to Reed, pleading with Congress for supplies, directing the management of his estate from amid the gloomy cares of the camp, acknowledging a gift from some foreign nobleman, or a copy of verses from poor Phillis Wheatley, the same perspicuity and propriety, wisdom and kindliness, self-respect and remembrance of every personal obligation, are obvious.

The eloquent biographer of Goethe has aptly compared the agency of strong passions to the torrents which leave ribs of granite to mark their impetuous course, and significantly adds: "There are no whirlpools in shallows." How much nobler the sustaining and concentrative result of these turbulent elements becomes when they are governed and guided by will and conscience, the character of Washington singularly illustrates; and "passion when in a state of solemn and omnipotent vehemence, always appears to be calmness." These considerations enable us to reconcile what is apparently incongruous in the reports of different observers who have attempted to describe Washington's manner, aspect, and disposition. Thus we are told by one of his intimate companions, that he was "more free and open in his behavior at levee than in private, and in the company of ladies than when solely with men"; and by another, that "hard, important, and laborious service had given a kind of austerity to his countenance and reserve to his manner, yet he was the kindest of husbands, the most humane of masters, the steadiest of friends." One speaks of his large hand, the token of practical efficiency; one, of his personal attention to an invited guest; one, of his sagacious observations, in travelling, upon the facilities for internal communication or agriculture, suggested by the face of the country; and another, of his avoidance of personal subjects in conversation. But, in our view, some of the most striking tributes to the gradual but absolute recognition of his character are to be found in the contemporary public journals. Thus a London paper of February, 1784, says: "His circular letter to the army was read at a coffee-house not very distant from the Royal Exchange; every hearer was full of the writer's

praises; in composition it was said to be equal to anything of ancient or modern date." Subsequently, another popular English journal holds this language: "Whenever the shock of accident shall have so far operated on the policy of America as to have systematized and settled her government, it is obvious that the dictator, protector, stadtholder, or by whatever name the chief magistrate so appointed shall be called, will be General Washington." His retirement established the purity of his motives; and a Dublin print, dated the same year with our first extract, said: —

"There are few so blinded by prejudice, as to deny such a degree of merit to the American general as to place him in a very distinguished point of view; but even those who have been accustomed to view him as the most illustrious character of this or any other age, will be astonished by the following instance of his integrity, which we give from the most unquestionable authority. When General Washington accepted the command of the American army, he rejected all pecuniary reward or pay whatever, and only stipulated for the reimbursement of such sums as he might expend in the public service. Accordingly, at the conclusion of the war, he gave in to Congress the whole of his seven years' expenditure, which only amounted to £16,000 Pennsylvania currency, or £10,000 sterling. In the eyes of our modern British generals, the above circumstance will appear totally incredible; at least, they will deem Mr. Washington little better than a fool; for, if we judge from certain accounts, £10,000 would scarcely have answered the demands of a commander-in-chief at New York a single month."

These items, taken at random from the newspapers of his day, serve to make us understand how the man whose cautious generalship provoked the ridicule of Lord Howe's soldiers at the opening of the war, and whose firmness in resisting the French alliance awoke a storm of detraction from the Jeffersonian democracy, at a later period lived down aspersion, and became, by the evidence of facts, the acknowledged exemplar of human worth and wisdom described by his last and best biographer.

His moral serenity, keeping reflection intact and forethought vigilant, is nobly manifest in the deliberate process through which, by gradual and therefore earnest conviction, he came to a decision when the difficulties between the mother country and her colonies were pending. Not one of the leading patriots

of the Revolution ranged himself under its banner with more conscientious and rational motives. The same disposition is evident in his hesitation to accept the command, from that self-distrust which invariably marks a great and therefore modest soul, in his subsequent calmness in defeat and sobriety in victory, in the unexaggerated view he took of the means and his disinterested view of the ends of the momentous struggle, in the humility of spirit with which he assumed the reins of government when called to do so by the popular suffrage, in his uniform deference to the authority of all representative assemblies, in the prescient warnings of his parting address, in the unostentatious and simple habits that followed him into retirement, and in the unfaltering trust which gave dignity to his last hour. This normal characteristic of his nature, this being ever "nobler than his mood," is what pre-eminently distinguishes him from the galaxy of patriots, statesmen, and warriors whose names are blazoned in history; for the copious rhetoric of modern republicans, the fiery and yet often compromised pride of Paoli, the selfish instincts of Marlborough, the heartless ambition of Napoleon, were never long concealed, even from the eye kindled with admiration at their prowess. Washington seems not for a moment to have forgotten his responsibility to God and his fellow-creatures; and this deep sentiment permeated his whole nature, — proof against all excitement, illusion, and circumstance. When he overheard a little boy exclaim, as the procession in his honor passed through the streets, "Why, father, General Washington is only a man!" the illustrious guest paused in his triumphal march, looked with thoughtful interest on the child, and, patting him on the head, replied, "That 's all, my little fellow, that 's all." He was, indeed, one of the few heroes who never forgot his humanity, its relations, obligations, dependence, and destiny; and herein was at once his safeguard and his glory.

These facts of character were viewed by distant and illustrious men in relation to their own experience; yet diverse as may be the inference of each, a like feeling of admiration, and a testimony equally sincere and emphatic, signalize every tribute to the unparalleled and inestimable worth of

Washington in the annals of humanity. The popular statesman, who had become familiar with the deadly aspersions of party hatred, wondered that so many inimical eyes intent upon a career exposed to the keenest personal criticism failed to discover and fix one stain upon the reputation of the man, the statesman, or the soldier. This "excites astonishment," said Fox. The splendid advocate, who knew how the spell of official dignity was broken to the vision of those near the sceptre and the ermine, recorded, as an isolated fact in his knowledge of mankind, that Washington alone inspired him with the unmodified sentiment of veneration. "For you only," writes Erskine, "do I feel an awful reverence." The incident of his career which impressed the most renowned soldier of the age was characteristic at once of the limited scope and the enthusiasm of military genius. The bold and successful passage of the Delaware, and the surprise of the Hessians, awakened in Frederic of Prussia the sympathy and high appreciation which he manifested by the gift of a sword, with an inscription exclusively in praise of Washington's generalship. The moderation of his nature, the heroic balance of soul, whereby elation was kept in abeyance in the hour of success, not less nobly than despair in the day of misfortune, attracted the French philosopher, habituated as he was in the history of his own nation to the association of warlike and civic fame with the extremes of zeal and indifference, of violence and caprice. In his estimation, the good sense and moral consistency of Washington and his compatriots naturally offered the most remarkable problem. Accordingly, Guizot bears witness chiefly to this unprecedented union of comprehensive designs and prudential habits, of aspiration and patience, in the character of Washington, and, doubtless through the contrast with the restless ambition which marks the lives of his own illustrious countrymen, is mainly struck with the fact, that, while "capable of rising to the level of the highest destiny, he might have lived in ignorance of his real power without suffering from it." The Italian patriot, obliged to vent his love of country in terse dramatic colloquies and through the lips of dead heroes, is thrilled with the grand possibilities of action, through the realization of his sentiments by

achievement, opened to Washington. "*Felice voi*," exclaims Alfieri, in his dedication of Bruto Secondo to the republican chief, — "*felice voi che alla tanta gloria avete potuto dare basi sublime ed eterna, — l' amor della patria dimostrate coi fatti.*" Even the poor Indians, so often cajoled out of their rights as to be thoroughly incredulous of good faith among the pale-faces, made him an exception to their rooted distrust. "The white men are bad," said an aboriginal chief in his council speech, "and cannot dwell in the region of the Great Spirit, *except Washington.*" And Lord Brougham, in a series of analytical biographies of the renowned men of the last and present century, which indicate a deep study and philosophical estimate of human greatness, closes his sketch of Washington by the emphatic assertion, that the test of the progress of mankind will be their appreciation of his character.

Is not the absence of brilliant mental qualities one of the chief benefactions to man of Washington's example? He conspicuously illustrated a truth in the philosophy of life, often appreciated in the domestic circle and the intimacies of private society, but rarely in history, — the genius of character, the absolute efficiency of the will and the sentiments independently of extraordinary intellectual gifts. Not that these were not superior also in the man; but it was through their alliance with moral energy, and not by virtue of any transcendent and intrinsic force in themselves, that he was great. It requires no analytical insight to distinguish between the traits which insured success and renown to Washington, and those whereby Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon achieved their triumphs; and it is precisely because the popular heart so clearly and universally beholds in the American hero the simple majesty of truth, the power of moral consistency, the beauty and grandeur of disinterestedness and magnanimity, that his name and fame are inexpressibly dear to humanity. Never before nor since has it been so memorably demonstrated, that unselfish devotion and patient self-respect are the great reconciling principles of civic as well as of social and domestic life; that they are the nucleus around which all the elements of national integrity, however scattered and perverted, inevitably crystallize; that men thus

severely true to themselves and duty become, not dazzling meteors to lure armies to victory, nor triumphant leaders to dazzle and win mankind to the superstitious abrogation of their rights, but oracles of public faith, representatives of what is highest in our common nature, and therefore an authority which it is noble and ennobling to recognize. The appellative so heartily, and by common instinct, bestowed upon Washington, is a striking proof of this, and gives a deep significance to the beautiful idea, that "Providence left him childless, that his country might call him — Father."

ART. II. — *Five Years in Damascus. Including an Account of the History, Topography, and Antiquities of that City; with Travels and Researches in Palmyra, Lebanon, and the Hauran.* By Rev. J. L. PORTER, A. M., F. R. S. L. In Two Volumes, with Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1855. 12mo. pp. 395, 372.

AN attractive and a comprehensive title! At last our desire shall be satisfied, and we shall have, from one who knows whereof he speaks, a veracious account of the ancient, romantic, and mystic city. In these delicious volumes, between these fascinating orange-colored covers, we shall doubtless find the condensed experience of five most wonderful years. The longest stay of ordinary tourists in Damascus hardly reaches to five days. Most persons succeed in "doing" all the sights and cramming the note-book in the course of forty-eight hours. In that brief space, they get curious and novel impressions enough to last them for a lifetime. But in the short narratives of these hasty tourists, there is, both to writer and reader, an uncomfortable sense of probable inaccuracy. Fact and fable come too close together in that Oriental region to enable one easily to separate them. Poetry blends with history, not only in the daily tales of the *cafés*, but in the blossoms of the gardens, the flow of the rivers, and the stones of the wall. One needs to have lived long enough in Damascus for the enchantment to wear itself away, before he can be sure

of speaking about it sober and truthful words. As Naples cannot be judged fairly while one remembers that conceited proverb, "*Vede Napoli, é piu muore*," so to judge wisely of the Arab capital, one must forget that vainer Moslem proverb, "He who has seen Damascus, has known Paradise already."

Beside the length of his residence in Damascus, Mr. Porter has some special qualifications which make his story reliable. He has too little fancy to invent or to embellish, and too much vanity to conceal anything that he saw. In this respect he differs both from Buckingham and Burckhardt, the one being often indebted to his imagination for his facts, and the other omitting from modesty much that he ought to have stated. Mr. Porter, throughout his volumes, keeps prominent his own individuality; but, fortunately, the individuality in this case is very prosaic, and has no "familiar spirit" to adorn its palpable experience. He is not often drawn to break the level details of events by fine rhetorical flights, and rarely stops, after describing a scene, a monument, or a ruin, to offer any profound conjectures or reflections. If, in a second edition, the sentences could be so altered as to get rid of the show of egotism, and the conspicuous words "Drawn by J. L. Porter" could be omitted from the margin of the maps and plates, it would add considerably to the tastefulness of the volumes. In beauty of type and paper, clearness of style, convenience of arrangement, and copiousness of notes and index, they are all that could be desired.

Mr. Porter errs, as we think, in allowing so small a portion of his work — less than one sixth — to the description of the city and its vicinity; — a living wonder, much more interesting than any of the ruined cities which he describes. Yet it is pleasant to follow him in his excursions through mountain and desert regions to Palmyra, and Hums, and Helbon, over the inhospitable plains of the Hauran, and up to the summit of Hermon. There is no cause for regret that our author has published his travels in these directions; for he has told some things entirely new, has confirmed some uncertain statements, and has corrected many mistakes of previous travellers. Perhaps the most valuable contribution of his journeyings is the new map which is appended to his second volume, the entire

accuracy of which there is no reason to doubt. No reliable chart of the region east and south of Damascus had been made before this; a circumstance which has no doubt tended to hinder frequent explorations in what would otherwise have been, and hereafter is likely to be, an attractive region to travellers. The shadings of this map at once rectify the false, but common notion, that the country around Damascus is all a vast and dreary plain. They show that this plain is traversed by regular ranges of mountains, and diversified by highland and lowland, by lakes and rivers. The journey to Palmyra has a picturesque variety as refreshing, if not as striking, as the journey to Baalbec; and the route to Bozrah, though it be through a territory nearly wasted and half forsaken, has none of the monotony of a desert march.

The ground-plans of the most important ruined cities, which Mr. Porter has inserted, are also valuable additions to the observations which he has recorded. It is impossible, without some such help to the eye, to gain any clear idea of the appearance and disposition of the scattered fragments that remain in these Oriental towns. The plans here given make it as easy to find one's way in the streets of Palmyra or Bozrah, as in those of Pompeii and Eleusis. Mr. Porter's excellent diagram of the streets of Damascus will save any one hereafter from the nervous fear of losing his way in the crowded thoroughfares of that labyrinthine city. The numerous illustrations of the book, too, are generally in good taste, and always well executed; and the representations in Greek type of the inscriptions copied from stone are more admirable than we remember to have seen elsewhere.

In all his excursions (and about a dozen of them are related), Mr. Porter appears to have been a restless and rapid traveller, doing usually about two days' work in one. His time seems to be as precious as that of a New England minister on three months' leave of absence. He stops at a town only long enough to take its bearings by the compass, to copy its inscriptions, to ascertain its condition and numbers, and then is off again on the gallop. We have never read a book of travels where the movement is more rapid, and certainly have never seen any book where precision of detail was so joined

to indefatigable speed. Druse hospitality will furnish a Frank guest with a bountiful supper in an incredibly short time; but Mr. Porter's hurry often baffled and amazed his heathen hosts.

The new information which Mr. Porter has given about ruins and ancient sites hardly warrants his confident and rather arrogant tone of assumption when he chances to differ from previous explorers. As a careful investigator, he cannot yet take rank with Burckhardt; and it is necessary to say that his best conclusions are borrowed from the writings of that patient and ingenious traveller. He is more trustworthy when he speaks of the habits and condition of the existing races of Syria, than when he discourses upon its antiquities. He is an excellent observer, but rather a poor reasoner; yet he seems to pride himself on his critical acumen, and goes out of his way to show up the inaccuracies of recent theories about Oriental sites. Poor De Saulcy, who ventures some rash suggestions as to the name of a town near the source of the Pharpar, is crushed by Mr. Porter's ponderous sarcasm. "The more I read of M. de Saulcy's work," says this dignified critic, "the more am I inclined to think that its author is a clever literary *wag*, — a kind of geographical Miguel Cervantes, in fact, — whose sole object has been to turn into ridicule the vast erudition and profound research that some have thought proper to expend in attempts to defend and maintain silly theories, absurd traditions, and insignificant minutiæ, connected with the topography of the land." We doubt if the theorizing Frenchman, who is rather tenacious of his fame as a discoverer, would accept Mr. Porter's view of his character and purpose. He might point out some things in this book which show that the author has not quite emancipated himself from "absu· theories" and "insignificant minutiæ."

We shall concern ourselves with Mr. Porter's book no farther, except to use its brief but admirable account of Damascus for a still briefer sketch of that singular city. No city in the world has had a longer, and few have had a wider, renown. It is the oldest city on earth of which there is any historical record, the only city which can boast of a continued life for nearly forty centuries. The Jews, indeed, delight to

set Hebron above Damascus, as its elder in sacredness, if not positively in years. Was not the city where Abraham fixed his place of burial better than the city from which he brought his steward? But Hebron has nothing ancient left in it except its sacred tomb, and has more than once as a city been wholly destroyed and deserted. Damascus, on the contrary, has in every age been noted and influential among the towns of Syria, and has many times reached a height of greatness which even Jerusalem in the time of Solomon could not surpass. It has changed religions often, has changed rulers oftener, has been fired, and plundered, and dismantled; but no generation has passed in which there has not been on its site something worthy the name of *city*, — a people numerous enough to be watched and guarded, and rich enough to be taxed and robbed. David sent garrisons to Damascus, who were, most likely, quartered where the lazy troops of the "Turkish David" (for so a French rhymester names Abdul Medjid) are still allowed to doze and smoke their days away.

Without relying on the fanciful rendering of the name of *Damascus*, which some interpret to mean "the blood of the righteous one," and so to refer to murdered Abel, — and without pressing the fact of the *four* rivers which water the plain as identifying this spot with the garden of Eden, — it is safe to affirm that the site which Damascus occupies proves its extreme antiquity as a city. The extraordinary fitness of such a site must have been very early noticed, and turned to account. Easily accessible from every direction, it could not fail to be the mart of immense traffic. The abundant supply of water insured fertility, and precluded the danger of famine. The elevation of the plain above the sea, some two thousand feet, would soften to a delicious balminess the heats of summer, while the high wall of mountain on the north and west would temper the blasts and frosts of winter. On one side, the broad area was large enough for the drilling even of such armies as Eastern monarchs led to the field, and rich enough to supply a larger people with necessary corn and wine; on the other side, the ravines and rocky fastnesses could give an easy retreat and a sure defence to uncounted myriads, if driven from their homes by sudden attack. On the route from the rivers

of Asia to the Great Sea, this would be the natural resting-place. Here, more than anywhere else in Syria, a fastidious eye can see beauty of situation, and an economical judgment confess itself satisfied. If Eden was more charming than the view of Damascus to-day from the white "wely" on the hill of Salahijeh, or more fragrant than the air of its gardens in the first months of spring, then indeed we have ample cause to bewail the loss which the children of men have sustained in the fatal disobedience of the first pair.

Poets and historians, chroniclers, travellers, and monks, of all degrees of culture, of all tastes, and in all tongues, are unanimous in their rapturous descriptions of the loveliness of Damascus. Its glories may decline, but its beauty cannot fade; and those who have seen it half in ruins have been not less ecstatic than those who beheld it in all its grandeur. To Julian the Pagan it was as enchanting as to Jeremy the Prophet, a thousand years before him. The former "city of praise, city of Jehovah's joy," is still the "eye of all the East." It was the first impulse of the generals of Islam to wrest it from the Christians, and it is still the fierce complaint of Christians, that they must leave so noble a possession in the hands of Infidels. Even Jews confess that it is second in beauty only to Jerusalem; and if they prefer a grave by Mount Zion, they prefer, more wisely, a home in Damascus. The elements of beauty there are enduring; and under whatever lordship, with whatever worship, Pagan, Christian, or Moslem, — whatever the signs in the sculptured stone, or the style of the streets and towers, — the first and last impression of the city of Damascus will be an impression of beauty. A Frank finds within the walls much that is disgusting and more that is grotesque; yet the scenes of the streets associate themselves in memory with the strange fascination of that first surprise and that parting vision, and are not remembered like the scenes in the streets of Constantinople or Cairo.

Much of this impression is due, certainly, to the gardens which surround the city on every side, and hide away, to one who looks down upon it, all the deformities which show themselves to one who has entered the gates. These gardens cover a surface of twenty-five square miles. They have all the

richer landscape features, — forest-trees, fruit-trees, flowering-shrubs, lawns, trickling rivulets with cascades, vistas through thick foliage, arranged not according to the rules of the gardening art, yet with a grace as real as that of the environs of Paris or Vienna. The pale tints of the olive-leaf contrast finely with the red blossoms of the pomegranate, — the dark spires of the cypress alternate with the broad canopies of the plane-tree, — there are willows along the watercourses and alders along the pathways, — old sycamores, around which sheep recline at noonday, — the perennial odor of orange-blossoms, — the vine-tree, here stiff and sturdy, and the fig-tree, here pliant and shady, — jessamine and myrtle and rose, — and rare palm-trees to join the illusion of the desert to this luxuriant region. Many of these gardens are carefully cultivated and turned to profit, but more of them are left to their native, spontaneous growth, and are used only as pastures for horses and cattle, or lounging-places for the indolent Moslems, who come out to them daily to dream of Paradise. They are separated from the road-way by rude walls of earth or stone, on which trailing vines hang their clusters of bell-shaped blossoms. Occasionally, at an angle in the path, a small shed covers the meagre establishment of some cheap *café*. And still more rarely may be seen the cottage of some laborer, who is willing to live on the acres which he cultivates. On the outskirts of this wilderness of gardens are a few khans, where the late-arriving camels rest before entering the city with their loads. In their immense extent, and in the variety of their foliage, fruits, and flowers, the gardens of Damascus far surpass those of other Syrian cities. Jaffa is embowered in groves of orange and lemon, and Gaza is fortified by tenfold hedges of enormous prickly-pear; but around Damascus one sees almost all the trees of the field and the forest, — almost all the flowers of tropical and temperate climes.

Damascus is still a walled town, with numerous massive gates, which are among its chief architectural curiosities. The distance around the walls is not less than three English miles. But this area really includes less than half the city. Unlike Cairo and Jerusalem, it has suburbs, which are of great extent, and are not less populous than the city proper.

Indeed, the larger part of the Moslem population live outside of the walls, some of them more than a mile from their places of traffic. Of the space within the walls, nearly a third part is occupied by the houses of Christians and Jews, and more than a third by the bazaars and warehouses. The first painful impression of the interior of Damascus is of a labyrinth to which the clew can never be given; and prolonged study of those intricate ways does not make them much clearer. Mr. Porter's map, however, enables us to see that, if not as regular as the squares of the city of Penn, the streets of Damascus have, in orderly disposition, a decided superiority over those of Boston, one of them at least being really now, what it was named in the days of Paul, "*straight*." This street, a mile in length, runs due east and west, — having at its Infidel end the tall, green minaret of the mosque of Sunan, one of the most ancient and beautiful monuments of the city, and at its Christian end the awkward and ugly hospital for lepers, which marks the site of the house of Naaman the Syrian.

The shape of the city with its suburbs is something like that of a half-opened fan, the Jewish and Christian quarters making the handle. The contour of the city within the walls is that of a parallelogram, curving outward on the southern side. The Christians occupy the northeastern section, the Jews the southeastern. Outside of their quarters, there are no suburbs,— only orchards and cemeteries. The Hotel for Franks, an old Saracenic palace, is just in the centre of the city, and within convenient distance of all the objects of interest. These are very numerous, very various, and adapted to all wants. Within a stone's throw are the famed baths of Damascus, where the bodies of the aristocracy suffer a daily hour of parboiling, kneading, and flaying, as preliminary to a night of bliss. Within a gunshot are the great khans, where cottons, silks, and gold embroideries are stored beneath a dome which the rich columns of ancient Corinthian temples support. A hundred paces will bring you to a *café*, where at evening, by the dim light of a pan of coals and one or two swinging lanterns, a dusky group listen in silence to the story-teller, who rehearses for the thousandth time some legend of

Arab magic. Not far away is that snug retreat, where, to the music of the most comical of little fountains, the Sybarites of Damascus sip sherbet cooled with the snow of Mount Hermon. On the cross streets towards the Jewish quarter are the houses of the weavers of silk and tapestry, where without intrusion you may witness the ingenious and primitive process by which Damascus stuffs take on their marvellous beauty. The Christian churches are all near at hand, and a few minutes' walk will bring you to that plain and secluded room where the Protestant missionaries, Rev. John Porter among them, address on Sunday their handful of hearers.

During the day, the larger part of the population of the city is gathered within the enclosure of the walls, where most of the workshops and storehouses are. The present registered population of Damascus, by the last government census, is 108,600; but this is much too small. From the difficulties in the way of getting correct returns, at least one third must be added. Mr. Porter estimates the number at 150,000, which is rather below than above the mark. Before the visitation of the cholera in 1848, the estimate was not less than 200,000. The races are numerous; — there are Persians, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Maronites, Druses, and Jews; but at least two thirds, or 100,000, are genuine Arabs. Damascus is peculiarly an Arab city, and all the striking characteristics of that race are seen there in perfection. They are of course all Moslems, — most of them fanatically so. In this last particular they differ from their Persian brethren, whose faith is tempered by mercantile prudence, and who will not lose a customer for the sake of a prayer. The Shiites have not only longer turbans than the Somnites, but have more elastic consciences, and make no scruple of neglecting the muezzin's call when a sharp bargain claims their attention. The number of Persians in the city, however, is comparatively few. They are mostly merchants of the better class; and the wealth which they hold is so useful in tax-paying, that the plague of their heresy is tolerated. Yet your orthodox Moslem wants no personal intercourse with the followers of Ali, and ranks them as only one degree better than the Christian dogs.

The "Turks" are more numerous, and, from their wealth

and official position, quite influential. But they are not loved by the mass of the people. Their language, though it uses the Arabic character, is one which Arabs find it hard to learn; and to the students of Saracen letters it is as coarse and puzzling as the Slavonic tongue to the student of Castilian. Officers of the army, judges, pachas, and the dependents on the government generally, are Turks. Their number is probably some eight or ten thousand.

The piety of the Damascus Moslems is attested by the very numerous mosques, far exceeding in number, if not in beauty, those of Cairo. They are as frequent and as omnipresent as churches in the streets of Rome, and the worship within them has about as much influence upon the morals of the worshippers. The graceful minarets, some of them of great height, rise like a forest of masts above the sea of verdure. The mosques are not here, as churches in Christian cities, among the dwellings of the people, but close to their *shops*, that as little time as possible may be taken from labor to fulfil the onerous duties of devotion. The most magnificent are found in the business quarters of the city. The Great Mosque has around it the custom-house, the British consulate, the silk khan, the slave-market, and the most fashionable shops.

The mosques of Damascus, until very recently, have been closed against Franks; and even now, it is a matter of difficulty to get permission to enter them, or to visit them without insult. They are all built in the same general style, differing only in size and in the costliness of the marble and stone decorations. Their door-ways are an architectural study as remarkable as the door-ways of the cathedrals in Berne or Nuremberg. The arches of the more ancient are as symmetrical and as highly ornamented as any in Toledo or Granada. The Great Mosque of the Omeiyades, which is to Islam in Syria what the Church of St. John Lateran is to Papal Rome, is elaborately described by Mr. Porter, and a ground-plan given of all its parts, ancient and modern. This edifice has a fabulous antiquity. In the days of Roman power (and probably much earlier), an immense heathen temple stood here; and in the present area, the line of colonnades can be traced which once surrounded the altars of Baal. Arab historians have no

scruple in referring many of the existing monuments of the temple to an age, if later than that of Solomon, earlier than that of Cæsar. Christian emperors made haste to consecrate the splendor of this shrine to a better worship, and about the year of grace 400 the pagan temple became, with the name of the "blessed John Baptist," the cathedral of the Damascus bishopric. In the number of images and in the magnificence of its adornings, it gained by its Christian renewal; and it lost nothing, except in the breaking of the images, when the Saracens took possession of it, after they had captured the city. The legends of its splendor in the first ages of their dominion resemble the stories of the Arabian romance. Aladdin's palace might seem but an imperfect copy of the mosque of El Amwy, as it is described in the glowing scrolls of Ibn 'Asâker. It makes a chapter in the history of the Caliphates, like the building of Solomon's Temple in the history of the Hebrew kings. One is bewildered by the number and dazzling splendor of the tessellated pavements, the porphyry columns, the mosaics, the walls studded with diamonds, the lamps, and the wreaths of gold. Still remaining vestiges of magnificence verify much of the description. The Moslems are proud of this vast and venerable edifice, though they do not appreciate all the heathen remains which help to embellish it, or understand all the cabalastic letters which are sculptured on its pediments. It was Mr. Porter's privilege to read to an effendi the dark saying over one of the most beautiful door-ways. The amazed Turk might learn that his mosque bears testimony that "the kingdom of Christ is an everlasting kingdom" and his "dominion endureth throughout all ages." A tradition, however, exists among the faithful, that the first judgment of Christ will take place here. He will alight from his heavenly journey upon the tall southeastern minaret, and descend to the court-yard to separate the sheep from the goats, — that is, the Moslems from the Infidels. Some pious Christians believe that among the hidden treasures of this temple is the head of St. John the Baptist. Perhaps there is no edifice in Syria which combines so finely the best styles of Pagan, Christian, and Saracen building. The quadrangle on which it stands covers an area of half a dozen acres.

The other mosques are less ancient and less splendid than this; yet there are many which claim more than a thousand years, and not a few which are held in high reverence for the tombs which they contain. The great sultans have their gorgeous shrines. The mausoleum of Saladin is to Arabs what the mausoleum of Napoleon is to Frenchmen, and there are many things in the mosque of Melek ed-Dhâher — the banners, weapons, and tessellated floor — to remind one of the Chapel of the Invalides. Some of the mosques in the suburbs are finely situated, and have gardens around them, and one of the most picturesque views of the vale of the Barada is gained from the ground where the mosque of the Sultan Selim stands. These mosques, to Frank eyes, suffer from the blankness of their exterior, and one regrets that the iconoclasm of the Prophet has been so rigidly cherished by his followers. The illuminated letters of the Koran are a poor exchange for the faces of saints or the carved emblems of the Christian faith.

Mr. Porter does not speak favorably of the Moslems in Damascus. Their religion is to him hypocritical and formal, their morality of the lowest kind, and their manners to the last degree disgusting. He stigmatizes them (and we doubt not justly) as "feeble, licentious, and fanatical." They have fortunately learned to restrain their contempt of Christians so far, that a Frank may pass unmolested through their bazaars, and even go booted and mounted by the door-ways of their temples. The better sort have come rather to love the Anglo-Saxon face, as indicating good bargains now, and future deliverance from their oppressors. At present, the English, with whom the Americans are reckoned, are the most popular foreigners in Damascus; and the crazy dervishes, who play such antics in the streets as are told of early New England Quakers, turn aside from a well-dressed Englishman, and void their saliva on the poor Jew, who creeps after him. Courtesy, nevertheless, has not yet degenerated into servility, and one may not expect from the Moslem merchants such supple fawning as the Greek traders in the warehouses are not ashamed to try in their traffic.

The literary glories of Damascus belong to the Saracens,

but not to their degenerate descendants, except in the manuscript treasures which the richer families own. The education even of the better class of Moslems is confined to the simplest elements, and there are very few who get beyond the Koran. Schools are numerous, and most of the children, at some time or other, go to them; but they correspond to our primary schools. A very small proportion of the Moslems have knowledge of any European language. The old Arabian tales are learned chiefly by oral repetition, and by frequent hearing; it is not easy to find in Damascus Arabic copies of the "Thousand and One Nights." The genuine Moslem takes very little interest in anything beyond the details of his daily trade, and the preparation of his daily luxuries. Mr. Porter does not mention any proofs of that scrupulous honesty, that noble generosity, that large intelligence, which poetic travellers have ascribed to the aristocratic Damascenes. The intelligence of a Damascene is limited ordinarily to his piastres, his pipes, his sword-blades, his horse, and his harem; and if he knows the quality of these, he is content to take other things for granted, and to let the rest of the world alone.

The sects of Christians in Damascus are as numerous as in a Connecticut village, no less than *nine* being registered and taxed. Together, they number probably not far from 20,000 souls. Four fifths, at least, celebrate their worship according to the Greek ritual, but the larger half of these claim the name of "Catholic," and acknowledge as their head the Bishop of Rome. There is a most edifying hatred between the orthodox and the schismatic Greeks, which the Russian war has only increased. The Czar is the gracious protector of the orthodox, and has signalized his friendship by large annual presents. The name of Nicholas will long be associated with the barbaric show of the Damascus cathedral. The same schism, cunningly fomented by Jesuits and Franciscan monks, who have made for some centuries full proof of their Syrian ministry, has rent the churches of the Armenians and the Syrians proper. The Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians all have two sets of priests, and two sets of chapels. An American Protestant finds it as hard to tell the difference in faith or in wor-

ship of these bodies, as that between the "New Schools" and the "Old Schools" of which he hears in his own land. Of the ten places of Christian worship, he can see nothing to choose, except in the size of the rooms and the gorgeousness of the decorations. In all there is the same style, the same arrangement, the same intolerable whining at the altars, and the same profane mummery. Only one of the chapels is honored in keeping a Scriptural association. In the northwestern corner of the city, near the wall, the Latin monks say mass in the cavern where St. Ananias received the angel's message. It is astonishing, we may remark, that so great a proportion of the Biblical worthies were dwellers in *caves*. The house of Judas, in the street called Straight, was once a shrine, but is now owned by a fanatical Turk, who warns all Infidels off from the premises.

The Christian education of Damascus is but little better than the Moslem. The schools are of the poorest description, and even the boasted excellence of the Lazarite seminary seems only to amount to this, that *French* is taught there. It is the consolation of the Protestant missionaries for their scanty conversions, that they have successfully introduced a higher grade of secular instruction. Their high school contains upwards of fifty pupils, and has already been long enough in operation to test the possibility of a liberal education in an Eastern city. The mission has been in existence about a dozen years. It is supported partly from England and partly from the United States, and has five gentlemen in its service, one of them a physician. Its first intention is to convert the Jews, and the Christians whom it can win over are an additional gain.

In spite of Moslem prejudices, and the obstacles which suspicion, bigotry, and rapacity have thrown in their way so long, the Christians of Damascus are rapidly gaining in wealth and influence, and have the lead already in many of the chief branches of traffic. They are largely interested in the manufacture of those splendid, gold-embroidered shawls and scarfs, which some travellers have set down as among "the lost arts" of Damascus. Their average morality is better than that of the Moslems, except in the item of veracity, in which they

have and deserve the reputation of the ancient Cretans. The better class are fond of display, and spend a great deal upon dress and the decoration of their houses. An occasional panic alarms them; and from time to time they imagine that the rabble of the suburbs will break in upon their quarter and cut their throats. But they are getting gradually over their fears, and are parading the wealth which they have secretly accumulated. The spectacle may now frequently be witnessed of a Christian effendi, in his robes of silk and fur, followed in the bazaars by his train of servants and pipe-bearers, — a degree of presumption which, a few years ago, would have been met with a shower of curses and a volley of stones. The real security of Damascus Christians, however, is in the flags of the consulates.

The Jews in Damascus are less numerous than the Christians. Their whole number is registered at 4,630, but probably amounts to six or seven thousand. They are still, as they have been for ages, the money-changers of the city, and no great transaction of trade, no important movement of government, can go on without them. Their history here has been as checkered and romantic as in Spain or Germany; but after long ages of oppression they have reached a point where they can feel at ease, and display fearlessly their great riches and their domestic luxuries. The chief Jewish bankers are the most powerful men in Damascus, and have an influence like that of the Rothschilds in Europe. They live together in the southern section of the city.

The richness and magnificence of the houses in Damascus have given every traveller a chance to indulge in high-wrought extravagance of epithet. The court-yards, shaded by orange-trees, cooled by fountains, illuminated by polished tiles of porcelain and marble, — the sumptuous divans of damask and satin, with their cushions of down, their figures of silver and gold, and their long tasselled fringes, — the lofty walls, studded with mirrors and jewels, and the quaint ceilings, with their myriads of horseshoe arches, wrought in green and purple and crimson, — the luxurious arcade, with its furniture of dignified chibooks and perplexing nargilehs, — the balcony on the roof, where on a summer evening the family come to

breathe the cool air and look out upon the moon-lighted gardens and towers, — the precious woods, and the precious stones, and the precious metals, of these Damascus houses, — have seemed to realize all the legends of the days of Haroun Al Rashid. The number of these fine houses is not so large as to make them characteristic of the general domestic luxury of the Damascenes. Only a few of the more wealthy have mansions which exceed the beauty of an English cottage, or the comforts of a Western cabin. The blank and bare exterior corresponds with the most frequent view of the interior. Very little magnificence is shown on the outer walls, and the principal door-way is seldom high enough to be entered without stooping. Here and there are palaces painted in alternate stripes of red and white, — like the new Church of All Souls in New York, — and in a few instances fragments of ancient architecture are so arranged as to produce a pleasing effect. The domes of the warehouses and mosques are often beautiful and symmetrical, but it is impossible to see them except from the tops of the houses; the narrowness of the streets and the awnings which are flung across quite hide them from view.

It requires some ingenuity and more patience to trace the line of the wall, concealed by rubbish and by crowded buildings, as a large part of it is. In some places it is double, and even treble, and all along there are marks of extreme antiquity. The Sultans of different epochs, as well as the earlier Grecian and Roman rulers, have left their memorials in the graceful shaping of the towers and the gate-ways. Several of these bear the signature of Nûr ed-Dîn, the famous Atabek conqueror, who prepared the way for Saladin, and inaugurated the second age of Moslem grandeur. The east gate, near which modern Catholic tradition has strangely fixed the scenes of St. Paul's conversion and escape, is a very perfect specimen of the ancient Roman arch, deformed, like the tomb of Cecilia Metella at Rome, by the mediæval battlements which frown above it. There are eight of these gate-ways now in use. None are so rigidly guarded as the gates of Jerusalem, and the rule about sunset closing does not here apply.

The Castle of Damascus, which stands at the northwest

corner of the city wall, has still a formidable look, which justifies its history of terror and blood. The walls are but little dilapidated, and stately towers stand high and strong around it. From the gardens of the Grand Café, where some hundreds of indolent smokers seek at evening their quiet pleasure, may be studied across the intervening moat the art of Romans, Byzantines, and Saracens in castle-building. In form and proportions the structure reminds one of Warwick Castle in England. It has lost its ancient importance; its rich apartments are all dismantled, the arabesques have been torn from its ceilings, and even for barracks it is but little used. All that one sees within it is a meagre armory and immense piles of rubbish. Arabic and Persian chroniclers have described in the most glowing language the strength and the massiveness of this building. Even Tamerlane, the Mogul Alexander, was for a long time unable to capture it, and the most bloody of his numerous butcheries was perpetrated on those who here dared to resist his arms. The castle was once the Governor's palace. But now that functionary lives just outside the wall, in a barrack-like building, which is in style eminently characteristic of its practical and economical builder, Ibrahim Pacha. It is to be regretted that this sagacious general had so brief a lordship in Syria, and that he could not carry his common-sense views of policy a little farther. His name to the Arabs is the synonyme for cruelty, but to Franks, wherever mentioned in the East, it means the reform of abuses and the clearing away of nuisances.

The rivers of Damascus have been its boast ever since the indignant answer of Naaman to Elisha. An unprejudiced observer will confess that Naaman had reason for his wrath. There is no water in Syria comparable to that clear mountain stream which still sends fertility through the fields and gardens, and coolness into the streets, court-yards, and chambers of the Arabic capital. The Barada, which Mr. Porter has demonstrated to be the "Abana" of Scripture, is the chief source of the prosperity and beauty, pleasure and health, of Damascus. A thousand channels, great and small, convey it into every quarter. In a Moslem city, where wine is a prohibited beverage to the faithful, where copious ablutions

are the preliminary to every meal and every prayer, and where even the smoke must be robbed of its fouler properties by passing through liquid, the demand for water is far greater than in a Christian city, — and it is fully met. All night long the music of a trickling fountain is the Damascene's lullaby. In the centre of every mosque gigantic fonts of marble or porphyry receive and disperse a perpetual stream. The winding course of the river through the suburbs and around the walls may be traced by the long rows of stately trees which line its border. Numerous *cafés* on its margin form the centres of resort for those who come out to enjoy the quiet laziness which is a Moslem's ideal of pleasure, — to look passively upon the gambols of children, upon the frantic feats of horsemanship, or the ponderous grandeur of a Turkish military review. The heart of Paradise is fixed on the banks of this river, and the elders daily sit, as they believe, where Adam sat beneath the Tree of Life, untroubled by any such devilish sophistry as seduced him. It is remarkable that so small a river (for its whole length is less than a hundred miles), should furnish such a large and unfailing volume of water. It has no tributary streams of importance, and its chief supply is from its fountain near Zebdâny, about a day's journey northward in the Anti-Libanus range. Its mouth is in a shallow lake, some twenty miles east of the city. The current is rapid, and the water is always bright and sparkling. Several of the canals are nearly as large as the main stream. Small mills are built along their sides. The "Pharpar," which is coupled with the "Abana" in Scripture, has been by Mr. Porter identified with the modern 'Awaj. Its proper stream flows in an easterly direction, some seven or eight miles to the south of the city, but its waters are brought by canals nearly to the suburbs.

Not the least attractive spots in Damascus are the cemeteries, Christian and Moslem. The monuments are generally well cared for, of white stone or of marble, some of them enclosed in a sort of tabernacle. At one end of the grave, or upon the top of the oblong stone, is usually a pot, in which myrtle is planted, and by pious hands kept fresh and green. Trees grow thickly in the enclosure, — more than others, the

solemn cypress, which contrasts well with the whiteness of the monuments. The Christian cemeteries have not the tombs of many great men, but are privileged to show the resting-place of some eminent saints, chief of whom is that "George the Porter" who helped St. Paul to escape by the nocturnal basket stratagem. Every Catholic Christian's body is brought to this tomb to be prayed over before its burial. Just opposite is the identical window from which the Apostle descended.

In the Moslem cemeteries are many remarkable tombs. Three of the wives of Mohammed, and his granddaughter, lie buried in "the Cemetery of the Little Gate." Travellers from the Holy Land pass near their tombs as they enter the city. In the same graveyard are the monuments of Moäwyeh, the founder of the dynasty of the Omeiyades, and of the historian Ibn 'Asâker, from whom Mr. Porter constantly quotes. Hundreds of monuments, in this and the other cemeteries, have for the Arabs sacred associations which Christians cannot understand.

The wealth of Damascus is derived from the large traffic of which it is the centre. From all directions caravans come with heavy or costly merchandise. The regular customers are the neighboring tribes of Arabs, and the mountain-races of the Lebanon. In the spring, the silk-merchants expect to make something handsome out of Frank travellers, who pay readily for their wares twice or thrice the market value. The great business season is the month Ramazan, the Lenten season of Islam, when the companies of pilgrims from Turkey and Asia Minor, the Caucasus and Persia, meet in rendezvous at Damascus on their way to Mecca. The pain of abstinence from pipes and coffee during daylight hours is relieved by the briskness of bargain and barter. It is rather singular that the Arabs should make such a distinction between "Hadji" and "Howadji," "pilgrim" and "merchant," when, in Damascus at least, the two functions seem almost identical. The "'Change" of Damascus is the court-yard of the principal mosques. The pilgrims from Constantinople send their valuables to the mosques for safe-keeping while they are absent, and so make their houses of prayer storehouses for goods; and when they reach Damascus, they go to the houses of prayer to learn the

market prices, to negotiate exchanges, and to settle the balance of trade. The mosques of Damascus are to its bazaars, in the sacred month, what the banking-houses in Wall Street are to the warehouses in all the streets adjoining.

We quote, as a specimen of Mr. Porter's best style, his short and graphic description of these bazaars, and the scenes in them.

"To those accustomed to the capitals of Europe, with their broad streets, spacious squares, and splendid buildings, this city must appear filthy, irregular, and even half ruinous. The streets are narrow and tortuous; the houses on each side like piles of mud, stone, and timber, heaped together without order. A plain portal, or a gaudy fountain, or a mosque rich in the minute details of Saracenic architecture, is the only thing that gives any variety. On approaching the centre of the city, however, the stranger's eye is soon attracted by the gay bazaars, and by the picturesque groups that, in their gorgeous costumes, crowd them, or lounge in the open *cafés*. Every Eastern nation and tribe has there its representative; and the whole resembles a *bal costumé* more than a scene of every-day life. There is the Damascus merchant, with flowing robe and capacious embroidered turban, sitting with calm dignity in the midst of his goods. Beside him is a Turkish Effendi, decked in a caricature of Frank costume, badly made and worse put on. Here is a mountain prince sweeping along in crimson jacket covered with gold embroidery; the open sleeves hang gracefully behind, hussar fashion, while underneath are seen the delicate hues of the rich silk vest. A long train of secretaries, pipe-bearers, servants, and guards follow him. Yonder is a Bedawy, spare in form and of dark visage; his piercing eye glances stealthily on all who meet him, and his step and bearing are constrained; he is dressed in a simple woollen *abeih*, with broad stripes of white and brown; and a rope of camel's hair binds on his head the gay *kefîjeh*. Away beyond him stands a Druse sheikh, arrayed in a gorgeous silk robe interwoven with threads of gold, and a carefully-folded turban of spotless white; his left hand grasps the silver hilt of his heavy scymitar, while fierce determination and undaunted courage are reflected from his proud features. Here too is a Kurdish shepherd, with shaggy sheepskin cap and stiff felt capote; and behind him marches a stately Persian, whose lofty conical head-dress, long tight robe, and flowing beard, almost make you believe that one of the monuments of Nineveh has started into life again. By the door of that *café* is a group of villanous-looking Albanians, with their voluminous kilts and fagots of weapons stuck in their belts. The

strange figures that are seen mingling with the throng, enveloped from head to foot in white sheets, are women.

"And the bazaars themselves are scarcely less attractive than the people that fill them. A long row of open stalls, only a few feet deep, extends along each side, and here, ranged on rude shelves, are temptingly displayed the merchant's stores. Silks, and embroidered scarfs, and golden-wrought tissues of the city itself; carpets and curiously inlaid ornaments and caskets from Persia; shawls from Hind and Cashmere; weapons of every form and character, richly ornamented with gold and gems, — such is the varied picture on which the eye rests as one wanders amid the gay labyrinth of bazaars. To the Frank stranger everything seems new and odd; and yet he himself is the only object of wonder to the hundreds that surround him. The principal bazaars are always clean; and the sloping wooden roofs, though not very picturesque, serve to keep them cool in summer and dry in winter. The streets are cleaner and better kept than those of most Turkish cities." — Vol. I. pp. 30 – 32.

"Almost every branch of industry has its own circumscribed place in the bazaars or khans, and we have thus the spice-bazaar, the tobacco-bazaar, the shoe-bazaar, the silversmiths' bazaar, and a host of others. It is interesting to wander through the different markets, and observe the various departments of trade and manufacture in full operation. Here are long rows of bearded merchants sitting in the midst of piles of silk and cotton goods, stately and motionless as the statues of the ancient deities in their temple shrines. A few steps farther and the scene is changed: hundreds of busy hands are engaged in stitching and ornamenting the neat, soft yellow slipper, or the curious gondola-shaped red overshoes. Let us now pass through this diminutive old gate-way, and we enter a vast covered area, whose shattered roof, dimly seen through clouds of smoke, is supported here by massive pier and there by stately column. The din of hammer and anvil is almost deafening, and swarthy figures are seen through the gloom sitting on dirty hobs and round miniature furnaces. Heaps of the precious metals, and ornaments of various forms and chaste designs, are by their side, while diamonds, emeralds, and rubies glitter in their hands. Passing through this busy scene, we enter another bazaar, no less noisy. Here are scores of carpenters engaged in the manufacture of the ornamental clogs worn universally by the Damascus ladies. Observe how they work, all squatting. One is planing a board, holding it with his toe. Others are carving pieces of wood, or inlaying them with silver and mother-of-pearl; and while the hands ply the mallet and chisel, the toes do duty as a vice!" — Vol. I. pp. 57, 58.

Mr. Porter gives a summary of the history of Damascus, dividing it into five periods. The *first* comprehends its history prior to the Assyrian conquests, and is learned almost entirely from the notices in the Hebrew Scriptures and in the works of Josephus. In this period the city was always important, and for a considerable time was the capital of an independent kingdom. The *second* period extends to the conquest of Asia by Alexander, when, after having been subject for several centuries to the Assyrian, Babylonian, Median, and Persian empires, Damascus passed into the hands of another race. In this period, though important and flourishing, the city was overshadowed by the greater capitals, Nineveh, Babylon, Ecbatana, and Susa. The *third* period includes the time between the Grecian and the Roman conquest, — between Alexander and Pompey. In this period, Damascus was the theatre of incessant and innumerable wars, feuds, and intrigues, changed masters continually, and was for nearly three centuries the most tempting prize for cupidity and ambition. The *fourth* period ends with the conquest by the armies of Islam, and embraces the entire sway of the Roman and Byzantine emperors in Syria, the extinction of Paganism, and the establishment of Christianity. Of this period, Mr. Porter has given us less information than its importance and its length — seven hundred years — would seem to require. In the history of the Ebionites, of the Gnostics, and of the Oriental Episcopate, Damascus fills a conspicuous place. We should have been glad of larger extracts from that Arabic manuscript of Macarius, Patriarch of Antioch, which Mr. Porter has in his possession. The *fifth* period includes the history of the city for the last twelve centuries, beginning with the splendid empire of the Caliphs. The shifting fortunes of the city under the various dynasties, the successive rule of the Saracens, the Turks, and the Ottomans, the alternating growth and decline, down to the present time, with short sketches of the great leaders, are given by our author as well as could be expected in the compass of five-and-twenty pages.

We hope that Mr. Porter's very just observation about the *importance* of the history of Damascus, and his facilities for

writing such a history, will induce him to prepare another volume, in which the topic may be fully treated. A translation or abridgment of the great work of Ibn 'Asâker, of which he makes such frequent mention, would be a valuable fruit of his residence and studies in the romantic city. At present, we are compelled to take on trust the literary glories of the reigns of the Caliphs. Comparatively little of their science, scholarship, and song is known to us. It is not enough that we have in theology the confused reasonings of John the Hermit, and in romance the uncertain legends of the story-telling sisters, to illustrate the name of Damascus.

ART. III. — *Genealogies of the Families and Descendants of the Early Settlers of Watertown, Massachusetts, including Waltham and Weston; to which is appended the Early History of the Town.* With Illustrations, Maps, and Notes. By HENRY BOND, M. D. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 1094.

THIS formidable volume would challenge a peculiar attention, were it only on the score of its size and the fulness and thoroughness of its contents. If we apply the maxim, "In all labor there is profit," to the years of toil and of painstaking research which must have been employed to gather the materials for this work, we should have to take for granted, or be able to show, some obvious uses of practical good as served by the volume. For ourselves, we are personally no lovers of such tasks as Dr. Bond has here brought to an amazing result; yet we think we can put a fair appreciation upon the motives engaged in them, and, besides recognizing their interest for individuals, whose names and descent are recorded on the page, can discern some public advantages in them. We therefore love to have such works prepared. It is, we believe, a well-understood fact, that the "endless genealogies," against the study of which a wise counsellor warned a young disciple, were genealogies of æons and false divinities, and

not the pedigrees of mortals. This being admitted, there is no prohibition of the curiosity to trace our descent. If any one is not satisfied with believing that he had parents and an ancestry, without knowing their names and generations, he is at perfect liberty to inquire. He may inquire successfully, and even if he should fail to find any reliable and precise information, he may still fall back upon the assurance that he is a descendant, regularly or irregularly, in a continuous line, of a human family. Should it appear that some little infelicities have marked the course of his descent, — as, for instance, that some important dates are lacking, because those most concerned in them preferred to leave a generous indefiniteness about their history, — or that no wills are on record, for the good reason that there was no property to be conveyed by that method, — the inquirer must acquiesce. He has been investigating matters of fact, and matters of fact are of a very various character, pleasant and unpleasant, honorable and humiliating. A clerical friend of ours, not long deceased, whose humor was often most effectively struck out when the persistency or importunity of others rendered him impatient, went to the extreme of scepticism in this matter of genealogies. He had been annoyed by the frequent request of a female parishioner, whose ancestors on one side had been connected with his own comparatively ancient church, that he would search out for her the names of the parents of her great-grandmother. After a not very willing and a wholly fruitless search in his own records, he told his wearisome visitor that he could not answer her question, and he recommended her to put the question to a clerical brother of his, whose taste and knowledge lay especially in genealogies. "Oh," says the woman, "I have asked him several times, and he says he cannot inform me." "Well," replied the tired and indifferent respondent, "if Dr. P—— does not know who your grandmother's parents were, you must consider it as altogether probable that she did not have any parents, and that you have already got back to the beginnings of things which are veiled in mystery."

An interest in genealogical investigations is one of that class of subjects which are usually spoken of as connected with extreme differences of opinion, the one extreme excit-

ing a passion for it, the other viewing it with utter contempt. Yet it seems to us that there is a moderate measurement of interest in this pursuit which lies within the two extremes, and vindicates all such inquiries as worthy of an honored place among the topics which engage human beings. We cannot sympathize with the ardor and zeal, and the persistent patience of some persons, who seem to think that the one highest object for them to secure in life is to trace out their pedigree. The results of the most diligent investigation will never reward this outlay of zeal. Sooner or later one must lose the thread, the single thread, the fibres of which are spun by the lives of his own blood-connections, and consent to leave it undistinguished from the compacted cord which has worked in ten thousand such strands from all the families of men. There is a pleasant delusion of the imagination involved in the boast of some that they come of an "old family." The fact is, we all come of equally old families, and the oldest family of all is the very one from which all of us descend. But the boastful phrase is not really designed to advance a claim to any greater relative antiquity of descent. It is intended to announce that the line of one's generations is authentically recorded through a considerable period of time, and that the family name, connected with land or a structure, or with offices, has been honorably distinguished through its whole historic period. This is a fair subject for self-congratulation, as much so at least as is any other matter of boasting among men; for be it remembered that men are not apt to boast of what really accrues to their credit, on the score of their own personal deserts. The Frenchman who affirmed that he was himself an ancestor, was looking forward to receive from posterity the very kind of honor which descendants of great men think they derive from their ancestry, — the honor that is magnified by the medium through which it is contemplated. The gentleman who introduced himself to Mr. Dickens in one of our railroad cars as "the son of the inventor of the cold-pressed castor-oil," very probably did not know who his grandfather was, and so was content with the fame of a very short line of ancestry. The very large number of persons among us who claim a descent

from the first of Mary's martyrs, John Rogers, manifest but a trifling concern as to the undistinguished course through which his blood has flowed in reaching their veins, and they are content to rest their claim to family honors on him and themselves. Even in Great Britain, where those who have the slightest conceit in the direction of pedigrees rival Jewish pride in the matter of genealogies, it is confessedly difficult for more than some threescore families to follow their names and kinship back to the era of the Conquest. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, who, always excepting Mr. Pepys, has left in the record of his life the most marvellous exposure of the vanity and the foibles which men generally hide from their own consciousness, had a perfect passion for looking up genealogies. Having satiated himself with his own, he worked upon those connected with it by marriage with a zeal which drove him all over the kingdom to follow the scent of a pedigree. His discerning spirit was also bent at all times on "the main chance." The reader of his gossiping autobiography is sympathetically led on by him almost to the point of catching his enthusiasm. He tells us that such a "search of records and other exotic monuments of antiquity is the most ravishing and satisfying part of human knowledge." His curious anxiety to circumvent his widowed father in his attempts to suit himself to a young wife, is doubtless to be attributed wholly to his dread of any more quarterings of the family escutcheon and other belongings. Yet this unwearied delver into matters which time had almost forgotten, never could get behind the five-hundredth year preceding his own age.

There is an amusing token of class feelings, ruling passions, and individual characteristics noticeable in the era or date to which pedigree-hunters in Old England and in New England, respectively, are interested to trace, and at which they are content to leave, without further search, the root of their genealogical trees. Our New England people are, for the most part, content to reach the cabin of the Mayflower, or of one of Endicott's or Winthrop's vessels, and to find an ancestor there. They are willing to stop with him, as if the theory of spontaneous generation had been verified in him, and, like Melchisedec, he had had neither father nor mother, neither de-

scent nor beginning of days. It is only our modern genealogists, like Dr. Bond, who send agents to the mother country, or go themselves, to inquire into Melchisedec's ancestry, — to search into the old Puritan lineage with the help of such records as are to be found in parish registers and churchyards. But with Englishmen, the beginnings of things are found at the date of the Conquest. The New-Englander speaks of the first of his name who "came over" the ocean. John Bull applies his ancestral "comings over" to the passage of a narrower sea, namely, the channel between his island and France. Happy the man in England who can trace his lineage to somebody who "came over with William the Norman"; for it is the same as if, through one of "the dukes of Edom," and one of the sons or daughters of Noah, he had found his whole way back to Adam. Nor only so. Besides this convenient stopping-place, as if one in reaching it had mastered his whole lineage on the face of the earth, there is another very comforting conviction involved in this reference to the company of the Conqueror. All who "came over" with him are supposed to have been nobles, or at least knights. Gibbon asks whence — from what favored spot in Britain — came the eleven thousand virgins, whose bones, unhappily confounded with those of sundry dogs, cats, and sheep, are heaped in glass show-cases around the walls of a church in Cologne as a perpetual monument of their martyrdom at the hands of the pagans whom they went to convert. We might ask the same question concerning that mighty concourse of *nobles* who followed the banners of William. Where did they come from, and what were they before they came, and *seated* themselves in the fair possessions of the old Saxon Heptarchs? We appeal to such results as may be obtained by collating Doomsday Book, Thierry's romantic chronicle, and the Comic History of England. We apprehend that Mr. à Becket, in the last-named volume, with the help of its grotesque plates, has come nearer to the actual verities of the case, and told more of the simple truth, than can be found on all the pages of the Herald's Office. It is altogether probable that the Conqueror, who himself carried, or ought to have carried, a *bar sinister* on his shield, had in his wake as ragged and forlorn a crew of scapegraces, loaf-

ers, vagabonds, adventurers, and scoundrels, as ever was collected together on the earth. Falstaff's regiment must have been a company of dandies in comparison with them, and that ship-load of ne'er-do-wells who "came over" in early times to Virginia, must have been altogether an exemplary fellowship of honest men when viewed by an eye that had seen William's retinue. So falls away the romance of the past, when we scan it too closely. So fades the glory of a pedigree that it is traced to an army of freebooters, hard-drinkers, and paupers. With the times and the men associated with the Norman Conquest came in most of those heraldic devices and legends which are attached to the shields and the crests of "old families." These armorial bearings have a dignified and honorable signification only in exceptional cases. For the most part, they are either hideous or unmeaning, or suggestive of deeds of violence, or of comparisons between the rapacious traits of men and those of real or fabulous brute creatures, birds of prey, insects, and even reptiles. The strong arm and the good sword are the most honest devices among them all. We would suggest to some one skilled in the science of heraldry, either to run a parallel, or to indicate a contrast, between these old Norman emblems, and those which our own Indians find suited to a similar use in their rude heraldry, made up of bears, rattlesnakes, beavers, tortoises, crows, and arrows.

We have hinted at reasons enough for qualifying any very passionate ardor in the tracing of genealogies. It is indeed an "endless" work. We are especially reminded of this, even when we turn over the crowded pages of Dr. Bond's work, concerning which we intend soon to speak in particulars. His work, as we have said, is remarkable for the fulness and thoroughness of its contents. And yet, strange as the assertion may sound, the more full such a work is, the more incomplete it is. The more elaborate its contents, in giving us the collateral alliances of the families which constitute its principal subjects, the greater the number of families of whose origin we are left in ignorance, while at the same time we are continually led away from a hold upon the main stem and the forking branches to the risk of falling off at one of the twigs.

We by no means mention this as a qualification of the high praise to which Dr. Bond is entitled, but only as an incidental disadvantage to which a genealogical register is subject, and which is necessarily more and more observable according to the expansion and fulness of such a register. Completeness being impossible, a laborer in such fields may not work upon them with the fullest enthusiasm.

But while these reasons suffice to moderate the interest of most of us in genealogical investigations, they by no means warrant the indifference, and even contempt, which some persons manifest for such labors. It is natural for us to wish to know something of our family lineage and ancestry, — to know the birthplace and the abiding-place, the calling and the fortune, the fate and the sepulchre, of our parents' parents, and of their parents. True, the large mass of each generation is made up of indifferent persons, among whom but very few were distinguished, and not all of them purely so. But it is a mistake to suppose that only a feeling of pride is engaged in this interest to trace our lineage; or perhaps we should say, when pride does mingle with the other sentiments that are enlisted in this aim, that pride has been taught a more expansive and a more just rule for estimating its proper grounds and materials. The sort of ancestry of which one ought to be proud, and the qualities or deeds of one's fathers which excite the glow of honest admiration, are more likely to present themselves to the regard of one who traces his lineage through a respectable channel, however humble, than to be instinctively apprehended by those, who, knowing their plebeian descent, are ashamed to have its stages pressed upon their notice.

It is, however, a foregone conclusion, that genealogies are to be hunted out and put into print, all through New England especially, and more or less fully in other parts of this continent. If we are not concerned to search out our own lineage and to trace our family alliances, some one else will be sure to do the work for us, because of its direct or indirect connections with his kindred. Within the last half-score of years many modest men have been surprised by the receipt of letters written to them by entire strangers, asking for a communication of all the known particulars of their kinships, pedigrees, matrimo-

nial alliances, and family histories. To some persons such a request is the very first suggestion to their minds of any concern in the matters involved, except simply as they relate to the living generation. It is fortunate that truer ideas of what constitutes nobility of lineage, and of what justifies a pride of pedigree, attend this rising spirit of genealogical inquiry among us. While curiosity to learn one's ancestry is satisfied by such records as are from time to time answering to the search for them, a just self-respect is gratified by tracing in the industry, frugality, and integrity of the fathers, virtues which ennobled the most humble stations. The proudest men and women among us, our statesmen, authors, merchants, and scientific men, with their wives and mothers, are content to refer their descent to plain yeomen who tilled the hard soil, to adventurous seamen who passed beyond soundings, and to mechanics who wrought upon the raw products of the earth. A great deal of ingenuity has been exercised in devising schemes and methods for presenting, by tabular arrangements or by typographical devices, the whole pedigree, the kinships and the side alliances of a family, for a long succession of generations. More than this. Some of the profoundest investigations connected with physiology, the laws of health, the entail of physical and mental and moral qualities, and the desire to promote longevity, are made paramount objects with many who have entered the most heartily into genealogical investigations. They thus recognize some noble practical ends, which relieve and cheer their otherwise aimless toil upon dry details.

We have seen a large and very elaborate volume just published, devoted to the memorials of the Shattuck family, one of the families that have place in Dr. Bond's work. The compiler, Mr. Lemuel Shattuck, who has devoted many years of faithful research to matters of town and State history, has here worked out in a most thorough manner the genealogies through blood and marriage of a family which has embraced in its generations a full share of the virtues and the honors of New England, some of the fruits of which are now the seed of a new growth in the Far West. Mr. Shattuck lifts his interest to the height of a scientific and philanthropic enterprise,

and his introductory essay may be read with great profit as a wise treatise on human life in general. His method, too, is a new one, and admirably suited to its purpose.

No recent attempt, of which we have cognizance, has been made for propping up the shattered argument which, till within the last score of years, was boldly advanced in England, to prove that the aristocratic distinction of a noble class, perpetuated by a law of primogeniture, is in harmony with the constitution of humanity, and of eminent service to all the interests of a state. Such pleas as these used to be offered in the argument: — that a factitious and conventional aristocracy may keep down the dangerous boldness of new men, with strong arms and cunning schemes and ambitious spirits; that human blood is really refined and invigorated and impregnated with high virtues when kept from contact with drops from the veins of laborers and artisans, and when intensified in its qualities by matrimonial alliances with the great; and that the separation of a class who may live easily and luxuriously in the enjoyment of exclusive privileges is highly favorable to that moral and intellectual culture which alone can advance the material prosperity, the literary fertility, the political welfare, and the scientific progress of a nation. These pleas are not advanced now because they have all been falsified. Any one who should venture to offer either of them, and to challenge discussion, would be met with such an overwhelming array of exceptions to his proposed rule, as to be driven to the confession that the truth is on the side of the exceptions. What sort of a show would the English House of Lords present, if all the "new peers" of the last three generations were taken out of it, and only the lineal descendants of the nobility of an earlier age were left? What proportion of all the Prime Ministers, Lord Chancellors, members of the Cabinet, and crown lawyers of the realm, for the last two centuries, has come from the ranks of those titled by hereditary right, and what proportion has been lifted, or have lifted themselves, from out of a humble origin? It is notorious that the blood of the commonalty has been of service, equally in replenishing the veins of the nobility, and in substituting new stock for extinct peerages. The court physicians happily have

had a word to say touching the boast of blood and the delusion which supposed that it derived virtue, health, and energy from being confined to aristocratic veins. How absurd seems the record on the proud and glorious pages which rehearse by far the larger portion of English history, that that realm, when the succession to the throne was impeded for its legal heir by a sentiment founded on religious conviction, instead of making a king and queen from among the multitude of its own great and good men and women, should have sent to Germany for such vulgar and stupid specimens of our race as Mr. Thackeray and Dr. Doran have recently portrayed to us! As to the plea that the interests of literature and science are advanced by the conventional privileges of an aristocratic class, — who would venture to repeat it with a list before him of England's starry names in the riches of the mind? Take the "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," so ingeniously made out by one of the same class, and compare it with the names in a good biographical dictionary. The comparison will not be carried very far before it is given up.

Some of the special pleaders in the polemics of the old Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain find a favorite theme in which they may enlist Providence on their side, by tracing the now broken fortunes of nearly all the families among whom the church lands were apportioned on the dissolution of the religious houses. That most of these once noble families are now fallen into decay, and leave sad memorials through which to account for their decline, is taken as proof of judgments visited upon sacrilege. But, without putting in the issue as it bears upon the creed, the facts which enter into it are eminently serviceable in showing that the laws of nature and of God, as regards the distinctions of talent, virtue, and true nobility, are not conformed to the conventional institution of an aristocracy.

One of the noble uses served by such laborious tasks as that which Dr. Bond has completed, is to vindicate the practical ends of genealogical researches. Of course the author does not bring his investigations to bear on any theory. He draws no philosophical or political conclusions from the methodical transfer to his pages of a whole mass of family

records. He does not aim to show in what proportions the patrician and the plebeian elements mingled in the original New England stock. He has not designed to serve even the honest pride of the descendants of the few out of his long roll of names who might claim the conventional honors of gentle birth in the mother land. He has simply undertaken to do what his title-page promises, to give us some "Family Memorials" of the first settlers of that large space of territory which originally bore the name of Watertown, now retained by only a small fraction of the territory. He has put a generous construction on the phrase "first settlers," and made it include some of the earlier residents whose stay in the territory was but transient. While some of the first occupants very soon left the place to be the pioneers of new settlements, their immediate successors in many cases remained, and have furnished the stock of a large proportion of the present population of Watertown and the towns adjoining. Those of its first settlers who engaged in the enterprise of colonizing new regions in New England, had descendants who in a later generation became in their turn pioneers of some of the more distant settlements in the ever-vanishing boundaries of that region which we call "the West." As the original Watertown was from the first settled by a more numerous population than was gathered in any other town of the Bay Colony, the dispersed descendants of its original stock have sent the ramifications of their genealogies all over our land.

Now the practical use of gathering up such results as the most barren lists of names when so methodically and systematically arranged will secure, is to make known to us of what sort of stuff the materials of a thriving, virtuous, orderly, and well-governed community are composed. De Tocqueville was the first of all our foreign visitors and critics who rightly apprehended the municipal organization of our New England towns, and had the penetration to trace the spirit of independence, the processes which facilitated our union, the capacity of self-government, and even the germ of our national Constitution, in the institutions which grew up so naturally and so quietly. Indeed, while De Tocqueville instructed his readers on the other continent in these mysteries, he opened the

eyes of many of our own citizens to the profound philosophy which underlies the facts of our most familiar observation. Much material for raillery and a bantering spirit has been found by the orators at our town celebrations and by the jocose lovers of the quaint chronicles of the day of small things, in the excitements and rivalries and distractions which so frequently attended "Town-Meetings." Revolutions which have convulsed empires have scarce awakened any hotter strifes or intenser passions than those evolved in the debates and quarrels of our sturdy yeomanry when agitating such matters as the placing, or the *pewing*, of a new meeting-house, the apportioning of "a rate," the laying out of a new road, the location of a school-house, or the "setting off" of a piece of territory from one town to another. Watertown had its full share in these intestine strifes, and the more so, because, as Dr. Bond makes very clear to us, some of its leading settlers had in them a spirit of liberty and of self-will — not a disorderly, but a wise spirit, nevertheless — which often put them at issue with the court and the magistrates, to say nothing of some of "the elders," of the Bay. Now, granting that most of these local disputes concerned matters of comparatively trifling importance, and that the passion connected with them was wholly inflamed by the debate, not at all by a rivalry of interests which would still be subsidiary to the public good, it was a great thing to have a debate, to teach an honest and well-meaning set of men how to use their tongues, how to marshal their logic and argument, and how to gain skill in the ordering of affairs. Those who learned the arts of rhetoric and oratory in these schools were prepared to take their seats in "the Great and General Court" of the Colony, and, in process of time, to form legislatures and congresses and conventions. The train-bands of our towns were under drill for the minute-men of the Revolution, and the minute-men served a use till an army could be organized. Nor has there yet been raised an issue in the halls of Congress at Washington, which had not been substantially anticipated under other circumstances and in reference to other parties, by debates in our colonial legislatures when they were composed of town deputies and public magistrates.

What with questions of "foreign policy" raised by our diplomatic relations with the Dutch on our borders, providing for warlike campaigns against Indians and Frenchmen and for self-defence, the organization of judiciaries, the regulation of the fisheries, amending constitutions, and intermeddling with the sovereign prerogative which relates to the currency, it might be fairly proved that our ancestors two hundred years ago discussed in their town-meetings every subject which now engages the tongues and the ears of the members of our national legislature.

It is of the men who laid the beginnings of a wise and a most successful scheme of self-government in one such community, and of the women who shared all their trials, and all their privileges, saving only the right of suffrage, that Dr. Bond has given us the "Family Memorials." If the object on which he must have bestowed several years of patient and devoted labor, wholly independent of any selfish interest, does not at once approve itself to all who are concerned in its results, we certainly will not undertake to plead with them for him. Here is a volume which tells all the known truth concerning the almost chance company of men and women who, coming together for one purpose, yielded all their strongly marked peculiarities of character to a paramount aim, the loftiness and purity of which indicate that the ruling element in them all was a noble one. There was among them no dull uniformity either in prejudice, superstition, or bigotry. Their many differences indicate their entire independence and their scrupulous fidelity to conscience. And curious it is to note how a skill and aptitude for all the needful forms of service required in an orderly community, as it seats itself for a permanent home in a wilderness, were developed in wise directions in its individual members. In leaving England, the first care of a company intending to exile themselves was to secure a "minister" and a "smith." Emergency and opportunity were expected to develop a practical talent for the various other professional and mechanical occupations of men. The "gifts," which might have lain dormant and wholly unexercised had the exiles remained at home, came out here to good purpose. The wind was too inconstant and fickle a work-

man to answer the need of early settlers, and therefore to dam the little tributary stream and to produce a miller became prime objects. Surveyors were made almost impromptu. Every good wife was expected to be a good spinner and weaver. One of the smaller but most essential articles which the new settlers needed was ink; for they knew that, as they were living for posterity, they must be men of records. On the fly-leaves and covers of books, and the backs of letters, and in epistles passing between friends, there are innumerable instances to be found of "*an excellent recipe for y^e^ making of inke.*" The same emergencies and opportunities created excellent school-teachers, cordwainers, architects, — given to consulting strength rather than grace, — rope-makers, tailors, navigators, and a native growth of ministers. And all the circumstances of inherent quality and local condition and practical necessity developed a race of wise legislators, — men who could be trusted with authority, because they were willing to be subject to it, *when it was just.*

Sir Richard Saltonstall is the leading character in Dr. Bond's great book; and a noble man he was, and well does the fine portrait of him perpetuate to us his look and mien. The minister, Rev. George Phillips, who came with a diploma from Caius College, Cambridge, to exercise his gifts in the wilderness, exercised them to a good purpose. He deserves the credit — if there be credit in it — of being the teacher even of Winthrop in the true principles of the independency of the churches. In the lineage of the Browne family in England we find the celebrated but calumniated founder of the "Brownist" sect, and in the New England lineage of the same family are named honored and useful men and women who have spread themselves over the land to its great benefit and their own praise. Dr. Bond gives us some very pertinent and quite satisfactory information touching Richard Browne, over whom Winthrop leaves some shadings of report and opinion. Moses Brown, of Beverly, the merchant, and the patriotic soldier of the Revolution, was one of his descendants. This family traces its descent from a gentle pedigree in the mother country. So also do the families of Bright and Bond, who were among the first settlers of Watertown. Under the

record of the Bright family the reader will find an ancestor of good repute in England, among whose descendants here are our two Presidents, John Adams and John Quincy Adams. And yet, so exacting is the law of candor in a faithful genealogist like Dr. Bond, the register of the family contains this record: "Henry Bright, Sen., in the town record sometimes called 'Old Bright,' died in Watertown, Sept. 14, 1674, 'above a hundred years old,' according to the town records, and one hundred and nine years old, according to the county records. Owing to his great age and indigence, he was taken care of by the town for some time previous to his decease. His inventory amounted to only £2 9*s*. It included '1 pair of shop-shears,' rendering it probable that he had been a tailor."

We may not have treated with sufficient seriousness in all our remarks this exacting and painstaking pursuit of the genealogist. But as we have turned over the pages of Dr. Bond's volume, we have admired his devotion to an honorable and a useful cause. Though we have none of our own kith or kin in his pages, we happen to know of some of the families of numerous connections whose genealogies he has recorded at length, and the question has often risen to our minds, How could he, living in Philadelphia, have learned all these particulars so accurately? Judging, then, from his accuracy in cases known to us by particulars, we may venture to praise his volume highly for this paramount quality. If but a tenth part of the number of those for whom he has so diligently labored return him the slight recognition of their patronage, his volume will have a wide circulation. The historical information to be found in the Appendix is of the highest value to a larger circle of readers.

ART. IV. — *Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien.* Par M. VICTOR COUSIN. Paris: Didier, Libraire-editeur. 1853. pp. 494.

IT must be agreed, by all sound thinkers, that philosophy, in its speculative no less than in its practical direction, is one of the cardinal interests of man. In its briefest and yet ample statement, it is the effort after truth. This effort, however, is something more than a rude and untaught impulse, something more than a bold grasping after certitude amidst mystery and doubt. It is a deliberate and persistent search, — a search claiming alike energy and patience, and which, while it implies the highest mental industry, demands the most watchful avoidance of chimeras. This endeavor is legible throughout the ages. Its instinctive and blind attempts appear in the earliest foretime of the race. On the farthest confines of the ancient world we find it. There come down to us with the first traditions of men the names of professed seekers after knowledge. Along all the centuries of social progress we trace their unbroken line. These are the guides and teachers of humanity, the interpreters of the world without us, the revealers of the laws and relations of the soul.

A widely accredited opinion ascribes to philosophy an Oriental and almost primeval origin. But the best-fortified position seems to be that, in its genuine type, it began amongst the Greeks with Thales. Passing down from him, it reached its grandest and consummate style in the fine brain of Plato. Platonism holds the central place in the realm of the pure reason. It is alike a fulfilment and a prophecy. It gathers up and unfolds the scattered hints of Parmenides and Zeno who went before it; and it embraces plainly, in its comprehensive sweep, the rudiments of all that generous science which now dignifies humanity. Here, in this broad and profound scheme, with all its germs and tendencies, lies the unity of human wisdom. Rejecting the partial expositions of the sects which followed Socrates, the higher and universal genius of Plato reviewed the whole domain of thought. He rose above the narrow and uncertain ground of experience, and mounted to the wide and firm region of the conscious-

ness. In these two spheres, the rational and the empirical, the circuit of philosophy becomes complete. Beyond them its boundaries have never passed. And as Plato presides, by confessed pre-eminence, over the one, so likewise Aristotle, his contemporary and disciple, represents the other.

At the threshold, then, of a fully-outlined philosophy, these two regal shades salute us,— Aristotle and Plato. The province of the one being the understanding, that of the other the pure reason, they share between them the sovereignty of thought. However lightly, in our age of independent judgment, we may value the authority of either, we must render honor to them, none the less, as to anointed kings. Their empires are historical and actual. Not Charlemagne, nor Constantine, nor Cæsar, was a conqueror one whit more than each of these. They have held, for more than twenty centuries, supremacy over the minds of men. So splendid and durable a realm as theirs has no parallel in any, not even in the Persian, the Macedonian, or the Roman state. Nor is this empire ended. The rule of these great masters of the past continues. All the successive developments of knowledge from their day down to ours, may still be placed under the one or the other of these invocations. To these two we must perpetually return. By renewed counselling with them, we may assure ourselves that we are not wandering from the fixed and solid points of truth. Coming with a divine commission to teach their fellows, their errand belongs to no single age, but to all the ages. Their office is an imperishable priesthood. Spirits of so intense and mighty energy can never die. When they pass away from our dim sight, they enter upon a second and higher life. An immortality of influence becomes their heritage. Their genius, by its prevailing and universal power, projects itself forward into the future. Their golden teachings still guide the beliefs of men. From their exalted seats, they watch the active ministry of their precious words. They behold the great lessons which they uttered passing around the globe, and speaking in welcome phrase to all the nations. They hearken to the echoes of noble thoughts, now filling the world, which first leaped to life within the chambers of their brain. The empire of such souls can never end. It

will assert itself, for evermore, over all intruding and alien sceptres. For the Nemesis brings compensation, — not alone retributions and revenges, but restorations and resurrections. No usurpation can last for ever. Always the ancient right returns. No falsehood can long resist the strong legitimacy of truth.

Still, of these two majestic presences, the kinglier one is Plato. His soul has the finer cast and temper. The outward phenomena, wherein Aristotle sought for truth, conduct not to the certain, but to the probable. Physical knowledge, like the facts it deals with, is always a shifting and flowing thing. The new discovery overthrows the old result. Hence progress contravenes permanence. But in the higher department of the human spirit, whence accrue to us necessary and universal principles, with all their wealth of issues, progress and permanence are joined. Since, therefore, the essentially and unconditionally True transcends, in any age, the present sum of facts, — since its total though unattained symmetry surpasses the theories which partially declare it, — Plato must stand for ever the world's unequalled sage. The Perfect, the Absolute, the All, was his grand ideal. As he was the clearest expounder in antiquity of those fixed necessities of belief, which assert themselves resolutely in the endeavor of the ages after truth, and is their confessed champion in history, they may be placed, however changed in their modern statement, under his august tutelage; and it is the purpose of the present writing to consider the value of these sure and steadfast laws, and to trace briefly the historic fortunes of him who so early and distinctly uttered them.

We would approach this revered name in the spirit neither of eulogy nor of criticism. We would come rather, as an humble scholar, to take counsel of this ennobling wisdom. This wisdom has no waning and transitory worth. It is eternal; for it gathers within its mighty plan the most substantial verities. It finds, therefore, an echo in every soul of man. The common consciousness of the race responds to it. It is no gliding shadow of a dead past, but a living and present power.

In following the career of Plato, we shall often meet that

other more proud and dictatorial spirit already mentioned, less imposing indeed, but more militant and aggressive, — Aristotle. At first the restive pupil, and afterward the determined rival of his master, their estrangement did not cease with life, but rose from its personal and local character, and expanded itself into a memorable historic conflict, and the whole chronicle of philosophy is, more or less, the story of a tireless struggle between these two for empire.

Alexandria in Egypt was the most splendid of the many cities which were to perpetuate the memory of the great conqueror who founded them. As it became the centre of the world's commerce, so also here met in one the great streams of learning, civilization, language, race. Here it was, in this metropolis both of Europe and the Orient, in this new radiating point of the mightiest human forces, that Platonism, very early in the Christian era, was deliberately proclaimed. Now arose amongst the other great ambitions of the epoch that colossal project, — the union of all the philosophic schools in one grand alliance, the attainment of a complete unity of opinion. To secure a truce of creeds was the steady effort of this period. The comprehensive scheme of Plato was to be its basis, and an eclecticism at once cautious and catholic its means. All truth was to be gathered into one stupendous fabric. Certain brave spirits thought they saw a oneness under all the diversities of system. To detect this essential agreement was their constant aim. This was a sad, though splendid aspiration; for the minds of men are forensic rather than judicial, and our theories, however honest at the start, become in a degree, as we advance, sectarian. Vast and earnest as the endeavor was; summoning before its tribunal, as it did, all the philosophies and religions of mankind; laying all the lore of the earth under contribution for the elements of its gigantic plan, — it failed. Such a plan, if practicable at all, it is the work, not of any people, not of any generation, but of the race, to realize. And the means to this end is not an untruthful amity of opposing forces, but a resolute and uncompromising conflict. Beneath a hollow peace grows only new vigor of antagonism. The warfare of great principles has its æon and its destiny. It can be ended by no lying treaties nor

hypocritical adjustments. Only after a combat of centuries is fought, can hostile opinions throw aside their armor. Then, when at last the right is fairly shown, they may come to an honest meeting. This great battle of creeds is of a twofold character. It is waged in consciousness and in history alike. It is for self, for the individual man, no less than for humanity. Within his own breast each one of us must repeat at last the great contests of mankind. It is as though history began anew every time a soul is born.

The baffled attempt of the Alexandrian schools answered, however, a worthy purpose in placing philosophy upon broader and more generous ground, and in rendering signal and merited honor to Plato as the undoubted master. This high tribute was given in no partisan spirit; it was a spontaneous and honest homage. The recognition of him as the foremost of sages was simple justice to a great and manifest desert.

Christianity brought to men a new genesis of truth. Rejecting existing systems, vitiated as they were by error, it planted itself, as on its reliable and main foundation, upon the grand old Hebrew faith. Yet it declared no hostility to anything in the higher sense good, or beautiful, or true. The early Fathers of the Church gladly hailed Philosophy as a powerful auxiliary in the defence of the sacred testimonies. The divorce of faith and reason, of piety and learning, often since attempted, found no favor at their hands. Not the rejection of philosophy, but its subordination to religion, was their purpose; for a noble and just philosophy, unmarred by the vices of system, bound by no soulless dogmas, and, in its very aspiration after the Unattained and Infinite, reaching out eagerly towards faith, is faith's best and sincerest friend. Such a philosophy was Plato's. Therefore the Fathers met him with a warm and admiring welcome. Origen became his diligent and enthusiastic pupil. So, later, did Augustine; he to whom all seekers after sound Christian doctrine must at length return. In the fifth century Plato had attained undisputed sway.

Forth from his long silence now came Aristotle. While the elevated theology of Plato gave a valuable confirmation to the sacred books, a sterner logic than he had to offer was

needed to beat back the impious heresies which began to show themselves. The support which Plato gave to Moses and to Christ was enough to convince the more pious and enlightened minds. But the unity of the Church was, even thus early, marred by schism. To encounter and confound the disturbers of her peace, the want was felt of an iron system of dialectics. Such a method was not to be found in Plato; for his serene and pacific spirit never trained men in the gymnastics of disputation. Recourse was had then to his more warlike and gladiatorial disciple. So this other heathen sage stood forth, shaking off the torpor of a sleep of centuries, as the accepted defender of Christianity. The controversial weapons which he wielded were proved to be of the truest temper. Victory upon victory was won for faith. Heretics and infidels everywhere fell back dismayed before this resistless champion.

Thus we behold Aristotle, after ages of neglect, again entering the lists. And he enters under the highest credit as the chosen knight of Holy Church. But his service, effective as it was, was that rather of a mercenary ally than of a loyal soldier. It was not the duty of a faithful subject. Beneath all his triumphs in the sacred cause there lurked the subtle and bold design of an ultimate individual supremacy. Now began that magnificent career of conquest which was afterwards so signally achieved. The recognition by the Church of the crafty and grasping Aristotle, was the first step toward universal empire. This empire was consummated, at last, in the thirteenth century. His influence was now dominant in all the schools and monasteries. From all the professorial chairs of Christendom the appeal lay, finally, to him, as confessed dictator in philosophy. At this period he well-nigh obtained the honor, more imposing than any coronation of emperor or poet, of a formal consecration as the Philosopher of the Church. But such a despotism, thus ambitious and overshadowing, could not last for ever. In every age, that other master, Plato, had his firm and devoted followers. The great battles of the Scholastic ages prepared the way for his return. The unceasing strifes of those seven belligerent centuries, stigmatized as they are with the charge of gloom and

barbarism, had yet a noble use in the final vindication of the Platonic theory of the Ideas. This vindication was the salutary issue of the long struggle between Nominalism and Realism. The whole period from the beginning of the ninth century to the close of the fifteenth was, emphatically, an agonistic era, and although in this era the sway of Aristotle grew to its strongest, forces were all the while maturing which should work its downfall.

To make a proper estimate of the character of these ages would be, surely, amidst the clashing opinions and testimonies which are presented to us, an adventurous attempt. The best accounts appear to certify the common view, that it was a dark and cheerless time. Philosophy seems to have sunk into cold and barren formularies. Literature, once so honored, was unclothed of her ancient glories, and stood dumb amidst the angry jargon of the schools. Religion was degraded to superstition under the lying style of Faith. Of this appalling night the tenth century was the darkest hour. Ignorance and profligacy then everywhere prevailed. In science and in letters it was an iron age.

In this sombre period, the Italian mind first caught the beams of the coming dawn. Earliest in the twilight of the morning, animated by the inspiring purpose to restore a taste for polite learning, appears the sublime and graceful muse of Dante. From his school arose, in the next century, Francesco Petrarca, to whom the Latin tongue owes, in a great degree, the restoration of its purity. Next in the splendid trio comes Boccaccio, Petrarca's constant friend and pupil. The beginning of the fifteenth century saw the revival of Plato. His incomparable elegance won all hearts, and aided much to scatter the thick darkness of the time. Here is a memorable instance of the persuading and transforming power of beauty, and through it Plato did by no means his slightest service to humanity.

An effort was now made to restore Aristotelianism from its barbarous corruptions to its genuine form and spirit. But the revolt against this hoary tyranny had assumed a steady and determined front. It was to fall, in no long time, under the awakened might of reason.

In the sixteenth century there followed a general restoration of learning. The pursuit of elegant literature, and the enthusiastic study of the Greek and Latin classics, engaged the attention of most scholars, although Philosophy was not without her votaries. This was the era of Erasmus. The reformation of religion, under the auspices of his great compeer, Luther, contributed still further to the success of this sturdy effort for human freedom against the bondage of authority. Our sacred faith was then liberated from the dungeons of the Romish hierarchy, and sent forth to fulfil its beneficent evangel to the nations.

In the exultant sense of this new liberty, there now arose original and independent essays toward science. Some of these took a speculative direction; others rested upon experiment. But it was reserved for the seventeenth century, and for Descartes and Bacon, to complete the overthrow of Aristotle, and to inaugurate the modern movement of philosophy. This labor of reconstruction, however, was to be wrought only by the activities of the entire century; for the hold of Aristotle, while he had so strong ecclesiastical support, could not be easily unfastened. He found a refuge to the last amongst those martial and polemic spirits, the Company of Jesus. But the age was well fitted to its mission. It was, throughout, a triumphal march of progress. All the great secular interests of man — letters, art, and science — were wonderfully advanced. Just at the outset of the century, that spirit of transcendent insight, Bacon, came, like a new Prometheus, to bring down from the celestial realm of philosophy material benefits to men. Forgetting her olden and sterile dignity, and departing for a season from an exclusively speculative character, Philosophy became beneficent. She assumed the office of a minister to human comforts and social wants. Of this kindly gospel Bacon was the great apostle. But the utilitarian and practical bent of his inquiries betokened no vulgar nor gross cast of mind. His genius had that rare and princely quality which secures the admiration of men for ever. His is an enduring name. There is a choice society of souls, — few in number and separated in their mortal lives by great distances of time, — whom the race hold in perpetual regard. In this

high companionship, grander than any Olympus of Homeric heroes, Bacon has found no humble place.

In the new movement of science, thus tending to the overthrow of the Peripatetic dynasty, Galileo had led the way in Italy, followed in France by Gassendi and Descartes, in Denmark by Tycho Brahe, amongst the English by Boyle and Newton, and amongst the Germans by Kepler and Leibnitz. The remoulding power of the great astronomers who illustrated the seventeenth century was by no means small nor temporary. Before their stalwart strokes the fortress of authority, hoary with centuries, began to yield. The Grand-Dukes of Tuscany, and the great monarchs Louis XIV. and Charles II., were the professed and powerful patrons of learning. In the clear and noble exposition of the Christian ethics, as applied to the grand personality of nations, stood forth the unmatched Hugo Grotius.

Such were some of the spirits that presided over this mighty revolution. But the foremost of these earnest thinkers was Descartes. The speculative or rational sphere of philosophy became the field of his splendid conquests. He grounded himself here upon the mental necessities, as absolute and universal laws written deeply upon the human heart and brain. Believing that, through all the fogs of disputation, he saw a method which pointed the way to certainty, he sought in consciousness the normal source of truth. Beginning humbly, with a provisory doubt, he passed on, with sure steps, to God. Thenceforward Cartesianism — a new force with a brilliant destiny — made its way with rapid strides. But scholasticism was too strongly fortified within the Church to be speedily dislodged. Still, certain devout and enlightened men in the Romish communion, mainly amongst the French, trod in the footsteps of Descartes. Among these distinguished names are Malebranche, Blaise Pascal, and Anthony Arnauld. From these earnest men sprang a vigorous and intrepid opposition to Aristotle. Toward the close of the century, the bonds of his colossal tyranny were broken. The liberty of thought was now asserted against prescription.

The new metaphysics were brought, to some degree, into disrepute with loyal Christians by the Jew Spinoza, a follower

of Descartes, who revived, in a fresh and more formidable shape, the ancient Pantheism. He assumed the unquestioned postulate that in God all *realities* exist supremely. He adopted also the opinion of his master, that there are only *two realities*, thought and extension, the one mental, the other material. The issue of this malign syllogism was the oneness of the universe with God. But through the aid of Leibnitz, the wiser expounder of Descartes, the Cartesianism was recalled to its religious loyalty. He was its champion in Germany and the North of Europe. The new method, thoroughly elaborated as it was at his hands, acquired, in the next century, a pre-eminence which has been since maintained. It was eagerly accepted, and applied to the exposition and confirmation of the truths of revealed religion. And this is but one more example of the constant service which a genuine philosophy has rendered to a true and earnest faith.

The genius of Leibnitz was trained for its brilliant efforts by the early and appreciating study of Plato. From communion with this venerated and peerless sage, he drew the best inspirations of his life and thought. The germ of his noble Rationalism lay in this simple and thoroughly Platonic tenet: "That there are in metaphysics, as well as in mathematics, necessary truths, the verity of which cannot be found by experiment, but must be sought within the soul itself." Of the Leibnitzian teaching, it has been said, emphatically, that it generated and made current a multitude of new ideas. Such a generation, however, must be simply a development, — a birth into human thought; for all these seemingly new ideas must be, at the first, inwrapped in the primitive rudiments of truth. In the Teutonic mind, under his awakening breath, these rudiments have, it may be, reached their fullest growth. But we may trace them back till they meet in the soul of Plato.

Thus, in every century, we see the power of Plato. His dominion, pervading and continuous though it be, is, however, no strongly consolidated dynasty; for he is no dictator, but the sage of freedom. The loyalty which all elevated spirits cherish toward him is rendered to no imperious authority, but to the radiant truth which illumines his every page. His em-

pire has not an arbitrary and purely positive foundation, but rests solely upon abiding spiritual instincts. In these it finds a steadfast anchorage. Thus its influence is of a permanent and universal kind. We have seen how promptly the early Christian Fathers — they who drank nearest to the hallowed fountains of our faith — received and honored this divine philosophy. They struck hands with Plato, not as a serviceable champion, but as the firm friend of Christ. Hence those endearing legends in which the Church embalms his memory. The Mystics, too, who, although perhaps sometimes bewildered by their enrapturing dreams, came in their pure lives and saintly piety as near as any body of Christians to the pattern of their Saviour, have always found in Plato the sublime suggestions whereby they ascended, as they believed, to the contemplation of the Supreme Intelligence; for Mysticism, with all its spiritual aggrandizement, with all the greatness and glory into which it inaugurates the soul, has in every age its spring in Platonism.

Plato opened three broad, imperial highways, leading us, each of them, to the immovable proof of God. These are none other than the True, the Beautiful, the Good. Apart from revelation, they are the only solid roads to the Absolute and Perfect. They set out alike — for they have a unity of origin as well as of end — in the grand old theory of the Ideas. Of this noble scheme, Cousin, in his "Fragmens Philosophiques," has given us the clearest and simplest exposition.

A well-built philosophy can never disown definition. It must have a language, else it is impotent and dumb. To generalize, to detect the essential amidst the accidental, the unity in variety, is its earliest problem. But that science which has no regress behind general terms is a hollow mockery. Here Nominalism pauses, and declares that universals are not realities, but only names. Plato, however, with deeper intuition, finds underlying them, as their firm, substantial base, Ideas. Hence comes the theory which is the informing soul of his philosophy. This theory is shadowed forth faintly in the Phædrus, and proceeds, step by step, to its full unfolding, through the Menon, the Parmenides, the Phædon, and the Republic. Highest is the εἶδος ἀυτό, the idea unconditioned,

having no reference either to the soul or to nature, — the unseen and eternally subsisting type, alone unmoved amidst this perpetual flow of things. Unlike the ever-varying phenomena which reflect it here below, this absolute idea is the true essence (ἡ οὐσία, τὸ ὂν ὄντως), the permanent reality. It dwells in the eternal λόγος. Not a self-existing being is it, but an attribute of the Infinite.

But the Idea has no silent and barren sleep in the Divine bosom. Through the impelling and creative energies with which it is endued, it enters into the ceaseless movement of the universe. It passes into humanity and into nature. Now it is no longer εἶδος αὐτό, but becomes ἰδέα, the idea conditioned in the human spirit and in the world. Hence the absolute which appears to us amidst the relative, — the true, and beautiful, and good, blended with falsehood, deformity, and evil.

In the mind of man the εἶδος is the notion, acknowledged to be real, as opposed to mere sensations and impressions; the general idea revealing itself in the particular and contingent. At this stage it represents universal and necessary laws, — laws which govern every judgment and conception.

Next to humanity comes nature; both alike being issues of the Divine One; for God illumines each, though diversely. The Idea, having descended into this lower province of its manifestation, now expresses the universal in sensible appearances. And as these ideal archetypes penetrate nature, so do material objects array themselves in life and beauty.

Thus Sensation and Consciousness, the one having its sphere in nature, the other in the soul of man, are the two witnesses of truth. Of these, Sensation is doubtless the less reliable in her reports. The general law which we fancy we derive from the material and outward must come from an exhaustive investigation, before we can be assured that it is not chimerical. But our inductions, however far pursued, can rarely attain completeness, or give us more than conjectural and doubtful judgments. Consciousness, then, remains the surer source of knowledge. Out of it proceed those certain and necessary laws which can be contradicted by no opposing possibilities of thought. They admit of no rational denial.

Not any scepticism can move them from their firm foundation.

Such is the Platonic theory of the Ideas. In nature and in the soul they have their dual utterance. They reveal to us oneness in manifoldness, stability amidst unceasing changes. Ascending from their finite manifestations within ourselves and in the world, we come by an invincible demonstration to Deity. And the path by which they lead us thither is, as has been said, threefold. It is the True, the Good, the Beautiful. Under this complete and yet simple trinity, the Ideas all find their places.

The first of these routes lies through the pure and simple necessities of thought,—the inexorable *ἀνάγκαι* which admit of no negation. In modern philosophy this route has been best trodden by Descartes. Starting doubtingly, without taking anything for granted, he begins in the lowliest abasement, that he may reach the loftier exaltation. He doubts, indeed, but he cannot doubt that he doubts. Since he *doubts*, he *thinks;* and since he *thinks*, he *is*. So from the poor Pyrrhonic postulate *dubito*, springs the still meagre *cogito*. Thence comes the exultant *sum*. Here is one verity, at length, which no scepticism can contravene. But this thinking and this being in himself are finite. They are hints, however, which point clearly to the Infinite. His finiteness implies the infinite, as a shadow implies a reality, as a part the whole. Thus from the humblest data he arrives, of necessity, at God.

The Good, likewise, which appears partially and finitely in man and nature, argues, by an urgent intellectual need, its absolute subject. There must be One in whom these flitting and vague prophecies of virtue, obscurely muttered in frail human souls, are finally fulfilled. There must be one from whom descends, to penetrate the evil and torpid earth, that ministering goodness which surrounds us everywhere. In Him is its perfect and ideal type. Thus the second road carries us to the same goal with the first.

The third pathway to the Supreme is no less sure than the other two. For Beauty is the peer alike of the True and of the Good. The Beautiful, while it overarches and pervades nature, is yet known as best and most kingly in the human

soul. Here it holds imperial court. The ideals which lie within us surpass in their perfectness all outer harmonies and graces. These ideals are no unreal phantoms, but they answer to abiding archetypes. They are tokens to us of what lies, in its consummate glory, out of us, as well as out of nature, even in the Divine Perfection. In nature we find beauty; but it is only strewn here and there in fragments. The Apollo and the Venus of the Pagan sculptor, although no more than human in each separate trait, have, neither of them, a complete and single model in any man or woman; for the true and final Beauty is uncreate. The highest Art is not a mere induction which gathers the Beautiful from nature, as physical science seeks to gather truth. The artist, with all his study of material forms, must still find in his own soul his noblest models. Beauty is a spiritual presence, which, darkly as we see it, even now sanctifies the earth and irradiates our souls. But its glorified and perfect type is there, whither its earthly and human glimmering is a celestial ministry to lead us, in the thought and purpose of the Ineffable Existence.

The Platonic Realism, thus sublime and impregnable in its results, and wrought in later times by so severe and exigent dialectics, has its announcement in every age. In none has its voice been hushed, not even while proscribed by lordly schools, and banished to monastic cloisters. In the heart, once spoken, it reverberates for ever. Not changed is it, although it speaks to us in the language of to-day; for it is the same spirit, one under every form. It now enters into our current thought, penetrates with reviving glow through all its grossness, and makes it royal.

As there is an undoubted unity of truth, so may there come, at some time, a oneness in belief. Through all the conflicts of opinion, hitherward is the constant march. Such a oneness, however, cannot be proclaimed by universities or councils, nor yet by congresses of priests and cardinals. Each attempt at it must be only one more melancholy failure, like those of which the past is full. The concord of creeds must rest, not upon points of agreement only, but upon firm and certain truths. These truths are found in the Ideas of Plato,

known as they are in our modern philosophy, by Descartes as necessary principles, and as "eternal verities" by Leibnitz. Here these three masters meet. Here the old and the new philosophies commingle. And toward this common highway tend the feet of all honest thinkers.

In him who is the acknowledged representative of the magnificent German mind, the admirable Kant, we find this same idealistic spirit; for in Kant slumbers the germ of the veritable Platonic doctrine, although not carried to its fair and full development. Beginning, like Descartes and Leibnitz, with the analysis of thought, while they soared to Plato, Kant fell short of him. As some Baconians never ascend from nature, so Kant never passes beyond man. This is his great fallacy, that he halts too soon. He seeks the residence of the necessary principles which the study of consciousness unveils to him in no absolute and independent being. He leaves them imprisoned within the human mind, and sees in them only the laws of its operations. The postulates of mathematics, those surest of convictions, he dares not affirm to be more than only true for us. So, too, the principles of ethics Kant is afraid to declare grounded otherwise than on the sense of obligation. They are merely subjective imperatives, not objective and superior laws. They have no outward and absolute validity. They are not eternal, but ordained for time; not divine, but human. They are arbitrary rules, and not realities. They exact, therefore, not a genuine obedience, but a base submission. For the true obedience abides in freedom. It rests not on *legality*, but on *loyalty*. It seeks a law which is supreme and final. To no mere enactments, to no right which is right only because it is commanded, can proper obedience be paid. As the loyal citizen does not obey so much the statute-book as he does the inviolable legitimacy of the state which is expressed in it, so the soul obeys not conscience, but the fixed and majestic equity it utters. Even if Kant desert us here, there lies, still, an appeal to innate Sentiment. This generous principle is the true *communis sensus*. Its intuitions often guide us by the light of a diviner illumination than flashes in any logic. And this sentiment of the race protests sternly against a cowardice which thus betrays the priceless dignity of man.

This grand common sense of the world is the tribunal before which all theories must come finally to be judged by their results. The condemnation of Kant lies, then, briefly here. If the mental necessities are not realities, but simply laws of thought; if they are not absolute verities, but only true for us; then, by a still stronger argument, as against any assurance which we may boast, is matter, with its properties which the senses report to us, a false and hollow phantom. For the axioms of morals and mathematics have, of all beliefs, the surest foothold in our persuasion. If they do not yield to us independent truths, much less do these physical phenomena, which enter, not by the pure reason, but by the humbler gateway of sensation. Thus does this timid and recreant subjectivism lead us at last to a sweeping and desolating negation.

Fichte and Hegel, too, and other leading spirits of the deep and hopeful philosophy of Germany, owe much to Plato. It is their boast and glory, that they but continue the old Grecian wisdom. This wisdom, amidst all the vagaries and chimeras of modern metaphysicians, is a bright and guiding flame. But as the best living expositor of Platonism we must acknowledge the acute and profound Cousin. He grasps it, both in its ancient and golden purity, and in its present phase, tempered as it is by the fiery ordeals it has encountered. While he avoids the occasional extravagance of Leibnitz, he shuns the opposite and worse fault of Kant, by taking boldly the last culminating step to Deity.

Through his intelligent and tireless labors, as at once a student and a teacher, Cousin has done an invaluable service to philosophy. Going behind the shallow systems of a later origin, he seeks, in the venerable theory of Plato, those realities which are the permanent and final elements of truth. But while he admires Plato with a reverent zeal, he detracts in no wise from the honor which justly belongs to other names. An eclectic in the largest and most liberal significance of the word, his eclecticism stands far in advance of that of the old Alexandrian Schoolmen. It never lapses into an easy and accommodating syncretism. Nor does he ever become a partisan. With no abject veneration for any authority in philoso-

phy, he does not, on the other hand, rely too confidently upon the intuitions of his own thought. The historical and the subjective have, each of them, in his nice ear, their rightful voice.

The "Psychology," the "Philosophical Fragments," the "History of Philosophy," together with that noble work whose title stands at the head of this article, have won for Cousin an abiding record upon the mind of his age. By his unwearied efforts, as a lecturer for many years in the Academy at Paris, he has contributed largely to expand and deepen the channel of French speculation, and to indoctrinate the youth of his country with the soundest principles and the most salutary sentiments. It is indeed cheering to witness one brave, strong thinker, like Victor Cousin, amongst the host of *persifleurs* and madmen who infest French literature, and poison the fountains of French thought. His masterly translations of the Dialogues of Plato are a perpetual memorial of assiduous and careful scholarship and of a liberal and appreciating criticism, no less than an unsurpassed and permanent classic in his vernacular tongue. So marked, indeed, is his uniform justice in rendering the exquisite speech of his master into his own language, that Cousin has been called, in no empty phrase of compliment, the man who, alone of all Frenchmen, has thoroughly understood Plato.

Thus Platonism traverses the ages. In all its movement we recognize in it a fixed identity. No school, whether old or new, in its highest effort, has done any more than to develop the hints of this surpassing creed. Whenever its sure Ideas, those eternal stars in the firmament of truth, have been abandoned, philosophy has gone far astray. Plato had no strict and narrow system. The mighty thoughts which lie scattered across his Dialogues cannot be gathered up into a single plan. The dim outlines of the unity he groped for, reach forth, in their vastness, into the Infinite. God was the grand conception of Plato, — God made manifest in man and in nature, through truth, beauty, and goodness. In these is an arc of that stupendous circle, whose centre, in the sublime speech of Augustine, is everywhere, whose circumference is nowhere. The calculus of Deity, however, must lie beyond

a finite grasp. This transcendent science is known only in the measureless profundities of the Infinite Reason, only in the clear vision of the Divine Consciousness itself.

The return of Plato, so plainly indicated in the tendencies of the time, will be hailed with joy by all generous souls. It is the renewal, in philosophy, of a Saturnian reign. The Platonic is of all human wisdom the best authenticated. It stands not only upon constant and primary logical necessities, but upon an ancient credit, which, while not always equally maintained, has not, at any time, been wholly lost. Consciousness and history thus give to it a double warrant. Proved by long and ardent conflict, it has come out of the fight at length victorious, with trophies won in service to truth and virtue. It now appears, under the determined and sincere advocacy of Cousin, to awaken a deeper earnestness in our yet meagre sentiment, and to vindicate, for an enslaved and misunderstood Philosophy, her rightful dignity and freedom. Such being its kindly errand, let us welcome, with grateful hearts, its instauration.

ART. V. — *Poem delivered at the Dedication of Crawford's Statue of Beethoven, at the Boston Music Hall, on Saturday Evening, March* 1, 1856. By WILLIAM W. STORY. Boston. 1856.

IF the politics of this country, as well foreign as domestic, do not fall into inextricable confusion, — if we can go on quietly for a few years, without a civil war, a separation of the States, or an exhausting contest with any other nation, — it is manifest to every person of common understanding, that a career of brilliancy in almost every department of human life is possible for us, and that our advance in what is commonly called civilization may be faster and farther than that of any other people. It is manifest that we are not likely to be favorites with any of the nationalities with which we claim kindred. If we had remained, for the most part, of homoge-

neous descent, it is very possible that we should have retained some place in the cool regard of those who represent our ancestry. But we have lost, by our rebellious temper, (which, by the way, was no unimportant part of our inheritance,) the good-will of our parent; and have not been fortunate enough to acquire any really very deep sympathy from any other people. The rest of the world look with astonishment, sometimes, at our free speaking, prompt action, and bold assumptions; and when particularly pleased with anything we may have done, they pat us on the back, tell us to be good boys, and we shall be able, by and by, to be and to do something worthy of the great European blood which flows in our veins. Perhaps we shall, — perhaps, too, the time will come when it will be the boast of a European nation that they can prove that some of their blood is in us, and shows itself in our character.

But it is not worth our while to boast in anticipation. It may, however, be excusable, if we refer to some of the grounds we have for hopefulness in the experience of the past; if we attempt to show that it is not all boasting on our side, but that we really have done some things, and that it is the doing of them, and not the mere talking about them, which makes us hopeful, and, if you please, confident and boastful. Of the mode in which we achieved our political independence nothing need be said, as the world has seen fit to acknowledge pretty generally that we were bold and persevering, as well as fortunate; but it is worth while to mention, that after achieving independence, we set men an example, in establishing a Constitution, the first written one on record, which has been feebly imitated, but never equalled, by other nations; something like which has been tried without success elsewhere, but which here grows stronger with time, and seems destined to last — some time longer.

This is a peculiarity worth remembering. Other men, other nations, have fought for freedom from foreign yokes, and have gained it; but where else is the people that has established a complicated system of political arrangements, powers, and duties, and has maintained it with success, under circumstances of increasing difficulty? Others have tried the operation,

like the Spanish colonies in South America; but with what results? Some of them are imperial governments, with as little resemblance to republican institutions as ever; and none of them have made any approach, in reality, to our constitutions and practices. If we had done nothing else, we might be pardoned, perhaps, for estimating ourselves as of some rank in the scale of nations.

If, in like manner, we have availed ourselves of our opportunities to attain results which are honorable in other departments of life, we should claim our position, and do ourselves justice. Many are ready to exclaim, that we do ourselves more than justice, — and it is very likely that injudicious people among us do; but let us try that hard task of doing simple justice, — nothing more, nothing less, — and see what will be the issue. If we can show honorable products in literature and art, and progress in many important regards, it may afford ground of hope that we shall go on, in still wider and more conspicuous fields, till we shall claim and receive the acknowledgments of others, which are gratifying because it is so difficult to obtain them. Without attempting to enumerate all those who have deserved well of their country, it will not be difficult to select names enough of men from our own vicinity, or who, at least, are well known here, to justify our pretension to stand respectably among the nations of the world; and if others will follow our example, and exhibit claims which are, or should be, recognized, we shall soon find the justice of the position to which we think we have a right, and receive acknowledgments, which, if ever given now, are given so grudgingly, and with such qualifications, that they excite no pleasure, but rather a strong sense of the unfairness of the critics, whether foreign or domestic.

While we have poets like Bryant, Longfellow, and Dana to appeal to, we need not fear to challenge the living literature of the world in that department. No, challenge is not the proper word, — we are content to take the place which will be assigned to us by the impartial judgment of mankind. In every quarter of the country there are names which have not yet attained the extended renown of these, but which, if they

were as widely known, would be highly prized. Such we have among us, and such are scattered in other places. At all events, we rejoice in one man of business, who, if he gave a little more time to poetry, would stand by the side of those we have named in the judgment of all, as he actually does in the estimate of those who judge of poetry for themselves, without requiring the major vote of all mankind. Need we name Sprague to any Bostonian as one who was born to be a poet, and who has been constrained to a profession which seems, by some strange destiny, to be associated with poetry in both hemispheres? What has money-dealing to do with song, that two of the best poets of the age, in the same language, but in different countries, should be members of that most prosaic of professions, and unsympathetic of occupations? Who ever before thought that the soul of a banker could be warmed by anything but profit, or could work up a horror out of anything but loss? Yet inspiration is irresistible, and both British and Americans will like each other the better for the charming productions of men who are poets by instinct and bankers by profession.

In prose composition of a high order we are not absolutely deficient. We have three scholars who have distinguished themselves by historical productions of eminent merit, and who are acknowledged, not merely by ourselves, but by the literary world, to take rank with the leading historians of the age; namely, Prescott, Sparks, and Bancroft.

In the glorious art of sculpture we have again three contemporaries, in whose powers and whose fame any country might justly feel a proud confidence, resting not upon assumed future success, but upon achieved renown. We refer to Crawford, Powers, and our own townsman, Greenough. We speak of the living, but let us not forget the dead. The success which was attained by the brother of Mr. Greenough may well stimulate him, and the fame of both will be an inheritance which their country, as well as their family, will fondly cherish. Sculpture is sometimes said to be the most difficult of the arts; and if we judge by the rarity of success in it during the entire history of the world, we shall suspect, at least, that the remark is just. Certain it is that it has flour-

ished only in the most brilliant periods of the world's history. It requires the combination of all the circumstances which contribute to success — leisure, wealth, and talent — to lead men to devote themselves, heart and soul, as they must, to so difficult and laborious a profession; and no one will do this unless the world around him is competent to judge, with some degree of fairness, of the merits of his labor. It is a power the mere appreciation of which requires thought, knowledge, sympathy; and when a man appeals to these mental affections, how small must be the number of those who can and will do him justice! It requires a self-reliance equal, almost, to Kepler's, to sustain one under the confident criticisms of ignorance, or the heedless blundering of pretension. He who gives himself up to the profession is no small part of a hero, as well as an artist, and the successful sculptors we have known have been, for the most part, men of robust powers, and strong characters, as well as brilliant imaginations. It is, we suppose, owing to the peculiar turn of the American mind, the bold, strenuous habit of action which shows itself so commonly in this country, that there are so many among us — females as well as males — who seek renown in this department of art. At all events, it implies devotion on one part, and appreciation on the other, to produce so many candidates for the honors of this profession; and we are ready for any theory which acknowledges the fact that there is devotion to this art, and that there is appreciation of it, here as well as in Europe.

In the art of painting, young as we are as a nation, we are at this moment compelled to refer rather to the past than the present. We have had, within half a century, three artists who would have done honor to any people or to any school, and whose names are not likely to be forgotten as long as their works endure. We must be very ambitious for artistic glory, if we are not satisfied with the reputation of Stewart in the department of portrait-painting, of Newton in that of a charming fancy, and a rich coloring of unsurpassed brilliancy and depth, and of Allston in every quality of poetic imagination, perfect drawing, and splendid coloring. In Allston was combined the power of beholding things as they are, with the

power of imagining things as they would be under certain given circumstances; while he harmonized all with an atmosphere of which one really sees the effect, and gave to the tints and texture of the clouds the forms of nature, and to the thoughts their natural expression and their deepest meaning.

Having mentioned these leading names in poetry, history, sculpture, and painting, it is perhaps advisable to rely upon them, rather than increase their number, as we easily might, by calling to mind artists and authors who are, "if not first, in the very first rank." But we are not writing for the purpose of paying compliments, nor even of distributing exact justice among the parties who have striven to do honor to their country as well as to themselves. Enough that we have in reserve a multitude of names that could not be spoken without praise, in all the departments that have been mentioned, and in many others besides. The catalogue of writers, and good writers too, in every walk of literature, not merely in history and poetry, is immense. And so in the arts of sculpture and painting there are not a few who have striven well and risen high, though all cannot be highest.

We have some other arts to mention, which show American taste and perseverance, which few would have imagined it possible for us to have attempted, or even thought of, and in which the unequalled ambition and prolific invention of the American mind have stimulated us to great undertakings, and to great success. The casting of bronze may well be mentioned as an object of universal interest and of great ambition, in Europe as well as in this country, and certainly not undeserving of the estimation in which it is held. Modelling for it is an entirely distinct art from the cutting of marble, and implies a vast deal of knowledge of metals, forms, colors, and effects, which is quite different from anything necessary in the sculpture of marble. That we have our *bronzisti*, by no means inferior to the most celebrated European artists in metal, is an assertion which, though we are quite prepared to make it, others may not be prepared to believe. We can wait. The proofs will erelong be given to the world.

There is another art, essentially a poetic and beautiful one, (though its associations are not all with the sublime or the

picturesque,) in which we confessedly surpass the rest of the world at the present day. It is the art of ship-building, or rather that of building vessels; for it is not merely in ships that we are in advance of others, but in the building, the rigging, and the handling of every sort of craft that can use the winds and the waves as their playmates, their servants, or their friends. An American, especially a Yankee, never feels so completely at home as when he is in a cabin, or on a quarter-deck; and if it is a taste derived from birth or education, it must be owned that the child has been rogue enough to beat his mother. As a work of art, what is there on land or sea, in the firmament above or the firmament below, which suggests so many ideas of grace, power, convenience, luxury, and mutual service, as the beautiful clipper, pilot-boat, or yacht, which is to be found in our waters as its birthplace, but which wanders to every sea and every harbor of the globe? An American vessel is known all over the world by its beauty and its agility; and the art of building and sailing such fairy locomotives must be claimed as one of the finest of the arts of man.

It is not worth while, and it would be scarcely possible, to enumerate the inventions which show the imagination of Americans, from the axe which fells the tree to the reaping-machine which gathers the harvest. Every one of them betrays mind, talent, ingenuity, which, according to the early direction that is given to it by education or by accident, produces a poem, a statue, or a clipper ship. Everybody knows that the country is overrun with inventors. The patent-office has to increase its force of examiners, from time to time, because the race of inventors multiplies so fast; while there are thousands of contrivances produced that never seek the protection of the office. The peculiar arts of civilization are pushed forward with an energy and rapidity of which there has been no previous example; and as they are all the results of mind, it is difficult to perceive why they are not as truly evidences of civilization and progress, as the production of books. A good machine is certainly a better evidence of *mind* than a poor book, and there are a great many specimens of *machine literature* published in America every year. More than that, there

are a great many inventors of machinery whose whole souls are engrossed in their profession as completely as ever was that of the so-called scholar, or philosopher, or poet. It is curious to see how different kinds and classes of thinkers present to common observers similar phases and habits of mind; and there is many a student of the wonderful language, action, and results of machinery, who is as much wrapt up in his pursuit, and goes abroad as much abstracted in his own thoughts from all that is around him, as the philosopher of Syracuse, who rushed naked through the street in joy at his discovery of a new mathematical rule.

Mathematics and machinery are not usually enumerated among the fine arts, properly so called; but they require powers and habits of mind so nearly akin to those displayed in literature and philosophy, that it calls for no great effort to recognize their relationship. Extremes meet, and the lines and figures drawn by the scientific engineer often show the very curves which the artist calls lines of beauty, and the proportions which he loves to delineate. One can easily recollect works of scientific men, which, if they were not said and known to be profound, would be admired as works of art. And we have a school which every year sends out its graduates among us, well prepared for those achievements which may be either our defence in danger or our honor and ornament in security. Certainly our bridges over rivers and valleys, and from mountain to mountain, are among the finest specimens of *fine arts* which the world has to show.

"Well," we hear one exclaim, "what is all this glorification for? Don't we all know and feel and say, every day, that we are a great people, and that we are going to be greater, and that we are going to put the rest of the world to school?" We mean simply to prepare the way for other remarks of a different nature. If we have done respectably and commendably in some departments of life and art, there are others in which we are so lamentably deficient, in which we have so surely gone backward and not forward, that we have nothing to do but to lay our hands on our mouths, and our mouths in the dust, and confess our short-comings, even our backslidings, and at the same time our boastings,

with contrite humility. There is one art in which we have retrograded, and actually lost what our fathers and grandfathers knew and practised; and it is one of the mysteries of our day and generation, that such things could have been done as have actually been perpetrated in every hamlet, village, town, and city through the whole length and breadth of the land. We refer to the buildings in which wood and brick and stone have been fastened together, sometimes in huge piles, and in every variety of figure which could enter the mind of man, except a comely one; thus showing the world, that, with all our ambition, there are subjects upon which we are too ignorant to learn, and that, with all our resources, we know not how to use them. It increases the depressing power of the facts, to know that there was a period in the earlier history of these States — say about a century ago — when many examples were set, in every part of the country, of a style of architecture which gave promise of better things to come; when manifestly there was a truer eye for proportion, and color, and position, than has since been shown; and we must suffer the reproach, not merely of making no progress, but of actually going backward, and losing previous attainments. Before the Revolution, there were scattered — everywhere through the Colonies, we believe, certainly in every part of them which we have visited — buildings of various characters, public and private, dwelling-houses, churches, government-houses, which, without great expense, afforded evidence of the cultivated taste, and the eye for proportion, which are all that is necessary for the erection of pleasing structures. Many of these edifices were of wood, no very expensive material, and have lasted in perfect condition to our own time, as if to mock the pretensions of the architects of our day, who seldom produce anything of the sort, but show their skill by mixing up elaborate styles of different ages in the same edifice, or adapting, as they say, the structure to the necessities of the time; which means, for instance, erecting the entire front of a building of glass, except a few columns to hold it together, or building a steeple on a roof, without any other foundation. The growth of population has nearly covered with small tenements the ground formerly

occupied by the stately mansions of the governors and merchants of former days; and there is only here and there a house or a church left from which our children may possibly derive an idea, if they should wake up to the deficiencies of our time. It is much to be feared, that the shops, houses, churches, and public buildings of every kind, will grow worse and worse, with the crowding of population and the increase of riches. This will certainly be the case, unless men of wealth and taste are found, who will take an interest in the subject, and put forth strenuous efforts for reform. In Downing we have lost an early and discerning friend of this rich art, who was contributing largely, and would have done more, for its progress among us. But others are left, and we do not despair of the future, though we have so little to boast in the recent past. It is a very curious anomaly in our national character, that architecture has not flourished among us as an art; for it deals largely with those externals, showiness in which is the very besetting sin of our race and nation. Expensive as it is, its costliness can scarcely be the reason of the slight regard in which it is held; for during the last hundred years fearful sums of money have been lost upon the unmeaning or hideous edifices which everywhere offend our eyes. The want of educated taste, if not the absolute want of discernment, must be acknowledged; but we will express the hope, that erelong our public will learn that the cheapest edifices may have fair proportions, which will cost as little as the monstrous abortions that now cumber the ground. We have architects among us, both native and foreign, who are abundantly competent to correct the faults and deficiencies abounding here, and who are longing for the opportunity to exhibit their talents and acquirements in their noble profession. Let them not lose courage. Better things will come.

Would that it were possible to feel as much consoling hope on the last topic to be discussed, — that we could discern any prospect that the existing generation will enjoy native productions in that finest of the fine arts, in which we are most entirely and most lamentably deficient as to culture, and even as to the natural power of discernment. If this people is ever to understand and love music, it can be only after the

lapse of some generations or centuries. What else could be expected where in some persons ignorance of an art, in others contempt for it, and in yet others conscientious scruples about the effect of it upon character, were all operating upon a people whose "bone was yet in the gristle," and who had been deterred by errors and misrepresentations from even learning what music is, and what are its legitimate effects? It may sound strangely at first, but it is an indisputable truth, that music, as an art, does not exist in this country; that is, among Americans. Who are your professors and proficients in any branch of the art? Germans and Italians. Scarcely an American knows how to blow a fife or to roll a drum. The ladies, to be sure, play the piano, but for the same reason, though by no means with the same enjoyment, that they dance the Polka. It is fashionable to know "a little something" about music; but as to playing for the natural, innate love of music, who ever heard of such a thing? Yet if everybody did it, and enjoyed it, we should still be greatly and lamentably deficient in this most fascinating of all arts, while we are unable to point to a single native author of eminence. There is something incongruous and queer in the combination of the words, — an American musician! An American musical writer! We know there is such a thing. We have heard of an opera or two written by Americans, and we know one or two Americans who compose *secundum artem*. But when shall we have a school? When shall we have musicians who shall be as much distinguished in their profession as Longfellow, Bryant, and Prescott are among the writers, or as Allston and Crawford among the artists, of all ages? It is almost too wild for a dream. And yet there are symptoms of a change. The love of the art is increasing, together with the respect paid to it; and fashion, frivolity itself, is slowly preparing the way for a feeling which must pervade the public before the highest results will be produced. We are beginning to be discriminating in our taste, and though our range is not yet very wide, our judgment is really better than could have been supposed possible. This rather shows the adaptation of the art to human nature, than the cultivation of our nature in the art; but, at all events, it proves

susceptibility, and out of that any degree of proficiency may come. We are hopeful, even of the progress of music, among us; and if we do go into it with the ambition and efficiency with which we have pursued the other arts, we shall one day, and that perhaps no distant day, have our own Mozarts, Beethovens, and Rossinis, and enjoy their music with the same proud and luxurious feeling with which we now boast of our patriots, statesmen, painters, poets, and sculptors.

We are not ambitious of having our countrymen spend their lives upon the practice of an instrument, and acquire a certain degree of skill upon it, while they remain ignorant of everything else, as we have seen, with regret and disgust, is often the case with European professors. There is something better than skill upon the violin or piano, attained by years of toil, and by the sacrifice of every other idea and feeling. Let the practice of the art be left to those who have the original, natural inclination to it. There will one day be a sufficient supply of such native artists, if they are allowed to follow their inclinations, and are not deterred from it by the contempt of the community. It is a strange thing to say, that the public *despise* one of the most profound as well as most delightful studies that can exist. But it is unfortunately true. They do not know how much science, what extensive knowledge, both of men and things, and what skill in many arts, are necessary to enable a man to succeed as a composer of music. It is not with that as with some other things that can be patronized and promoted by individuals. It requires the support of the whole public, at least their appreciation and sympathy. It rarely happens that an individual can order a musical composition, and if one did, it could be only for the gratification of the public. Who is magnificent enough to order a symphony, as he would a picture, for his own private use? This is one of the arts especially adapted to our country, where the public is everything, and the individual very little except as he constitutes a single atom of the great mass; and we live in the hope that the day will come when there will be sufficient appreciation of the divine art among us, to render it possible for men of genius to devote themselves to it with confidence and with zeal. Having witnessed

within our own time wonderful progress in things both useful and ornamental, we feel a conviction that there will still be progress in other things, — in all things that are desirable and necessary to a people, especially to one so separated as we are from others. If we were immediately surrounded, as each nation of Europe is, by kindred nations advanced and advancing together, some in one branch of attainment and some in another, there would be a tolerable certainty of progress in all. As it is, we must, of necessity, find the impulse for every improvement within ourselves, and perhaps the rest of the world will have a little consideration for us on this ground, and will not laugh at us more than we can bear, because we do not quite come up to our own standard. We should despair of our progress, if we had not a mark beyond our present attainment. And here is our great discouragement in respect to the arts in which we have confessed our deficiencies. We fear that there is not a sufficient perception of our wants to stimulate improvement. Yet, as we have intimated, we will not despair. There are symptoms, faint to be sure, of future progress, and we have seen so many and so great improvements in the half-century which we count as our term of life, that we cannot find a place for the word *despair* in our vocabulary.

Art. VI. — *History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* By William H. Prescott. Vols. I. and II. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 618, 610.

Upon the appearance of these volumes, we were led to defer an extended notice of them, because we were told — on insufficient authority as it seems — that the remaining volumes were to be issued at a very early date. But, apprised of our error, and regretting that we became aware of it too late to retrieve it in our last number, we are unwilling to postpone any longer an expression of the pleasure with which, in common with the universal press on both sides of

the water, we hail each of that series of masterly historical works which have made the name of our countryman classical and immortal. The peculiarity of Mr. Prescott's success is, that it is clear, undisputed, cordially conceded everywhere, and has been from the first. This fact is so remarkable, that it is well worthy of being carefully considered. Like every other effect, in the moral as well as the physical world, it has an adequate cause. If we can discover that cause, we not only account for the particular result in the instance before us, but we find the path that will lead to a similar success those who may adventure in the same field of literary labor.

There are certain points in the case of Mr. Prescott's writings, strikingly distinguishing them from most of those belonging to the same class. They are, in the strictest sense of the term, historical works, — not political, not philosophical, but historical only. The pages exhibit to the mind of the reader the events they narrate and the characters they portray, and nothing else. No man, we think, could conjecture, or find any clew to, Mr. Prescott's personal and private theories of morals, religion, or government, in any part of any one of his historical works. He has not connected the topics he treats with any party or sect or school, — with any fashion of thought or habits of speculation of his own, or of his country or times. Most other writers of history leave everywhere the traces of their own particular notions and prejudices, and present their facts and personages to view through the medium of their favorite views of government, or philosophy, or religion.

The only element that can preserve an historical work from decay, is pure, absolute, unmixed truth. That alone can effectually embalm it. Any varnish which the writer adds, drawn from his own fancy or his own theories, or from the prevalent speculations of his party, sect, or school, while it may render its aspect more pleasing and attractive for the time, will only hasten its dissolution, and doom it to surer oblivion. Certain histories of high celebrity in their day have lost their value, and to a great degree their interest, in consequence of having the personal prejudices and biases of their authors thrown around them, to such an extent as to destroy the confidence

and satisfaction of the reader. If we once discover that such a medium intervenes between us and the events or characters described, all faith is lost; for who can tell how large may be the refracting power of the medium, and how much the images it transmits may be perverted? Works liable to this objection cannot possibly sustain themselves for any considerable length of time. No beauty of style, no brilliancy of illustration, can save them. If not trustworthy and reliable, they must be set aside.

It is sometimes said, in reply to such considerations as these, that it is only necessary for the reader to allow for the opinions and prejudices of the writer, and that, after such deduction, what remains will be the simple and reliable truth. This, however, does not reach the difficulty, or effectually remove it. Partisan views, and favorite theories, if permitted to have any effect, utterly confound and reverse the aspect of things, and so distort the whole course of the narrative, — not only misrepresenting, but misplacing all the details, — that it requires more than any reader can possibly do, to set everything right, and in a right light.

It is undoubtedly true, as many have said, that if a writer cannot avoid coloring his narrative by the reflection of his own private notions and theories, it is by far the most satisfactory that he should make no attempt to conceal his biases, or to restrain their operation upon his writings, but should profess his partisanship, and pretend no more than to give one side of the story. Clarendon is cited as an illustration of this course. His historical remains are indeed intensely interesting; but they are so because they carry us back to his own precise stand-point, and we feel that we are looking at men and things exactly as he looked at them. How far that was their true view, we cannot tell; but in his case, and in the case of every other *ex parte* writer, the more thoroughly we examine the sources of knowledge, and hear all that is said on other sides, the more are our confidence and satisfaction abated. So it is even in reference to events and characters of our own times, passing before our eyes from day to day. What different statements honest but excited men make of the same matters of fact! In what utterly opposite lights do those facts

appear to different beholders while they are actually transpiring! And when we ask how this can be accounted for, the answer is, — and it is the true and adequate answer, — that the contradictory statements and diversities of aspect and observation are owing wholly to the distorting and discoloring effect of the prejudices and passions that are the medium through which the diverse and opposing witnesses look at the facts and occurrences. The result of all these considerations and experiences as to the delusiveness of historical compositions has been a growing prejudice against that class of works. This feeling had, indeed, in many minds, induced utter despair of ascertaining and settling the absolute truth in reference to many of the great crises, prominent movements, and leading characters of the world's annals. All demanded the truth, but few continued to expect it. An authentic record of the principal scenes and persons of history was a want which all felt, but which most men feared could never be supplied.

Mr. Prescott has met this want, and has been hailed, from the first, as a fair, just, exact, unbiassed, elaborate, and faithful historian. Everything in his position, and in the style and manner of his writings, conspires to impress this conviction on the mind of the reader. His topics belong to parts of the world, and periods of time, and record the doings of races and characters, in reference to which he stands in an attitude of distant and entire impartiality. No channel of sympathy, drawn from local patriotism, or theological sectarianism, or prejudices of any kind, opens from the men, parties, or movements that he describes, into his own bosom, or connects him with one side more than with another, in any controversy, contest, or doubtful issue. In reference to no one circumstance, and no one person, within the compass of his theme, can he be imagined to have experienced the least conceivable warping inclination, or misleading interest, or influence operating in one direction more than in another.

Then it also served to establish this confidence in Mr. Prescott's fairness and reliableness as an historian, that he did not write in a hurry, but took ample time to do his work well. For years it was announced that he was deliberately preparing his materials, and the narrative is everywhere borne up

by reference to documents and authorities which no expense nor labor was spared to procure, and by explanatory notes, proving that every point, however minute, has been thoroughly scrutinized and fully considered. This patient and persevering industry, it is evident, has never, in any instance, been encountered merely to make out a case, but always for the sole purpose of eliciting and establishing the truth. The style too shows, in every sentence and in every line, that no pains are taken, and no desire entertained, merely to work up a striking passage, or to round an ambitious period, or to add mere ornament to the language, but simply and solely to make that language answer its only legitimate purpose, in conveying the thought lucidly and clearly to the mind of the reader. These indications and features of the work themselves at once confirm the confidence of all men, and constitute a solid ground of assurance that the story is truly told. In this way we explain the fact that the historical writings of Mr. Prescott have, from the first, been received with such entire and universal satisfaction, in America, England, and throughout Europe, and regarded as fully and for ever settling the view to be taken of the passages and periods they profess to exhibit.

These remarks lead to another peculiarity in Mr. Prescott's books, which gives them their pre-eminent value, and suggests an important lesson to all who may enter the field of historical literature. He has not attempted to present the entire history of any nation or race, but has confined his labors, in each instance, to a particular event or movement, or to a single reign. He has taken a single chapter, as it were, in the world's history, and limited the range of his efforts to its complete elucidation. This gives a unity and fulness to his several works, without rendering them too voluminous for agreeable reading. It is very difficult — perhaps it may be found impossible — to collect into one work all the complicated, multifarious, and often dry and uninteresting details that are necessary to present a full and just view of the long-extended annals of a dynasty stretching through ages, without rendering it tedious, voluminous, and forbidding. It will be found, we think, that the body of every nation's history can

be satisfactorily exhibited only in broken parcels, — this writer taking up one fragment, and that another, — this presenting one division of the subject, and that another, — a particular reign or revolution or conquest occupying each a particular work. The constitutional history of a country, for instance, can be fully and satisfactorily given, perhaps, only in a separate treatise presenting that aspect alone. In like manner, a commercial or a military or an industrial history may be best executed by confining the scope of the work to the topics that properly and distinctly belong to it. This will afford room for amplitude of illustration and minuteness of detail, sufficient to convey an adequate conception of the particular subject, without expanding the work to too formidable dimensions, or distracting and confounding the attention of the reader, or breaking down the growing continuity of his interest in the one great theme.

It is because Mr. Prescott has availed himself of this principle that his writings have been so successful. He has selected portions of history of great intrinsic attractiveness, and, by confining himself within their boundaries, has had ample room and verge enough to do them full justice, — has produced thoroughly elaborated and perfect pictures, that will hang for ever on the walls of the great temple of time. So true are they to fact, and so thoroughly wrought and finished, that subsequent artists will never attempt to improve upon them, but only aspire to rival them by executing equally faithful and beautiful portraitures of other great characters and events. In this way the history of nations, the careers of illustrious actors on the world's stage, and the decisive movements of society, will be preserved and delineated by innumerable writers, whose productions, taken together, will constitute an aggregate result far nobler and better than any one author could possibly achieve in a single comprehensive and extended work.

There is but one other general remark in which we propose, at present, to indulge, suggested by the works of Prescott. It has been frequently observed that foreigners seem to be particularly successful in writing the history of nations, and delineating the characters of eminent public men. The in-

stances of Rapin, Botta, Graham, and others, at once occur to justify the thought. This opens to our view a field of honorable labor and elevated service, particularly offered to the scholars, students, and writers of our own country. We hold peculiar relations to the other nations of the globe, of great interest in this special light. Our people are connected with them by strong and endearing ties. The blood of them all is mingled in our veins,— our fathers gathered here from all their shores. Emigration is still transplanting their several races to our continent, and the experience of America will be a fresh and improved exhibition, on an open field, under favorable circumstances, of a kindred humanity, — a new era in the fortunes of the same races. We have got rid of the encumbrances of the Old World, and by the political union that binds us together, and the still stronger and more intimate social commingling which our liberal system of mutual intercourse is rapidly promoting, we are rescued from the estrangements which the different languages of the European nations and their traditionary alienations have indurated from age to age. Although deriving our lineage from many races and nations, we are one people. With what an advantage can we, from our position, look back over their conflicts and vicissitudes! Having none of the prejudices which are international among them, we can read their history with just and discerning eyes. While our hearts acknowledge the associations that endeared to our ancestors their respective fatherlands, we can survey them all without partiality, treat the great themes of their history with an equal pen, and portray their fortunes without bias or prejudice. America will provide the final historians of Europe. Prescott has led the way. May he long live to realize the purest satisfactions of a scholar, and to execute still further the great service in which he has already accomplished so much, by giving to the world finished and classical pictures of still other prominent passages in the history of Modern Europe. Another accomplished American, having caught his spirit, and nobly emulating his success, has just presented to our view the struggles of freedom in the Netherlands. The history of the grand conflict in England, which resulted in the brilliant era of the Commonwealth, and

from which that nation derived the greatness and the liberties it enjoys to-day, has never yet been written, and can be written only by an American republican, — a glorious task in reserve for some scholar and patriot yet to appear.

We have been led to these thoughts by contemplating the volumes already printed of Prescott's Philip the Second. Our intention was only to discharge — what our readers would blame us for neglecting — our duty as literary journalists, by uniting our commendations with those with which they have everywhere been received, without waiting, as was our original purpose, for the publication of the remaining volumes.

Of the merits of this particular work, we have only to say, that they equal those of its predecessors. The style is, if anything, more easy and fluent, and all the parts show the same thorough preparation, and uniform polish and finish. Besides the great characters of Charles V. and Philip II., there are many others presented in an attractiveness of portraiture not easily paralleled. The Duke of Alva and Don Carlos are drawn to the life. The terrible effects of the Roman Catholic fanaticism upon the men and condition of the times are exhibited in private cruelties and public despotisms that shock the sensibilities of every humane heart; and the awful lesson of ecclesiastical power controlling the course of governments is impressed upon the mind in the deepest characters. The forms of life in elevated circles, the intrigues of courts, the whole system of feudal ceremony, pride, and pageantry, and the military force to which society was subjected in that age, are described with great clearness and felicity of expression. The chapters on the Knight's Hospitallers of St. John and the Siege of Malta are particularly interesting, and, like many other portions of these volumes, will undoubtedly always be ranked among the finest passages of modern history.

ART. VII. — 1. *M. T. Cicero De Amicitia. Ex Editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ.* Cura C. K. DILLAWAY, A. M. Editio Quinta. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins. 1850.

2. *The Essays: or Counsels, Civil and Moral: and the Wisdom of the Ancients.* By FRANCIS BACON. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856.

3. *In Memoriam.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Sixth edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

ONCE, in old Rome, so great and fond was the intimacy between Tiberius Cæsar and Ælius Sejanus, that they were reckoned a pair of friends. The emperor raised the knight to an equality with himself, had every bosom-secret in common with him, and was inseparable from him. In recognition of their excelling attachment, the Senate, by a unanimous decree, dedicated an altar to Friendship personified as a goddess. And while that altar remained, amidst the multitudinous array of shrines that decked and hallowed the floor of the Pantheon, we may believe that sincerer prayers were nowhere else breathed, purer libations nowhere else poured, choicer garlands nowhere else hung. Two thousand years have passed, and that guarded altar, revered and loved by many a heart that perished long ago, the witness of ingenuous vows, so often lighted with the smiles of happy votaries, so often wet with the tears of bereaved and betrayed sufferers, has mouldered down, ages since, and left not a vestige where it stood.

Pausing on these pages in a respite from mere earthly interests, wooing a season of thought and emotion over better themes, let us too rear, amidst the alluring shrines of ambition, labor, and vanity that throng the crowded avenues of secular life and absorb the worship of mankind, an altar to Friendship, and gather around it, hand in hand, our pulses striking as one. What subject is better fitted than this to fill a quiet hour? It is holy. It belongs to every man in what should interest him most. Let us neither soil it by unclean handling, nor desecrate it, while we dishonor ourselves, by turning cold and incredulous ears to its appealing speech.

Above the clang of machinery, the din of traffic, and the clamor of low passions, that fill the common air of the time and land, its benign messages should sound and come to us with that complex association, sudden beauty, and romantic thrill, which accompany a strain of martial music unexpectedly rising over the jolt and tramp of a city's rattling street, making the surprised and fascinated auditor pause to listen, and leaving sacred echoes to linger with him when he walks on.

The instances in which friendship between men rises to the height of a controlling passion seem to be few, as we look around us. There have been times when such an experience was both more frequent and more prominent than now. There are still lands where it is far more common than with us. The prosaic sternness and literalness, the unsentimental spirit and frigid manners, of the Puritan type of character, are still influential in New England. We are an undemonstrative people. The understanding is exhibited, the heart concealed. Brazen sense lords it over modest sentiment. Iron-handed morality thrusts the graces aside. The glowing coals on the hearthstone of the breast are hidden under the ashes of a chill and formal exterior. Business and gossip are garrulous; friendship and poetry are silent. The endearing phrases, the meeting and parting kiss, the close embrace, the numerous spontaneous signs and endearments of manly affection, so natural and copious with the Italians, Germans, French, Persians, Arabs, Hindoos, are not cherished, are scarcely tolerated, here.

Then, too, the commonplace routine of modern life, its cowardly pursuits, its mean rivalries, its vulgar ploddings, its artificial customs, perverting and suppressing nature, must be less favorable to the formation of heroic friendships than the exposed, adventurous, and dramatic cast of ancient and mediæval life. What enchanted friendships float before us, in the golden mist of the past, when we open the annals of chivalry! Beautiful in a dark and bloody age was the rite called the Brotherhood of Arms. Its rudiment appears in the book of Samuel, where the son of Saul puts his own raiment on the son of Jesse; and in the Iliad, where two combatants, in the midst of the conflict, interchange spears and troth, and part in kindness; but its perfection is seen in the knightly orders of the Middle Age. Two knights, plighting their mutual faith,

exchanged armor and watchwords, and thenceforth were each to the other as his own soul. They were stimulated by each other's presence to superhuman strength and valor. In each other's service, or rescue, the face of danger grew lovely; impossibilities were sports. They stormed up bristling parapets, they broke through forests of lances, their swords mowed swaths of men, and after the fray they were found side by side in the van of victory, or clasped in each other's arms where the dead lay thickest; —

> "For Lancelot loved Arthur more than fame,
> And Arthur more than life loved Lancelot."

The ancients appear to have paid more regard to friendship, and to have thought more loftily of its privileges, than the moderns. The sentiment which Crito expresses to Socrates, after offering the use of his fortune to him, — "What character can be more disgraceful than this, to seem to value one's riches more than one's friends?" — is pitched on so high a key, that it would scarcely be possible to tune the active conviction of Paris and London, New York and Boston, into unison with it. Among the most precious treasures of their legendary and historic lore, nearly all the old nations have sent down to us charming stories of illustrious pairs of friends, whose magnanimous ardor of affection and feats of mythic renown captivate the fancy of mankind; glorious couples of starry shapes, shining immortal in the memory of the world, like the constellation Gemini in the abyss of night. The Japanese tell to this day of Techouya and Sibata. The former, condemned to death for having been engaged in a conspiracy, was led to execution. A man broke through the encircling crowd, and came to the executioner, saying, "I am Sibata, the friend of Techouya. Living far remote, I have but lately heard of his arrest and sentence; and I have come to embrace him, and to die with him." The two friends conversed, drank together, and, weeping, bade each other farewell. Techouya earnestly thanked Sibata for coming to see him once more. Sibata said, "Our body in this world is like the magnificent flower, Asagarva, which, blossoming at dawn of day, fades and dies as soon as the sun has risen. But after death we shall be in a better world, where we shall always enjoy each other's society."

The Hebrews had their David and Jonathan. "And it came to pass, when he made an end of speaking, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and he made a covenant with him, because he loved him as his own soul." And when the puissant prince fell on the mountains of Gilboa, immortal in its peerless pathos was the sweetly mournful elegy the Psalmist sang. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places. O Jonathan, my brother, I am distressed for thee; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

The Greeks have fondly celebrated the astonishing friendship of Theseus and Pirithous, who passed fearful perils and performed incomparable exploits in company, and were separated only after the failure of their last desperate enterprise to pluck the Queen of Hell from her throne, and bear her to the light. There were also Orestes and Pylades, who, playmates in childhood, sworn comrades in youth, ever held each other dearer than life. Summoned together before a tyrant who, without knowing how to distinguish the two, had doomed Orestes to die, Pylades declared that he was Orestes. The son of Agamemnon claimed his own identity. This contest for death in each other's stead gave the tyrant such a proof of the power of friendship, that, filled with admiration, he dismissed them both. But the most famous pair of friends in all antiquity was Achilles and Patroclus. They were educated together in boyhood, in the house of Peleus. They ran together in the chase, and fought side by side in many a battle. When Patroclus was slain before Troy, the grief of Achilles was boundless, and he avenged him terribly at the Scæan gate. After his own death their ashes were mingled, and two monuments erected, touching each other, over them. And when Ulysses, passing the limits of the earth, enters the realm of the dead, he still sees the shades of Achilles and Patroclus, arm in arm, a friendly pair, rambling over the asphodel meadows of Elysium. Alexander and Hephæstion also were a renowned pair of friends. In the course of the great Macedonian's conquests they came to two dilapidated monuments claiming to designate the burial-place of the Phthian hero and his friend. Alexander repaired the sepulchre

of Achilles, and celebrated magnificent games and sacrifices before it, while Hephæstion did the same before that of Patroclus. Soon Hephæstion sickened and died, at Ecbatana. Alexander was distracted with woe, giving himself up for many days to transports of inconsolable sorrow. He lavished incredible sums and pomps on the funeral of his friend, and put the entire empire into mourning for him.

Let us glance at the literature of friendship; for this special province in the general world of letters is the true Elysium of friends, typically described by Spenser, where

> "were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare;
> Myld Titus, and Gesippus without pryde:
> All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
> In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;
> Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never."

The direct writings upon the subject are but few and brief, it has been said, illustrating the remark, that, frequently, what lies nearest to the heart is least talked about. Yet in reality there are, in the extant works of well-known authors, almost a hundred essays on this cordial theme. Literature also abounds with allusions to it and anecdotes of it, from Lot's league with Abraham to Elia's touching expression at the death of his friend Lloyd, "There is no one left to call me Charley, now"; from the Roman poet writing,

> "Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur,"

to the American voice saying, "Friendship is the wine and flowers at the banquet of life." The renown of the great-hearted friendships of Hatim Taï breathes through many an Arabian tradition. Hilali, one of the principal Persian poets, is the author of a well-known romantic tale of friendship, called "The Shah and the Dervish." Away from home, they were students beneath the same roof. The prince was summoned by his parents, and they parted. Years rolled on. At last the dervish went to the city where the prince lived, and, seeing him in the palace balcony, fainted, and fell to the earth. The people took him for an idolater prostrate in worship of the sun, and began to stone him. But the prince recognized

his dear friend, rushed out, bore him into the royal apartments in his arms, and wept on his bosom.

Plato's dialogue on friendship, the Lysis, is a dialectic conversation on relevant metaphysical questions, its most notable sentence being the declaration by Socrates, that, while "some valued fine horses, dogs, wealth, or honors most, *he* prized an intimate friend higher than the best animals in the world, than all the gold of the Persian treasury, than the monarch's throne itself." Aristotle wrote copiously on friendship, two entire books of the Nicomachean Ethics, besides several chapters in his other moral works, being occupied with it. He says, "Two friends do not thoroughly know each other until they have consumed many bushels of salt together." Dissertations on this subject also exist from Speusippus, Xenocrates, Theophrastus, Cleanthes, and others, which, not having enjoyed the opportunity to read, we shall only thus name in passing. Plutarch hangs with congenial fondness over the heroic love and deeds of the great Theban pair of friends, Epaminondas and Pelopidas. Virgil lavishes the sweetness and wealth of his tender genius on the episode describing the friendship of Nisus and Euryalus, in the ninth book of the Æneid. Cicero's rich ethical disquisition, dedicated to Atticus, the beloved and entire confidant of all his life and labor, celebrates the beautiful union of Scipio and Lælius, the noblest pair of friends that trod the tragic stage of Roman history, and is replete with high thoughts. What a charm there is at this distance in the deep tenderness of those sonorous words: "Equidem, ex omnibus rebus quas mihi aut fortuna aut natura tribuit, nihil habeo quod cum amicitia Scipionis possim comparare"!

Lord Bacon's essay is crowded with quaint, pregnant wit and learning; packed with cunning observations worthy of Verulam's oceanic wisdom, also worthy of his shrewd eye to self-advancement. "A principal fruit of friendship is the ease of the fulness of the heart which passions of all kinds do cause." "How many things are there which are blushing in a man's own mouth, but graceful in a friend's!" The fourth book of Spenser's Faerie Queene is ostensibly devoted to the friendship of Cambel and Triamond, and, although it rambles

widely through other matters, contains some beautiful lines appropriate to this subject. To be lasting and fruitful, he says, friendship must have some noble, practical aim, and be posited in earnest natures; for

> "friendship, which a faint affection breeds
> Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded seeds."

Jeremy Taylor's discourse, "The Nature, Offices, and Measures of Friendship," though spotted with gorgeous flowers, is poorer and paler than his wont, and, in some parts, too professional to be satisfactory. "Friendship is the allay of our sorrows, the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our calamities, the counsellor of our doubts, the clarity of our minds, the emission of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of what we meditate." "Friendship is the best thing in the world." One of the best of Montaigne's essays is on this subject. In it he celebrates the romantic affection which subsisted between himself and Estienne de la Boëtie, permanently conjoining them in a friendship whose enthusiastic ecstasy of fervent and lasting freshness, as he deliberately affirms, transcended all that is told of the ancient time. "It is miracle enough for a man to double himself; and those who talk of tripling, talk of they know not what."

Emerson's splendid essay on our theme, like all his thought-laden pages, sparkles with costly jewels on every line. The more one fathoms that writing, with competent soul, the more he must be impressed with the rare depth and delicacy of experience, the solitary genius and skill, which produced it. "Delicious is a just and firm encounter of two in a thought, in a feeling." "Every man passes his life in the search after friendship." "Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed." "In the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief." Such touching utterances are among the least lustrous of the pearls brought from the ocean-bottom of human experience by this wondrous diver, and laid in the basket of literature. But perhaps the worthiest paper on the subject is contained in the "Wednesday" of Thoreau's "Week on the

Concord and Merrimack Rivers," — a composition which every one enamored of the theme should reperuse and ponder. "Friendship is evanescent in every man's experience, and remembered like heat-lightning in past summers." "Of what use is the friendliest disposition, if no hours are given to friendship?"

In Michelet's "People" is a chapter on friendship, which contains the following paragraph of transcendent beauty: —

"Soon shall I be old. Independently of my age, history has heaped three thousand years upon me, with countless events, passions, and many-colored recollections, in which my own life and that of the world are confusedly mingled. Well, amongst all these innumerable events and poignant remembrances, there is one thing which stands out prominent, triumphant, ever young and fresh, — my first friendship. Well do I call to my mind, much more vividly than I can my thoughts of yesterday, the insatiable desire we felt for mutual disclosures, to which neither words nor paper sufficed. After long walks, one would see the other home: the other would then insist on seeing him home. At four or five o'clock in the morning I was at his house, making them get up and open the door, awakening my friend. How paint with words the airy, vivid lights in which all things were then bathed, and on the wing? My life seemed to fly; and of a spring morning the impression will sometimes come back to me now. I lived in Aurora. Age ever to be regretted, true paradise on earth, unconscious of hate, contempt, or baseness, when inequality is unknown, and when society is still truly human, truly divine! Too fleeting age! Interest comes, rivalry, alienation, — ah!"

Shakespeare, in whose comprehending genius the entire panorama of human experience lay perfectly mirrored, — and who has so marvellously recorded, in a portion of his sonnets, his own soul's alchemistic love for some hyacinthine friend, to the world now unknown, — has drawn, in addition to a hundred graphic touches scattered through his plays, two memorable pictures of friendship. One is of the intimacy between Helena and Hermia.

"Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, — O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest."

The other is of the union between Hamlet and Horatio. The deep-hearted metaphysical prince was of a make and mood that could not live without sympathetic confiding. From his heart to his comrade's led "the beaten way of friendship." How movingly he conjures Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, "by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love"! Fit communion he found with the accomplished companion whom he loved so well, the scholarly and thoughtful Horatio. What a soul-full aroma breathes in his frank words!

"Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,—
As I do thee."

We must not forget in this context to mention Milton's love for Lycidas, his dear college classmate, the young and gifted Edward King, whose hapless fate it was to be untimely

drowned before he could fulfil his morning promise and give the world example of his genius: —

"For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."

How richly, in the elegiac strains called forth by that event, has the immortal mourner proved for endless days that he would not leave his friend to

"float upon his watery bier
Without the meed of some melodious tear!"

In the volume by Monckton Milnes, called "Poems of Many Years," is a department entitled the "Book of Friendship." It has three poems especially remarkable for strength of thought, gentleness of feeling, and felicity of diction. "The Friendship-Flower" is a description of the nourishments, exposures, frailty, and decay of that wondrous plant. It ends thus: —

"Yet when at last, by human slight,
Or close of their permitted day,
From the bright world of life and light
Such fine creations lapse away, —
Bury the relics that retain
Sick odors of departed pride, —
Hoard as ye will your memory's gain,
But leave the blossoms where they died."

"Lonely Maturity" indicates its subject and character by its title. The whole is too long to be quoted here, and no extract can do it justice. To our feeling, it is one of the best poems the English tongue can boast, and we pity the man who can read it unmoved. "Fair-weather Friend" is an address to a light-minded, frivolous man, incapable of sympathizing with the serious moods and unearthly aims of a gifted and profound nature. Experience will enable many a reader to appreciate its kind generosity and its caustic significance. We must cite one stanza of it.

"See, I am careful to atone
My spirit's voice to thine;
My talk shall be of mirth alone,
Of music, flowers, and wine!

I will not breathe an earnest breath,
I will not think of life or death,
I will not dream of any end,
While thou art here, fair-weather friend!"

In reading the memoirs of distinguished men, we are often struck with the rank and space evidently occupied in their inner lives by friendship. In the seventh chapter of his History, Mr. Macaulay's heart flows through his pen when he describes in detail, with such breathing emotion and force, the remarkable attachment between William, Prince of Orange, afterwards king of England, and Bentinck, the noble Batavian gentleman of his household, afterwards founder of one of the most eminent patrician families of Great Britain. The prince was seized by the malignant small-pox. His faithful friend volunteered to take care of him. "Whether Bentinck slept or not while I was ill," said William to Temple, with great tenderness, "I know not; but this I know, that, through sixteen days and nights, I never once called for anything but that Bentinck was instantly at my side." Bentinck caught the contagion, and narrowly escaped with his life. The friendship thus cemented, which only death interrupted, Mr. Macaulay says, was "as warm and pure as any that ancient or modern history records." Pity there are not more incidents like this to gleam as dazzling Alpine flowers amidst the icy ravines and bleak cliffs of our unsentimental English annals!

Many choice examples of this sentiment have occurred among literary men, and memorials of it are preserved in their works. The dark lot of Tasso was illumined by the faithful Manso's love; and the rugged fate of Dante relented, to pour through the sullen clouds, along the gloomy field of his days, a golden streak of solace and joy in the friendship of Guido Cavalcanti. The surprising instance also at once comes to mind of the British bards Beaumont and Fletcher, who were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their works are not divided. For twelve years, up to the death of the younger, their souls, days, thoughts, labors, gains, were conjoined and insunderable; and to this day, on the pages stamped with their united names, no man can distinguish and separate the clasping lines. They stand in the field of letters as twin trees,

sprouted from one seed, and grown up side by side, their crossing branches twined together, with mutual fruit interhanging among each other's leaves. What a tribute to the fires of manly affection, glowing undecayed, is Carlyle's Life of John Sterling! What would Winckelmann's biography be, if the narrative were deprived of those profound friendships which blend and flow through his years, as a beauteous river through a landscape? How becoming it was that Byron and Hunt, in the classic spirit that filled the rare trio, should burn the corpse of Shelley on the shore where the remorseful lake had cast it, and bear away his ashes! Especially deep and lasting was the fervid friendship between Petrarch and Boccaccio, Carr and Crashaw, Herder and Haman, Körner and Schneider, Richter and Otto. Of Jean Paul's writings it has been said, that "they would have created friendship if it had not existed before."

But the costliest offering of words ever laid at this shrine is that placed by Alfred Tennyson on the new-made grave of Arthur Hallam. The "In Memoriam" reads, and will a thousand years hence, as though it were "written in star-fire and immortal tears." Victoria's Laureate has herein done for friendship more than Rienzi's did for love, and he shall be crowned for ever with greener bays. The tender minstrel of the fourteenth century raised, on the enclosed lawn of the Italian language, a musical tower of sonnets, every rhyme-bell sounding the name of Laura. The philosophic poet of our own day has built his living lines of reflection and love into a matchless temple of grief, in whose chancel lies the embalmed form of Arthur, the flower of men, lighted by tapers of veneration, bemoaned by voices of wisest thought and sweetest sorrow, to be a shrine for the pilgrims of the heart as long as a single feature remains in the mighty landscape of English literature.

A reflective observer is astonished, when he thinks of the incomparable preciousness of friendship, to see how generally its culture is neglected. It is here as elsewhere; the real ends of the spirit, the true aims of life, are left to chance and to incidental side-play, while mere secular affairs — the routine of traffic, toil, and fashion — exhaust the serious labors and hours

of men. Why, it seems to be asked, should we search for a friend, and earnestly strive to secure his heart? The loadstone attracts its related atoms amidst the jostle of matter. Yes, but man is not a loadstone. He has free will and contingent duties. He can seek or avoid, neglect or foster, many relations with persons. And friendship, above all things, thrives on smiling attentions, and in slight and carelessness perishes. It is a visitor which, though it may look in at the door of common courtesy, will not stay except where it is treated as a royal guest. Men struggle with frenzied energy and unflagging perseverance for money, position, reputation, power. Why should they not study, with as much greater painstaking as the prize is more valuable and essential, to found and nurture consummate friendships with the worthiest persons? One may become a millionnaire, move in the selectest society, hold exalted office, and yet be none the better, none the wiser, none the happier; but when he finds a true friend, then, in this life-stadium, his chariot rounds the goal of success, and he snatches the surmounting wreath. Let us not, then, live friendless in the world, but give the laws of attraction free scope, and cordially embrace our fellows.

A genial, confiding sympathy is natural to the soul. Distrust and hatred are produced by the hardening customs, clashing interests, transmitted suspicions and perversities, of the cold and calculating world of artificiality. Whenever one open and healthy person comes into contact with another, mutual faith and good-will spontaneously spring to life, and are nourished by intercourse. Jealousy and envy are native only in hearts inflamed and degraded by sin, and frequent only in a society whose arrangements are false alike to the truth of nature and to the love of virtue. When the moral tendencies of children first develop, they are much more disposed to form attachments than to imbibe enmities. During those unsuspecting years they naturally love every one they know, save when there is some marked reason for dislike. Friendship is the instinctive act and element. But they soon learn, on this evil earth, the lessons of caution, and become tainted with selfishness. Then, as reserve and misgivings gradually displace ingenuous trust, it becomes easy for them to regard their ac-

quaintances with indifference, or aversion, except when special influences combine to establish sympathy. So, little by little, stiffening pride and rankling rivalry grow into habit and supremacy, until the belief of Hobbes is avowed, that utter war is the original state of men, and that the kindly offices of love, instead of being perfectly natural, are to be secured only by the vanquishing power of religious principle over the cruel bigotries of the human heart. Unfortunate has his life been whose inmost experience does not rise up with an indignant refutation of so gross a libel upon humanity. The germs of all warm and noble affections lie in the primitive instincts of childhood. The bad passions productive of oppression and crime are a later growth, rankly developed by the corrupting power of the vicious and unnatural state of things prevailing in a discordant world. This is one of the many senses in which it is true that mankind must become as little children before they can enter the kingdom of heaven, either on the earth or in the sky.

What fond and generous friendships are often bred among youthful companions in the bright epoch of school-day life! Then the innocence, gayety, and hope of unsophisticated hearts create sky and land anew, and robe the scene in their own soft hues. No cynic frost has fallen on our disinterested sympathies. The world has not laid its icy hand on our throbbing pulses. Our faith in each other, in whatever is lovely, virtuous, heroic, knows no limits. Then how frequent it is for attachments to grow up, at whose stainless sincerity and tender romance we smile in after years, when, alas! in too many cases, time has hardly brought enough to compensate for what it has taken away! Together we wander through the fields as through enchanted grounds. We dream dreams resplendent with the triumphs we fondly vow and think to win. In the artlessness of that pure time our secret souls are transparent, and in the unflawed clearness of our communion we look through each other. Our joys, our griefs, our whole hearts, are united in a free friendship whose strength and closeness foretell a sweeter and nobler life than the fairest passages of history have as yet realized. These halcyon unions rarely survive a full entrance upon the common pursuits

of life. But they are prophetic. And when the cares of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, and many sins, come upon us and alienate us, still their glorious oracles are never all forgotten. They haunt us like voices from fairy land. And oft the cliffs and shores of memory reverberate the plaintive echoes of our love, calling after many a beautiful Hylas vanished from beside the fountain of youth. How often the remembrances of the friends and the friendships of other days come back from the bygone times when we knew them, and fill our hearts as with the wild, sad melodies of an Æolian harp! Who, as he reviews the hallowed hours that went so swiftly in the morning of life, and recalls the dear, familiar faces laid so early in the dust of the grave, would be ashamed to shed a tear to their mingled memory?

The deep want of friends, the conscious longing for confidential fellowship, is as old and universal and enduring as the human heart itself. "Emperors have found their felicity, though as great as ever happened to mortal men, but as an half piece except they might have a friend to make it entire." This craving is often more strongly felt as we pass from youth to manhood; but the obstacles thicken. Devoted to selfish aims, competition arises, and we look around on a community of jealous rivals, among whom every manifestation of strong sentiment is scouted. The average conduct of society would teach us to regard every feeling of kindness warmer than calm good-will as a weakness, and a fair butt for ridicule. Almost every one of us might take the rebuke administered by Chilo, the wise man, to one who boasted that he had no enemies: "You seem rather to have no friends!" A tame mediocrity, rendering them unworthy of the name, is the bane of our common friendships. Those who know them are unsatisfied; and the rest are still worse off, for, in his better hours, the driest worldling feels his want of the sympathizing companionship of sincere friends, and mourns the pernicious influences that shrivelled the fervent affections of early life, to leave his maturity so cold and so desolate. One of the most wisely experienced and sound-hearted, as well as wittiest, of modern men, has said, "As years advance, we must fortify life with many friendships." Ten thousand voices cry, "Pre-

serve the friends of your youth; let them not go; you will find no others like them." Few things are sadder than the alienation, in one's old age, of an early friend. Never again shall the place be made good. Old limbs, broken, rarely heal; old hearts, sundered, seldom combine anew.

> "They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
> Like cliffs which have been rent asunder, —
> A dreary sea now flows between."

On the other hand, no blessing is brighter or dearer, when we must descend the hill of life, than to see around us a troop of loving and long-approved companions. Among the blessings of the human lot have ever been reckoned the highest, old faiths to cherish, old books to read, old friends to love. In friendship, as with wine, oldest is sweetest. *Veterrima quæque, ut ea vina quæ vetustatem ferunt, esse debent suavissima.*

> "The time is sweet when roses meet,
> With spring's soft breath around them;
> And sweet the cost when hearts are lost,
> If those we love have found them;
> And sweet the mind that still can find
> A star in darkest weather:
> But naught can be so sweet to see
> As old friends met together."

However it may be neglected in public, there is nothing so generally admired and coveted in secret as disinterested friendship. And truly, "in the surging sea of a society whose every wave is burdened with an argosy of self," what sight can be so excellent and marvellous as the self-sacrificing magnanimity of love between two friends who stand devotedly together in spite of all the world's estrangements and calamities? Some of the examples of this have been immortalized by a grateful world in the fairest leaves of history, to kindle the youth of each successive generation with an inspiration auguring better ages. Who is not familiar with the story of Damon and Pythias? Dionysius had doomed Damon to die. Pythias volunteered to take his place while he went to settle his affairs and bid his family farewell, and to die in his place if he did not return. The hour of execution came, and Pythias rejoiced as he was led out. But by immense exertion Damon suc-

ceeded in arriving just before the blow should fall. At the scene, the frozen springs of the tyrant's heart suddenly thawed. He fell before the friends on his knees, and implored, "Ah, admit me too within your bond!" Humanity has embalmed the story for the latest times in her memory's holy of holies. How many sacred tears have been dropped, how many soul-felt sighs have been drawn, how many generous dreams have been indulged, over the page on which it is recorded! Millions have been thrilled by it; not a child grows up without learning it; and it will be remembered, and retold, as long as a printed page survives the decaying shrines of other days, or a solitary tradition lingers in the mind of our race. The universal admiration awakened by such instances proves that we were all created to experience the essence of them ourselves; and a latent consciousness of this, and of our failure to realize it, makes us often melancholy.

We next pass to consider the value and the offices of friendship. Its natural importance is shown by the liberality with which provision is made for it in the Divine scheme. Its privileges are free to all who are worthy of them. It knits the poor together and lightens their toils, and it outshines mirrors and diamonds in the halls of the rich and proud. Annihilating factitious distinctions, it makes the prince and the serf one by virtue of their spiritual identity. Comparatively overlooked, undervalued, and meagre as the realization of friendship is in modern society, yet some degrees of its union, some reflections of its glory, some effects of its blessed dominion, are perceptible wherever neighboring human eyes gaze and hearts beat. The incense of its self-forgetful devotion perfumes the temple. The wreaths of its generous praise hang in the forum. Its consecration glorifies field, and shop, and street, —

> "And makes the mill-round of our fate
> A sun-path through its worth."

The roses of friendship not only bud and blossom on the green and dewy bushes of sacred meditation in sheltered gardens, vivid parks, fresh groves, unbeaten nooks of sun and shade; they also bloom on the dusty thorn-trees that hedge the hackneyed ways of common business.

The uses of this intimate league of hearts are to impart the joy and glory of itself; to stimulate to culture, growing nobleness, and worthy works; and to furnish protection, furtherance, and comfort in the hazardous, laborious, and weeping passages of life. It divides suffering and doubles enjoyment. Many a desired office which one cannot perform for himself, or personally appear in, it becomingly performs for him. The love of a valued friend is to us a fortress of self-respect within, a wall of protection without, and an atmosphere of clearness all around. The affectionate bosom, sorely laden with trials, must unveil its secrets for comfort and shrift. Ever inexhausted and uncloying are the fruits of consoling kindness between men. Their endearments sweeten the souring cares of the world, alleviate the heaviest burdens of our days, and pour oblivion over the smarting wounds of neglect and of sin. And who knows not that to confide, especially in hours of woe, is the threshold to peace?

> "When grief or thought the anxious soul oppress,
> It is a sweet religion — to confess.
> Unto some friend, the heart's own chosen priest,
> We pour our sighs, and quit the shrine released."

Friendship inspires those who are possessed by it. It is a perpetual fire, kindling brave thoughts and noble deeds. To deepen his friend's regard for him, a man strives to heighten his merits and multiply his achievements. Love adorns itself, that it may win its meed. One desires to appear beautiful, heroic, wise, divine, to his friend. Together we can do what we should never have dared, and endure what would have crushed us, alone.

> "Our hands in one, we will not shrink
> From life's severest due;
> Our hands in one, we will not blink
> The terrible and true; —
> What each would feel a stunning blow,
> Falls on us both as autumn snow."

The fortifying and motive power of friendship is varied, immense, and inexhaustible. It has strengthened patriots to lay their lives on the altar of freedom and country. Its glowing

cordon was around Tell, and Fürst, and Arnold, and their compeers, on the field of Grutli, when, breast to breast, in the shadow of the Swiss Alps, they swore to free the Canton from Austrian thraldom, or to die together. It has encouraged philosophers, poets, artists, inventors, in their rejected teachings and unappreciated labors. The description, by his great disciple, of the last moments of the poisoned sage, in his prison, amidst a group of admiring friends, is an illustrative picture, whose colors fade not with the sun of Athens, and which the world will never let perish. The public career of the great-souled Gracchus plainly owed its chief impulse to the ardent, ever animating friendship of Caius Blosius. This communing enthusiasm still sustains the true and good when evil days come, and the persecutions of evil men prevail. Now that the dark eyes of Hungary are full of tears, and the pale features of Italy fixed in despair, and trouble sits on the majestic visage of England, and a usurper lords it in the Tuileries, its electric chain, drawn by a common cause around Kossuth, Mazzini, Hugo, and their brother exiles, — a connecting link fastened to each heart, — vibrates shocks of light and strength into their bosoms. It has ever been — while humanity remains in man it ever will be — companionship to the captive, wealth to the poor, impulse to the struggling, support to the suffering, solace to the wretched, joy to the prosperous, and to all who deeply know it, an inspiring presence through life, and in death a hope full of immortality.

But before all subordinate calculations of service, the inestimable primary use and worth of friendship are in the spontaneous royalty and delights of its own prerogative and fruition. We prize our friend last for what he does for us, first for what he is to us. Darius, holding an open pomegranate in his hand, and being asked what it was of which he would wish a number equal to the seeds thereof, replied by glancing at the favorite who leaned against the throne, and pronouncing the plural of his name, "Zopyruses." Zopyrus succeeded in taking the hostile city of Babylon for his master, but was wounded and badly disfigured in the enterprise. Darius said, "I would not have had Zopyrus maimed, to gain a hundred Babylons." While friendship is valuable for its offi-

ces, let us not forget that it is invaluable for itself. It is the choicest exercise of our best powers. After all is said, "a friend is the masterpiece of nature," and enjoyment of him the chief ingredient in the purest happiness of the world. How often have we felt that our days would be filled and run over with unspeakable peace and satisfaction, if we could but realize as complete a friendship as we have dreamed of in the reveries of the heart, and languished for when listening, afloat, in the wizard sphere of music! Is it not so with all? Cannot every one sympathize with the spirit of the young Arab's reply to King Cyrus? His horse had won the victory for him in a great race, and Cyrus asked if he would sell him for a kingdom. The youth, fondly stroking the beloved barb's neck with his cheek, answered, "No, but I would give him with all my heart to find a true friend." Though we were in Paradise, yet it were not good to be there deserted and alone. As some one has said, in criticism of Zimmermann, even in those peculiar seasons when solitude is sweet, "still let me have a friend to whom I may *say*, 'Solitude is sweet.'"

We repeat, there is nothing else so real and satisfying as the felt possession and exercise of friendship. Other things are flitting shadows without, this an enduring spirit within. Other things are transient means, this a perpetual end. We can never weary of it, because increasingly to develop and enjoy its capabilities is the chief aim of our being, the central use of society, the profoundest meaning of life. So pure and fresh a felicity can no more pall, than sunrise, water, air, and green fields can. As Marcus and Titus wander, arm in arm, along the lofty colonnades of history, we seem still to hear that wondrous voice, saying to his bosom's peer, "Non enim amicitiarum esse debent, sicut aliarum rerum, satietates." So solid, for ever novel, and fulfilling a reality is this experience, that it serves as one of the grounds of faith in eternal life. It opens the fountains whose flow we feel to be perennial. The sentiment is not of flesh, but of soul, and is endless, unless sinfully forfeited. One carries his friends in his heart so long as he continues to love them. Only that friend is lost whom we have ceased to love. And can we believe that love grows pale with the pallid brow, and dissolves

with the crumbling clay? Can we utter an absolute farewell on the verge of the grave, when, even there, our tears water sprigs and flowers emblematic of everlasting life, and while overhead, in the mild beauty of the all-including blue, breathe healing and prophecy from the resistless friendship of God? In the dim symbols of sorrow we trace less yearning for the loosened ties of the past than for some blessed bond yet to be. Across the perishable woof of our sensual relations friendship and faith shoot golden threads of immortality, weaving the garments of a future life. "Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years." From the death of every friend the fabric of our hopes receives a new buttress.

There are in human life three tragedies of friendship. First, the deficiency of it, — there is so much less than we want. Few are satisfied with their share, or would be if they thought and felt enough to know the depths of their own hearts. "The friend is some fair, floating isle of palms, eluding us mariners in Pacific seas." Many and many a man might sigh from his death-bed, "I have pined and prayed all my life, and never found one friend to satisfy my heart"; and the breast-harps of millions, tuned to the same experience, would murmur in melancholy response through the halls of the world. Secondly, the decay or loss of it. Sometimes it cools from day to day, — warm confidence giving gradual place to chill civility, civilities swiftly becoming icy husks of neglect and repugnance. Sometimes its relics touch us with a pang, or we stand at its grave, sobbing, "wounded with a grief whose balsam never grew." There is a poem, "An einen Jugendfreund," of most pathetic beauty, written by the hapless Nicolaus Lenau to an early friend, who had afterwards grown cold and fallen away from him, in which he says, in words whose mournful music has haunted our brain ever since we first read them: —

> "Wenn du tief schlummerst unter deinem Hügel,
> Nichts mehr erfährst vom holden Lenzerwachen,
> Wie laue Winde dann mit leichtem Flügel
> Die Rosenglut am strauch lebendig fachen,

Wie süss dann singen in den grünen Hallen
Von Rosenduft berauschte Nachtigallen:
Dann wäre früh genug der Freund vergessen,
Den du geliebt in deinen Jugendtagen,
Dess volles Herz gleich glühend, unermessen,
Dem Jugendideal und dir geschlagen.
Er hielt den Traum umarmet und dein Lieben,
Und Beides sah er mährchenhaft zerstieben."

Thirdly, the desecration and explosion of it by hypocrites and traitors. The harshest draught in the cup of life is wrung from betrayed affections. When the guiding light of friendship is quenched in deception, the freezing gloom that surrounds our path grows palpable, and drooping faith and hope perish in its shade. Let one find cold repulse or mocking treachery where he has garnered up his dearest treasures, and it is not strange if he feels as though the firm realities of time and sense had become shadows, and the solid globe broken like an empty bead of foam. All things seem visionary and insignificant, and he yields to despondency, perhaps to misanthropic revulsion. Who does not remember Timon of Athens? If any, let him read the story in Shakespeare's play. To spurn the sympathies, stab the sensibilities, or betray the confidence, of a friend, is the most grievous of wrongs. "The sensitive tissue of a spiritual mind is torn by these sharp barbs," and the bitter drops bled from the laceration swell the measure of the world's keenest anguish. In almost all eminent examples of friendship, even when happiest, there is a deep tragic element. Amidst the stern restrictions of this world, and the dread exposures of frail, changing mortality, every passion which reaches intensity is necessarily pathetic, accompanied with suffering. A plaintive strain sighs through its history. Especially is this true of the higher experiences of the friendly sentiment; for such experiences are nourished and ripened only in serious, delicate, pensive, and yearning souls. To men of that mould and temper noble sorrows belong, and they must secretly weep. Witness how the tenderest leaves of literature are bedewed with sad distillations of sundering disappointment, revulsive grief, or lonesome woe, from the tears wept by Sir Henry Wotton

at the grave of Albert Morton, — tears which might almost prevail

"To humanize the flints whereon we tread," —

to those that streamed from the eyes of poor Giacomo Leopardi in his desolate solitude, banished from Gordiani. In the soul of Leopardi the rarest genius was wedded to a gigantic melancholy. There is a long letter of his to Gordiani, written in the first rich gush of their friendship, pouring out the whole flood of his enthusiastic affection with a wealth of artlessness and eloquence which no cultivated man of sensibility can read without profoundest emotion. Years afterwards he writes to Gordiani: "Your love has ever been a harbor of refuge to me," and "a pillar against which my weary life has rested," — "*una colonna dove la stanca mia vita l' appoggia.*" Leopardi's life was sad and his death early, for his intellect was capacious and his heart gentle.

It is owing to the intrinsic excellence and nobleness of friendship, and of its proper offices, that any betrayal of its trusts is visited with such unmitigated severity of reprobation. Lord Bacon has been called

"The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind."

The splendor of his intellectual powers has not sufficed to hide his disgraceful moral qualities; and not for all the laurels that have crowned his towering brow, — not for all the world-wide renown that emblazons his name, — should we be willing to bear the execration poured on him by generous hearts for his detestable ingratitude and treachery towards the friend to whose unselfish love and patronage he was so much indebted for his worldly advancement, — the chivalrous Sir Walter Raleigh. And what shall be said of fashionable friends? The hardest trial of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a pretence, a mask, to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivolous followers of the world desert those upon whom they have fawned; but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that clus-

ter about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm, as the leaves cling to a tree in summer weather, but drop off at the breath of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens settled down for a banquet, and suddenly scared by a noise, how quickly at the first sound of calamity these superficial earthlings are specks on the horizon! But a true friend sits in the centre, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revealers, the difference being that in the former our friends know us, in the latter we know them. But, notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among men, there is a vast deal more of esteem and fellow-yearning than is ever outwardly shown. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity, than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our side real friends, before unknown. Benevolent impulses where we should not expect them, in modest privacy enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amidst the plaudits of angels. And upon the whole, fairly estimating the glory, the uses, and the actual and possible prevalence of the friendly sentiment, we must cheerily strike lyre and lift voice to the favorite song, confessing, after every complaint is ended, that

> "There is a power to make each hour
> As sweet as Heaven designed it;
> Nor need we roam to bring it home,
> Though few there be that find it!
> We seek too high for things close by,
> And lose what nature found us:
> For life hath here no charm so dear
> As home and friends around us."

An examination of the nature and laws of friendship, its requisite conditions and constituent traits, will detain our attention a little. There can be no desirable union of hearts which is not based on virtuous and kindred qualities of being and disposition, — spiritual affinities, drawing the persons to each other. Friendship, in any special case, is not so much a matter of will and culture as it is of fitness and fatality. Free

reality of consonance alone prevails, and a destiny presides which wishes and struggles cannot much modify. Bribery is impossible. Community of acquaintance, neighborhood, and interest, cannot constrain it. Arrangements by third parties will not work. *Amicus amici amicus meus non est.* That it should go far between any two, there must be similar and complementary characteristics loyal to similar and assisting aims. A thrill of recognizing surprise and delight once struck us on hearing the meeting and instant friendship of Alexander and Porus, on the banks of the Indian Hydaspes, cited as a fine instance of the operation of elective affinity. In vain you try to love that which does not appear to you to be lovely. Fire and ice cannot mix, nor can opposite natures and discordant tastes flow together in happy harmony. There will continually be repulsions, misunderstandings, bare or muffled dislikes, whereas the very soul of friendship is mutual surrender to an unqualified frankness of love, whose placid depths, translucent to the thought-sown floor of our being, no jars disturb. The best persons see in each other the most to venerate and love. The need and the fruition of such a relationship grow with genius, refinement, æsthetic opulence, and aspiration. The rude hind who digs the glebe, himself but a higher clod, may, perchance, dispense with friendship. But the poet, the philosopher, the philanthropist, the statesman, — men mysteriously sensitive to imponderable influences and mystic calls, — men who

> "Become, on fortune's crowning slope,
> The pillars of a people's hope,
> The centres of a world's desire," —

find life but a *via dolorosa*, unless they can feel the hands, and look in the eyes, and share the talk, of friends. A gifted man, far in advance of his time, misunderstood by his contemporaries, must suffer with the heart-break. So Heine says of Lessing, with great justice, that "he must have lived in a fearful solitude." The greatest and divinest men can be of most service to each other. They are therefore naturally the most fervent friends. The essence of their relation is a warm, embracing esteem, arising from sterling worth and moral beauty perceived in each. The loss of the capacity for this

is one of the worst privations of a bitter or a grovelling heart. The old saw, "There is honor among thieves," rests for what true significance it holds less on any fact of generous allegiance, than on the fact that a self-seeking fear prevents mutual betrayal. The base naturally distrust, despise, and revolt from each other. Those who embody deserving qualities we respect and love perforce, unless we recreantly elude the bonds of the Divinity. Where spiritual worth is not found, no extraneous price, labor, or plotting can purchase, earn, or entrap more than an ineffectual semblance of regard. Kindred souls, antagonistic souls, recognize each other by intuition. Goodness attracts and sympathy unites the virtuous, while evil repels and selfishness isolates the reprobate. A man may do for us the greatest outward favors, yet, if we know him to be a bad man, whose character disagrees with ours and fails of our standard, in spite of all efforts, try we never so hard, we shall look on him with pity, and shrink from him. But when we see a beautiful and exalted spirit, though he never did us the slightest overt kindness, — though we never spoke to each other, — still a virtue goes forth from him, the royalty of his being puts us in his debt, our hearts instinctively turn that way; and, if we expressed our feelings, we should cry to him,

"O be my friend, and teach me to be thine!"

The vital condition necessary to the strength and constancy of friendship is that in all its relations the serene rules of ethics be scrupulously kept. Every sinful deed, every sign of weakness, we discern in our friend, even though it come from his regard for us, injures and enfeebles the texture and bands of our union. The substance that joins us is mutual affection, based on moral worth, with improving uses for its fruits. Indeed, the laws of true friendship are identical with the foundation-precepts of Christianity: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you"; "Love your neighbor as yourself, and God with your whole soul." Whenever there is vice in any league of men, rottenness is at the core of the union. "Who does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together." Agesilaus, the Spartan king, it has been observed, used to behave better with his en-

emies than with his friends; for he never did the least wrong to those, but often violated justice in favor of these. In behalf of a favorite he once wrote to a judge: "If Nicias be not guilty, acquit him for his innocence; if he be guilty, acquit him for my sake; at any rate, acquit him." Of this sentiment Tully nobly says: "It is understanding the rights and privileges of friendship very poorly, thus to make it the accomplice and protector of crime." To attempt strengthening the bonds of affection by any species of iniquity, is like pulling up the plants in one's garden to water their roots. Such a communion is "not friendship, but a conspiracy."

Men of the same professions and circumstances and motives — as artists, officers, physicians, authors, divines — would appear best adapted and most urged to friendship, because they can most closely sympathize in daily cares, labors, trials, and hopes, and can in various ways be of most assistance to each other. Yet the temptation to supplant, and the peril of envy, are more imminent here than elsewhere; and Dr. Johnson says, "A painter once confessed to me, that he never knew one of his profession who loved another." A unique and exciting example of glorious friendship, planted in the subsoil of intellect, fed and stimulated by appreciative intercourse and similarity of pursuits, warmed with the cordial air of sentiment, illuminated with the splendors of imagination, waving aloft on the Alpine bosom of genius, efflorescing in talks, letters, and visits, yielding a copious harvest of ripe and mellow fruit garnered in their golden volumes, has been laid before the world in the published correspondence of Goethe and Schiller. It was from his own experience, in the sphere of such spirits as Meyer and William Humboldt, that the author of Werther wrote to the author of Don Carlos, "Insight and sympathy are the only pure bonds of union." He, above all men, deserves to be called our friend, who, united with us by knowledge and harmony, through the force of his nobleness and consecration awakens and confirms every good thing in us. Therefore whoever would be joined with his friend in a permanent and valuable relation, must be of moral use to him, animating him to work and grow, bracing and cheering him, showing him the possibilities of human virtue, giving

him such an example of truth, gentleness, and magnanimity as will enable him to "credit the best things in history." Assimilated souls, doing thus, will no more think of deserting each other, and falling on lower ranges of thought and feeling, than a flower would think of fleeing from the sunlight and dew.

Friendship has three indispensable traits: tenderness, sincerity, disinterestedness. It cannot exist, in an advanced state, without fine and firm sensibility. Coldness and cruelty nip and kill all intimate communion. If we discern the slightest symptom of affectation, an overstraining of nature and truth, suspicion is born on the instant; we are chilled, and the bosom's mercury sinks. Flattery, cunningly baiting its selfish snares with conformity, destroys all hearty confidence. A friend is one between whom and yourself there is such complete confiding, that you may feel and think visibly and audibly in his presence, or converse with him, as with another and better self, in a double solitude of blended spirits. This quick, deep sympathy is a reservoir from which you may draw, in the crystal buckets of intercouse, draughts of indefinable exhilaration and contentment that are the purest happiness known to man. The meeting of such friends makes it June in December. Their parting turns all art's and nature's messengers into flying couriers, to carry tidings of each other: and truly the heart receives these embassies royally, sending its escort troops, liveried in blushes, to the cheek, and shaking the courtyard of the breast with volleys of throbs.

In ancient Thebes a phalanx of warriors was formed, numbering a thousand members, composed of pairs of friends, each pair consisting of a veteran and a youth. The whole company was called the "Sacred Band of Lovers and Friends." They were pledged never to forsake one another, no matter what the emergency. In a battle with Philip of Macedon they all perished together, every man of them, side by side, in one place, surrounded by heaps of their foes. After the conflict Philip recognized them, and was so moved by the pathos of the scene, and the sublimity of their devotedness, that — alluding to a scandalous rumor concerning them — he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his face, "Let no one dare to say that these were dishonored men." Now the plainest

principles of social polity require that the whole world should be one sacred band of lovers and friends, inseparably united, sustaining one another through the trials of this tempted and faltering life, and, beneath the eye of their Almighty Friend, dwelling together all around the regenerated earth in the bonds of peace, the beauty of holiness, and a community of weal. To this all moral symbols in nature, all fond yearnings of men, finally point. The establishments and workings of Pythagorean bands, knightly orders, Masonic fraternities, club fellowships, alumni unions, religious institutions, do but denote and emphasize the instinctive wants of the human heart. Their gropings and prophecies will be fulfilled when the league which we have been considering is perfected and universal. As we have travelled through the free villages, and looked on the clustering happy homes of our own New England, we have felt, with a pang along the heart-strings, that nothing was needed but a pure, glowing, and sufficient friendship in all the dwellings, to make the land an Arcadia, clothed with an unfading harvest of moral romance and joys which would shame the golden crop of corn and wheat shimmering and rippling across hill-side and meadow. And will this never come true? What ought to be can be, and shall be. And surely all men should be friends. They have the same experiences of gladness and vicissitude, growth and change; the same pursuits of wisdom, virtue, and happiness; the same enemies of rugged glebe and rough weather, of darkness, indolence, and sin; the same graduations from the school of the mother's lap, the academy of the father's home, the university of society's complicated training; the same associations drawn from inward struggles with the problems of destiny, or caught from common contemplations of the scenery of the creation. Their lives are colored with the same early illusions, freighted with the same mature plans, stored with the same aged memories, and winged with the same soaring hopes. All wait before one primeval and impenetrable curtain, for one speechless and inscrutable guide to lead them to one alluring and immemorial secret. Death is that guide, mortality that veil, heaven that secret, and friendship the talismanic initiation and opening password of worlds.

ART. VIII. — 1. *Observations on the Euphrates Line of Communication with India.* By COLONEL CHESNEY, R. A., D. C. L., F. R. S. Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. 1852.

2. *The Dead Sea a New Route to India.* By CAPTAIN WILLIAM ALLEN, R. N., F. R. S. London. 1855.

3. *Canalization de l'Isthme de Suez.* Exposé de M. FERD. DE LESSEPS. Nouvelles Annales des Voyages. Paris. September, 1855.

THE fifteenth century was just closing when the bold mariners of Portugal doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and discovered an oceanic route to India. The Turks had then recently become a power in Europe, and it was mainly to avoid their depredations upon the lucrative commerce of the East, that these adventurers braved the perils of the open sea. To shun the pirate Turk, Western Europe sought to reach India by circumnavigating Africa. Now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Western Europe upholds the tottering empire of the Ottomans, that through their agency her commerce may enjoy a readier and a safer transit to and from the Indies. The Turk no longer formidable, the Arab no longer feared, is henceforth to guard the communication of England and France with the Persian Gulf, and to be the common carrier between Western Europe and Central and Southern Asia; and in the great cycle of history, commerce reverts to its ancient channels, the Euphrates and the Red Sea again become familiar names, and the discovery of Vasco de Gama recedes into the Dark Ages.

From the earliest periods of commercial enterprise in Europe, the attention of geographers and of merchants has been turned to the East Indies as their *Ultima Thule*, and the problem of successive ages has been to facilitate the commerce of the Indies with the West. The fabulous wealth of India allured Alexander to his almost fabulous march, by a circuit of more than nine thousand miles, from Tyre to the Hyphasis,*

* The modern *Sutledge*, in the Punjaub.

and his fleet under Nearchus, coasting from the mouth of the Indus to that of the Euphrates, was the first to acquaint the Western nations with the connection of the Persian Gulf with the Indian Ocean. We may imagine Pliny to have read to a select circle of friends the twenty-third chapter of the sixth book of his Natural History, with something of the enthusiasm with which we now contemplate projects that would lessen by one half the voyage from England to India. Contrasting his own age with that of Alexander, Pliny boasts that in his day voyages were made to India every year. Yet such were the perils of commerce, that companies of archers were carried on board the vessels to guard against the pirates who infested the Indian Seas.* These fleets sailed from Cape Ras-el-Bad, the most easterly peninsula of Arabia, at which point they connected with the overland caravans from the West. They made the nearest port of India, and, taking advantage of the periodical winds, returned to Arabia the same year. After enumerating the various routes of these yearly fleets, — some coastwise, others directly across the gulf, — Pliny communicates to his readers the latest authentic information concerning the route to India by way of Egypt and the Red Sea. "It will not be amiss," he says, "on the present occasion, to set forth the whole of the route from Egypt, which has been stated to us of late, upon information on which reliance may be placed, and is here published for the first time. [How much this reads like a confidential advertisement of 'Nicaragua' or 'Panama'!] The subject is one well worthy of our notice, seeing that in no year does India drain our empire of less than fifty millions of sesterces [$1,600,000], giving back her own wares in exchange, which are sold among us at fully one hundred times their prime cost." †

Our geographer then points out upon the map the route

* "Quippe omnibus annis navigatur, sagittariorum cohortibus impositis. Etenim piratæ maxime infestabant." Mr. Riley, whose free but elegant translation we occasionally follow, makes this the twenty-sixth chapter; but our folio edition, Basileæ, MDXLIX., has it the twenty-third.

† "Nec pigebit totum cursum ab Ægypto exponere, nunc primum certa notitia patescente. Digna res, nullo anno imperii nostri minus H S quingenties exhauriente India, et merces remittente quæ apud nos centuplicato veneant."

from Italy to India as follows. "From Italy to Alexandria; thence to Coptos, 310 miles up the Nile, — a voyage of twelve days, when the Etesian winds are blowing." From Coptos to Berenice, a harbor on the Red Sea, distant 257 miles, the journey is performed with camels in twelve days. Stations are arranged at intervals along the route for the supply of fresh water, and large caravansaries are erected that afford lodgings to travellers. On account of the extreme heat, the greater part of the distance from Coptos to Berenice is travelled by night, the day being spent at the stations. "From Berenice a voyage of thirty days, if the wind is favorable, brings the traveller to the southern coast of Arabia, in some of whose ports may be found vessels bound for India. Forty days more will carry him to the nearest port of India, if the wind called Hippalus or Favonius — the west wind — happens to be blowing. If travellers observe the periodical changes of the wind in those seas, they can go and return from Egypt to India in the same year. They set sail from India with a southeast wind,* and upon entering the Red Sea catch the southwest or south." †

Such, for substance, is the new route to India described by Pliny, upon the latest authentic information, in the year 77 of our era. The minuteness of his description, both as to the route, and as to the commercial facilities of its different points, is an index of the interest then felt in bringing the commerce of the East nearer to Southern and Western Europe. The most expeditious route then consumed about one hundred days in the journey from Alexandria to the nearest mart of India, and required four transshipments; one at Alexandria to the Nile boats; another from boats to camels at Coptos; a third from camels to vessels at Berenice; and a fourth at Ocelis or Cane, from Arabian to Indian bottoms. The traveller must watch the rising of the dog-star, and study the changes of the winds; and must pursue his voyage in peril of pirates, and of sea-serpents which were said to be twenty cubits in length. He was fortunate if he could go and return within a year. Now, Berenice is a heap of ruins; Coptos is the poor Mohammedan town of Kobt,‡ built of the ruins of the mart

* *Vento vulturno.* † *Africo vel austro.*

‡ *Kobt, Koft*, or *Qeft*, is clearly identified as the ancient Coptos. One sees there at

of the Pharaohs and the Cæsars; and the navigation of the Nile above Cairo is limited to the domestic trade of Egypt. Yet Egypt seems destined again to form an important link in the shortest and most available route from Europe to the Indies.

Three projects are now prominent before the governments and the commercial bureaux of Western Europe, for opening a more direct route to the East India trade. The first is that proposed by Colonel Chesney, of the British army, in his splendid volumes published six years ago,* and also in a memoir submitted by him in 1852 to the British Association for the Advancement of Science,† — the project of a railway from the Bay of *Antioch* on the Mediterranean to *Bir* on the Euphrates, from which point small steamers could convey the mails and passengers to *Bassorah* or *Basra*, near the mouth of the river, within thirty-six hours of Bombay. This was a frequent route of Eastern trade in the time of Elizabeth. The "great queen," having by patents of monopoly chartered, in 1585, the Levant Company to trade to Babylon,‡ and again, in 1599, the "Governor and Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies," || also maintained a fleet of boats at Bir to foster and protect English trade in Mesopotamia. There was then, as now, an overland route to India. And yet, remarks Macaulay, "it is curious and interesting to consider how little the two countries, destined to be one day so closely connected, were then known to each other. The most enlightened Englishmen looked on India with ignorant admiration. The most enlightened natives of India were scarcely

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this day some traces of the old wall, fragments of ancient pillars wrought into modern buildings, ruins of temples peering above the rubbish, and marks of the canals that once brought commerce to its gates, and irrigated its soil. The modern town is surrounded with cultivable land, and has a tolerably good bazaar. But filth and wretchedness are its prevailing characteristics.

* Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, by Lieutenant-Colonel Chesney, R. A. Published by Authority. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1850. Two volumes, royal octavo, with five plates and maps.

† Report for 1852.

‡ Sir Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor of London, was Governor of this Company. See Charter, in Chesney, Vol. II. p. 590.

|| The Earl of Cumberland and two hundred and fifteen knights, aldermen, and merchants.

aware that England existed."* Little did Elizabeth, when thus disposing of the trade of India to the Earl of Cumberland, dream that a power from Leadenhall would rule the Ganges; or that the "colossal wooden seaman" that surmounted the first India House would become the symbol of a greater empire than her own. Yet the sagacious enterprise of Elizabeth organized a commerce that is now the wealth and glory of England.

The route by the Euphrates, which in her reign was "the high road to India," has ever since been in occasional use by the British government. Colonel Chesney reminds us that, up to the peace of 1815, the regular postal transit between England and the Indies was by way of Arabia and Asia Minor; the whole distance from London to Bassorah having been accomplished by fleet messengers in about thirty days, and thence by fast-sailing schooners to Bombay in twelve days more. As far back as the year 1829, Colonel Chesney travelled extensively in Asia Minor, Arabia, and Persia, with a view to ascertain the most feasible line of communication with India. This exploration, which he performed alone, through many obstacles, and sometimes at the hazard of his life, occupied more than three years, and enabled him to report to his government, from personal observation, a plan for steam communication with India by way of the Persian Gulf. The interest awakened by this report led to an appropriation by the House of Commons of £20,000 for an exploring expedition to the Euphrates and Tigris. Two flat-bottomed iron steamers, and "a competent staff of scientific and other officers, together with detachments of artillery and sappers," were placed under the command of Colonel Chesney, in the spring of 1835. Various untoward circumstances delayed the expedition at the mouth of the Orontes, where the party disembarked; but at length the steamers and their equipments, divided into sections, were safely transported by bullocks to the Euphrates, a distance of 147 miles. There the boats were launched without accident, and though the funds of the expedition were by this time exhausted, the dauntless Colonel began at his own cost the survey of the river. For a few days

* History of England, Vol. IV. p. 117, Harper's edition.

all proceeded well; but about midway from Bir to Bassorah a terrific simoom swept over them, and in an instant destroyed their labors and their hopes. The narrative of this calamity we will give in Colonel Chesney's own graphic language.

"Our operations were peaceably and successfully carried on, till, one portentous morning, we discovered a cloud like a man's hand, coming towards us with fatal speed. All efforts were made to secure the vessels in time, and the lesser one, the Tigris, even reached the bank; but the whirlwind of the desert had reached her at the same instant, and though still in its infancy, such was its violence that that unfortunate vessel recoiled from the bank, and was held as if in a vice, heeling over. The storm soon attained its greatest power. The Euphrates was backed at this moment to avoid a collision with the unfortunate Tigris, and at 1 P. M. we floated past as a mere log, in the midst of darkness deeper than that of night, immense waves breaking over and into the ill-fated vessel, till she was carried to the bottom in seven fathoms water, the helmsman and all others remaining firmly at their posts. So fearful and so violent had been the effects of this whirlwind from the desert, which would have blown a frigate out of the water, that portions of the paddle-boxes were in the fields before I and seven others reached the shore. Twenty of my brave companions had scarcely found a watery grave when a calm succeeded the hurricane, which had its whole course in fifteen minutes. Had it lasted eight or ten minutes more, the Euphrates, though secured to the bank with chain-cables and large jumpers driven into the earth, must have gone to the bottom also. The Arabs, however, showed the greatest kindness; for instead of taking advantage of our condition, as is unhappily frequently the case in our more civilized country, they gave us every possible assistance, by collecting the remains of goods, &c. Our loss, however, was very, very great; 1,100 drawings, and all the accounts of the expedition, all the money, with a large quantity of stores, &c., went to the bottom.

"This catastrophe happened at Werdí, about half-way between the Mediterranean and Persian Gulf, or nearly 500 miles from either; at the very spot where I first came upon the river, and also near the place where the apostate Julian lost the greater part of his fleet from a similar storm. The Arabs told us they had often witnessed storms, but never one such as this had been.

"I had been saved, and therefore I could not despair, though half the river still remained to be navigated. I had now the painful task of communicating what I had hitherto concealed from the officers and

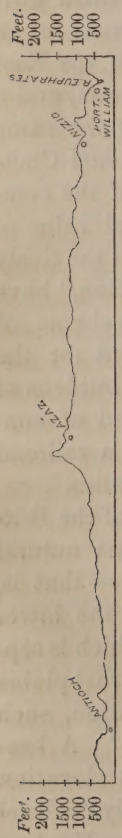
men, the orders to break up the expedition as soon as it should reach the Persian Gulf. I announced that I considered the late calamity would justify a departure from these orders; and being nobly seconded by the officers, who gave up their pay to lessen the expenses, we happily continued our survey and descent by Babylon to Bassorah, where we fired seventy-two guns, one for every year of our warm-hearted monarch, King William."

The failure of this great and costly expedition through a succession of disasters against which no human foresight could have provided, while it did not dishearten the projector and leader of the enterprise, nor disparage his sagacity in the view of intelligent persons, yet made upon the British government an impression disastrous to further schemes for an Asiatic route to India. A few spasmodic efforts of the East India Company to navigate the rivers of Mesopotamia, and a recent experiment of the Turkish government for the same object, are thus far the only practical results of Colonel Chesney's explorations. But the growing importance of the commerce of India to Great Britain, and the commercial value of *time* in the transportation of products, together with the lively personal interest of England in "the Eastern question," have turned the attention of capitalists toward the scheme of Colonel Chesney, as offering a lucrative investment for the conquests of peace in Asia, by way of offset to the burdens of war. The proposition is now seriously entertained of connecting the Mediterranean with the Euphrates by a railroad from the Bay of Antioch to Bir, a distance of 140 miles.

Concerning this project, Captain William Allen of the British navy remarks, that "the best and most obvious natural highway between Europe and the interior of Asia — that is, where there are the least obstructions — is through the lower valley of the Orontes and by Aleppo; the basin of which is separated from that of the Euphrates and Tigris — the vast plains of Mesopotamia — by hills of very moderate elevation, such as could be easily surmounted even by a railroad."* A bee-line of levels from Antioch to Bir finds its highest elevation at Azaz, 1500 feet above the sea, which is also nearly the level of Nizib, in the vicinity of Port William or Bir on the Euphra-

* Vol. II. p. 206.

tes. But by seeking the passes of the mountains, and especially by diverging to Aleppo, and thence following along the Kowek, very heavy grades would be avoided. According to Chesney, "the bed of the Euphrates at Bir has been ascertained to be 628 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea; from which it is distant 140 miles by wagon-road, or 133 miles in a direct line to the mouth of the Orontes; while the Persian Gulf is distant 1,117 miles, — thus giving the trifling fall of rather more on an average than six inches per mile from Bir to the Persian Gulf; supposing the latter to be on the same level with the Mediterranean Sea."*



Section of the Country between the Rivers Orontes and Euphrates.

Bir is a small town of about two thousand inferior houses, situated upon the western bank of the Euphrates, in longitude 38° 6′ east, and latitude 36° 48′ north. The river is here 130 yards broad, and sixteen large passage-boats are kept always ready for caravans, which sometimes number 5,000 camels. From this point small steamers can descend the river to Bassorah, situated in longitude 47° 34′ east, and latitude 30° 32′ north. This city of Omar, founded about the middle of the seventh century, has long been celebrated as a principal depot of the overland commerce between India and Constantinople. The town lies on the western bank of the Shat-el-Arab, — as the Euphrates is called after its junction with the Tigris, — about seventy miles from its mouth, and is accessible for ships of 500 tons burden. Below the city the river is 700 yards broad and 30 feet deep. Here ships from the Indian Seas unload their treasures, to be conveyed by caravans of camels to Aleppo and Iscanderun, and thence reshipped for Constantinople.

From time immemorial the stream of commerce from India to Syria and Turkey has

* Vol. I. p. 47.

flowed through Arabia. To-day the caravans file into the great khan of Damascus, as of old they filed into the gates of Tyre, with the wool and spices of Arabia, and the gold, the precious stones, the silk, and the ivory of India. Both Isaiah and Ezekiel designate ports of Yemen on the Indian Sea, and islands and ports of the Persian Gulf, between which and Phœnicia there was a regular trade by caravans. The nomad tribes of Syria and Arabia "formed these caravans by letting or selling their numerous camels, with their guides and drivers, to the merchants. 'Arabia, and all the princes, or sheikhs, of Kedar were the merchants of thy hand.'"* They furnished dromedaries, and were both carriers and dealers. The direct route lay from the city of Gerra on the eastern shore of the Persian Gulf, across the northern edge of the Arabian Desert to Petra, and thence northward to Tyre; the indirect proceeded southward across the desert to Arabia Felix, and then wound along the coast of the Arabian Gulf to Idumæa. Heeren, after Gesenius, has remarked the geographical accuracy of the Prophet Isaiah in his allusions to the caravan trade of Tyre. "When he threatens Arabia with a foreign invasion, the prophet forgets not to mention the interruption which it would cause to its commerce. 'In the wilderness of Arabia ye will be benighted, O ye caravans of Daden! To the thirsty bring out water, inhabitants of Tema; bring forth bread for the fugitives! for they fly before the sword and before the fury of war.' The trading caravans of Daden, which had hitherto journeyed undisturbed, were to be driven from their usual route by the approach of the enemy, and compelled to pass their nights in the wilderness, where the hospitable tribe of Tema, out of compassion, would bring them water and bread. Tema was situated on the western border of the fertile province of Nejd, by which, therefore, the road passed. From this road the caravans were to be compelled to turn, in order to hide themselves in the desert."† The singular accuracy of the geographical references in the Scriptures is a striking proof of their authenticity.

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* Ezek. xxvii. 21. Heeren's Historical Researches, Asia, Vol. I. p. 353.

† Historical Researches, Asia, Vol. I. p. 357.

Every passing allusion to localities is verified by whatever of fact has come down to us from other sources, or by permanent natural and monumental landmarks.

In seeking a direct communication between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf by way of Arabia, we have but to follow the established routes of ancient trade. The patient camel has trodden the path before us for thousands of years; and the only question is whether England can lay the iron track of commerce in those same footprints whereon Rome built her granite roads for war. Can the locomotive follow where the camel has led the way? When Colonel Chesney's iron steamer ascended the Tigris to Bagdad, the Arabs, who have a prophecy that when iron shall swim their dominion shall end, came hundreds of miles to see the miracle; and a venerable sheikh, bowing his head between his knees, exclaimed, "Has God made but one such creation?" The question whether iron shall run in Arabian deserts as well as swim in Arabian waters, is really a question of dominion. When the locomotive shall outstrip the fleetest courser on his native sands, the Mussulman may well bow with resignation to his fate.

That a railroad from the Mediterranean to the valley of the Mesopotamian rivers *can* be built, is already demonstrated from actual survey. There are no grades which cannot easily be overcome by skilful engineering. Whether such a road *will* be built, is a simple question of pounds sterling; for neither the character of the Arabs, if rightly managed, nor the power or policy of the decaying governments that retain a feeble sway over these regions, would interpose any serious obstacle. Indeed, both the people and the governments might be enlisted in the work as the behest of Allah, and would readily compromise their Mussulman pride for Christian piastres.

The gigantic scheme of a continuous railroad from Aleppo to Grane on the Persian Gulf, a distance of 850 miles, will at first sight commend itself to Americans who are familiar with Pacific railroad projects, and who look instinctively for the shortest passage. But the cost of such a road is truly appalling. Not less than forty millions of dollars would be required to build a single track. The cheapness of labor would be

nearly counterbalanced by the cost of transporting the materials of the road to a point so remote from forests, factories, and quarries. There would be no grants of land or city loans to aid in its construction; and though it would pass partly through a region naturally fertile, there are few cities along the route to feed it with local traffic. After leaving Aleppo, no prominent points in the interior would be touched by the road; but it must be supported mainly by "through" travel and transportation, and must create for itself a local business in a country where railroads are as yet unknown. This must be the work of time. Colonel Chesney suggests an argument for an Arabian railway which, though it savors of "fillibustering," is quite as taking with Englishmen as with Americans. The Mesopotamian valley, he says, "opens a vast field for agricultural and commercial enterprise, with the safe and productive investment of capital. Besides the advantages of a postal communication with India, a ready intercourse with Southern Persia, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Kurdistan must greatly extend the outlets for manufactures, and would afford, at the same time, desirable localities for *colonization*." These are the very arguments of Walker for the invasion of Central America.

The route of the Syrian Desert railroad would afford fewer of these advantages than the through route which Colonel Chesney proposes by the ultimate extension of his road from Bir to Bassorah. It would, however, avoid the tedious and uncertain navigation of the Euphrates, and would require only two transshipments of goods. The harbor of Grane is superior to that of Bassorah. "The entrance, which is on the eastern side, is in a great degree sheltered by the island of Pheleche, and the port extends westward several miles before it becomes too shallow for large vessels; its width from south to north, opposite the town, extends nearly seven miles before the water is less than three fathoms deep. Grane is forty-three miles southwest of the bar of the Euphrates."* But this desert route has never even been explored, and we know almost nothing of the country and its levels. A scientific commis-

* Chesney, Vol. I. p. 650.

sion has been appointed in England to survey it, and we may safely postpone the question of the Great Syrian road until we shall have received their report. It is safe, however, to predict, that, although such a road would be of immense benefit to commerce, its stock would be a favorite stock with the "bears," — one whose holders might as well expect returns from "Nicaragua," "New York and New Haven," or "Vermont Central."

Mr. Layard's project for a road from the Mediterranean through Aleppo to Mosul, and thence down the eastern bank of the Tigris, through Bagdad, to the Persian Gulf, carries us through a richer country, and touches more points of commerce on the route; and this might be completed in sections, — that from Seleucia to Mosul being first built, and the Tigris navigated by steam until the river-road could be made. But Colonel Chesney computes the cost of a single track from Antioch to Jabor on the Euphrates, and thence down the right bank of the river to its estuary, at about £6,000,000; and Mr. Layard's scheme could not cost less. We fear, therefore, that it will be long before the distinguished "member for Nineveh" can transport the entire ruins of that capital to the British Museum by steam, without the risk of loss through the foundering or the scuttling of rafts upon the Tigris. However, the British Lion and the Assyrian Bull may yet eat straw together upon the plains of Mesopotamia.

Even more hopeless is the project of Mr. Ainsworth for a railroad through Asia Minor, to cross the neck of the Bosporus from Stamboul to Scutari by a floating viaduct, thence to follow the coast of the Sea of Marmora to a line with Siraze, then in an easterly direction to that town, in the centre of Asia Minor, on the new commercial road from the Black Sea, and thence through Persia to India. This would give a continuous line of railroad from London to Bombay, of 5,500 miles. For 2,600 miles this road is already built in Europe. For the Asiatic portion, Mr. Ainsworth asks only the modest capital of £22,000,000!

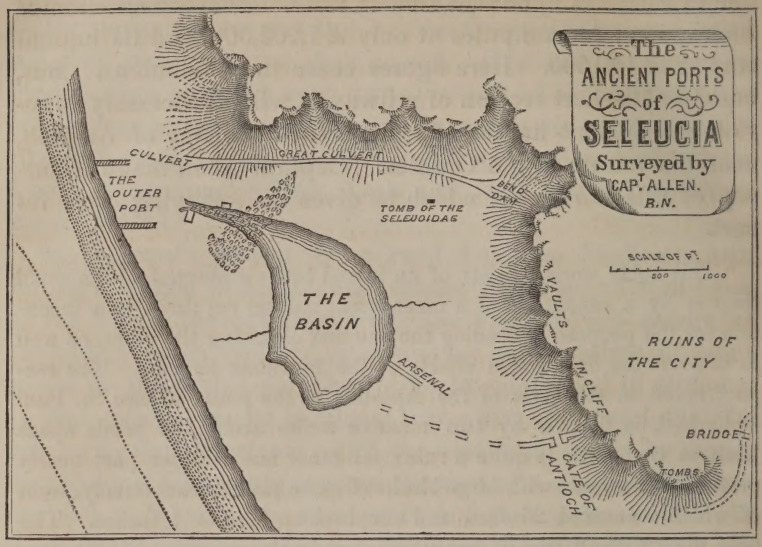
Thus the one item of expense seems to shut us up for the present to the project of Colonel Chesney; namely, a railroad of less than 150 miles from Antioch to the Euphrates, and a

line of steamers upon that ancient river. The construction of such a road he computes at only £1,205,000, and its annual cost at £140,000. Here figures cease to be fabulous. But, besides this short section of railway, it will be necessary to restore the ancient harbor of Seleucia, in the Bay of Antioch, near the mouth of the Orontes. Captain Allen made a survey of this harbor, of which he gives the following lucid report.

"This noble work consists of an inland basin connected with a small seaport by a canal, and of a magnificent culvert cut through a mountain for the purpose of feeding the one and cleansing the other, as well as to avert the destructive effects of the mountain torrents. The seaport noted in the Acts of the Apostles, as the place whence St. Paul embarked, is formed by two massive moles about 200 yards apart. That to the north is quite a ruin; the other has its inner part nearly perfect, constructed with large blocks of stone placed transversely, some of which measured 25 feet, and one, broken, 29 feet 4 inches. This port, though small, was probably sufficient for the reception of ships preparatory to their entering the basin, and for the purpose of refuge in bad weather.

"The inner harbor or basin was probably an excavation with a strong wall fronting the sea. It is *retort-shaped*, communicating with the seaport by the neck part, a canal about 1,000 feet in length, and was possibly at a higher level than the sea, and entered by locks, as Colonel Chesney saw the remains of hinges of gates. The basin is about 700 yards long, by 450 wide. It is now a swamp, through which a little stream passes to the sea by a gap in the wall. The great culvert is nearly 1,200 yards long, terminating near the seaport. Its commencement is at the turning of a little valley, across which an enormous wall was built for the purpose of directing the torrent towards it. This wall has a great portion of it still standing; the dilapidated part being in the middle, where probably there were sluice-gates to feed the basin. The culvert is for the greater part an open cutting, in one place not less than 150 feet deep in the solid rock. There are two tunnels of 21 feet aperture, with a channel for the water in the middle; which arrangement was doubtless made to facilitate the removal of fragments of rock that might have been carried thither by torrents. There is also a conduit at the side to supply the marine suburb of the city with water." *

* Vol. II. p. 210. See also in Chesney, Vol. I. p. 429.



Both Colonel Chesney and Captain Allen, by independent calculations, estimate the cost of entirely clearing the inner harbor by manual labor at about £30,000; but Captain Allen thinks that, by making use of the appliances left by the ancients to aid in the operations of nature, both the expense and labor would be greatly reduced. Enough remains of the work of Seleucus Nicator to justify the belief that its restoration could be accomplished without much labor or cost.

Such a harbor as this would be indispensable to the success of Colonel Chesney's project. Indeed, any Syrian or Mesopotamian railroad would require a good harbor at its terminus on the Mediterranean. At first, however, Colonel Chesney proposes to open his route by using temporarily the harbor of Iskanderun, or Alexandretta, on the Gulf of Iskanderun, which sets up into the sharp angle where Syria and Asia Minor join at the Bay of Issus. This is merely an open roadstead, and passengers and goods must be landed in small boats or lighters. Moreover, the coast is so infested with malaria from the adjacent marshes, that this could never become the permanent port for European commerce. Colonel Chesney proposes, however, to use the railway to Trieste and

the Austrian steamers to Iskanderun, where they now touch. From Iskanderun it is but 110 miles to Beles on the Euphrates. This journey he would accomplish by means of camels, or, as between Cairo and Suez, by vans, with frequent relays of horses. From Beles to Bassorah small steamers would ply on the Euphrates. Bitumen is abundant and cheap for fuel. The rapids can be ascended by steam, allowing sixteen days from Bassorah to Beles, a distance of 1,030 miles. By this route the distance from London to Bombay would be reduced to 4,800 miles, which Colonel Chesney computes at nineteen days, though the return route up the river would be longer. The railroad would reduce the time by one day. The distance by the Red Sea is 5,200 miles, 420 miles longer; that by the Cape of Good Hope, 10,790. The Eastern Steam Navigation Company are building steamers of great size and strength, propelled by both the screw and paddles, which it is expected will make the voyage to India in about thirty-two days. This, however, is problematical. The relative speed of such gigantic steamers has not been fairly tested. Their rates of freight must of course be higher than those of sailing-vessels, since their relative capacity will be less, while their first cost and their expenses out of port will be far greater. In the transportation of passengers and mails, they could not compete in time or in convenience with the route by the Euphrates; and therefore they may be left out of the account in estimating the feasibility of that route. But, on the other hand, the business of the Euphrates line would be almost exclusively the carrying of passengers and the mails. Three transshipments, namely, from the steamer to the railroad at Seleucia, from the cars to the small river-steamers at Bir, and from these again to the gulf-steamers at Bassorah, would be an additional tax, even upon goods whose bulk is in the smallest proportion to their value. The rates of freight also, upon a route combining so many agencies, and requiring such frequent changes, must be far too high for the ordinary demands of commerce. Besides, what freight could be carried by steamers measuring only 130 feet by 20, and of 25 horse power?

The question then arises, What advantage would this pro-

posed route offer above the present overland route by Suez? None at all, in respect either of time or of expense. The small difference of 420 miles in favor of the Euphrates route would be counterbalanced by the greater number of changes and the delays incident to the navigation of the river. But in a political point of view a second line of communication with the Indies is of immense importance to Great Britain. Egypt lies too near Algeria, too near the feet of France, to be the main dependence of English trade and travel to the East. In the event of a war with France, the overland communication of England with India might be entirely cut off. Had Russia gained possession of Constantinople, the Eastern trade of England by that route would have been at the mercy of two powerful and jealous rivals. It is indispensable to the commercial ascendency of England in the East, and even to the preservation of her Indian colonies, that she should open another route to India more immediately under her own control. In the event of war with France, her mails would be brought to Aleppo, and thence by Austrian steamers to Trieste, or up the Danube, while Egypt might be impracticable. Hence the importance to England of a good understanding with Turkey and Persia. Hence, also, the incessant intrigues of Russia to undermine English influence with those governments. Russia herself has a project for a railroad from Bushire on the Persian Gulf, over mountains and morasses, to Astrabad, at the head of the Caspian Sea. The war in the Crimea was quite as much a struggle for India as for Turkey, and there may be truth in the surmise that France, having gained enough of glory in the assault of Sevastopol, was not unwilling that the glory of England should be tarnished by the fall of Kars. For these reasons, we think it highly probable that a railroad will eventually be opened from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. The steam-fleets of Victoria will crowd the waters where the golden barge of Cleopatra, with its silken sails, wooed Antony to the soft dalliances of love; the puff of the locomotive will disturb the shades of Daphne, and waken the echoes of Taurus and Libanus; and the iron bands of Manchester will girdle the fallen empire of Semiramis.

The second route proposed for Indian commerce, as we proceed southward on the map, may be introduced by an episode of personal recollections.

In the spring of 1853, it happened to us to be detained ten days at Akaba,* awaiting the pleasure of the redoubtable Sheikh Hussein for an escort to Petra. By a convention of the various tribes of Arabia Petræa, each tribe has the exclusive right of convoy for travellers within its own district, unless a lack of camels and other necessaries for the escort should compel the assistance of a neighboring tribe. The *Tor* Arabs, by far the most tractable of the sons of the desert, may conduct travellers from Cairo *via* Suez to Mount Sinai, and thence to Akaba, or to any point on a line with Akaba and Suez, — as, for example, to the small military post of Nukhl in mid-desert; or from Akaba may escort them directly to Suez and Cairo. But to visit Petra, one must put himself at Akaba under the escort of the *Alouin*, the most fierce and extortionate of the *Bedouin* Arabs. Or if one would pass from Akaba *via* Nukhl, or from Sinai directly to Gaza or Hebron, he must contract in mid-desert with yet another tribe, the *Teéaha*, having jurisdiction from the great Hadj route northward to the confines of Palestine.

A few days before our arrival at Akaba, the sheikh of the *Alouin* had set out for Mecca to escort a son of the Pacha of Egypt upon his pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet. A messenger, whom we despatched upon a fleet dromedary, overtook the caravan, and brought back word that in ten days the sheikh would return and escort us to Petra; and so, dismissing our faithful *Tors*, we pitched our tents under the palm-grove that skirts the head of the Ælanitic Gulf. For twelve days we had measured the march of the sun across the bald peaks and arid wastes of Idumæa, before the wild monarch of those regions deigned to give us an audience. Then, appearing in his costliest silks, armed with huge horse-pistols and a spear twelve feet in length, the withered, sinewy, sharp-eyed Hussein, the old wizard of the desert, haughtily announced to us that he could not be responsible for our safe-

* "The Pass," or "Defile."

conduct either to Petra or to Hebron, on account of border frays, — a fact of which he was perfectly aware when he sent us his first promise, — but offered to convey us to Nukhl for about twice as much as our dismissed *Tors* would have charged, and at the same time demanded an enormous *backshish* for the time he had consumed in coming to meet us! It was vain to fret at such imposition, or to grieve at turning our backs upon the city of the clefts; to hurry away from Akaba was our only resource.

Yet, bating our chagrin at being outwitted by a scrawny old Arab, those twelve days on the Ælanitic Gulf were days of pleasure and profit. The place of our encampment, indeed, had no attractions but those of natural scenery and of historical associations. At the head of the gulf is a little collection of rude and dirty hovels grouped about a stone fort, which, since the days of Mohammed Ali, has been occupied by the government of Egypt as a symbol of its authority over the Bedouins. A company of Mississippi volunteers or Kentucky rangers, with a single piece of artillery, could storm this fort in half an hour; but it suffices for the protection of caravans and the preservation of order in these desert regions. A row of palm-trees skirts the semicircular head of the gulf, for about two miles;* and gardens of onions, cucumbers, and like products of a light, sandy soil, present a cheering aspect to eyes wearied with the nakedness of the desert. The mountains of Idumæa sweep boldly down from the north almost to the head of the gulf, whence they defile along its eastern shore in broken summits, some of which rise almost perpendicularly two thousand feet, and, shelving over the sea, break the coast into a succession of promontories and ravines. The western coast is lined with the mountains of Et Tih and of the Sinai group, alternating with wadys that give passage to torrents and afford shelter for flocks. The Gulf of Akaba, the ancient *Sinus Ælanites*, is about a hundred miles long, with an average breadth of thirteen miles. It abounds in coral reefs† and bold, rocky promontories; and for want of

* This is supposed to be the site of *Elath*, — "the place of trees," or "the Palm-trees," at the head of the gulf.

† These submarine forests of red coral are supposed to have given to this sea the

harbors, its navigation is far more difficult and hazardous for sailing-vessels of modern build than it was for the small craft of ancient commerce. These could make a harbor behind reefs upon which a modern ship would be dashed in pieces. The neck of this gulf, or its outlet into the Red Sea, is narrow, and when it is safely passed, a ship must often beat all the way up to Akaba against the wind that sucks down through the Ghor. Yet through this narrow fork of the Red Sea was borne no small part of the commerce of India with Tyre in the days of Solomon. David having extended his conquests to the Ælanitic Gulf, Solomon built the two ports of *Elath* and *Eziongeber* near its head. From these ports, says Milman, "a fleet manned by Tyrians sailed for Ophir, their East Indies, as Tarshish was their West. . . . . The whole maritime commerce, with Eastern Asia, the southern shores of the Arabian peninsula, the coasts of the Persian Gulf, and without doubt some parts of India, entered the Red Sea, and was brought to Elath and Eziongeber." A single voyage yielded 450 talents of gold (computed at $17,000,000), and silver was in Jerusalem as stones, and cedar-trees as sycamores. Jehoshaphat afterwards lost his fleet in this same gulf. "His ships were broken, that they were not able to go to Tarshish"; and with him perished the navy and the commerce of the Jews. Under Joram, the Edomites finally regained their independence. By the growth of ports on the Arabian Gulf, the harbors of the Ælanitic Gulf fell into disuse.* But so late as the twelfth century, the Crusaders seized Elath, which was wrested from them again by Saladin, who transported his ships from Cairo on camels.

Often in our daily walks near the ruins of these ancient ports would we pause and look wistfully up the Ghor that stretches from Akaba to the Dead Sea, longing to explore this mysterious rift in company with a competent geologist

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name "Sea of Weeds" among the Hebrews, and the later name of Red Sea. "Rubrum mare et totus orientis oceanus refertus est sylvis." — Pliny, XIII. 25.

* "The two gulfs seem, like Castor and Pollux, to have risen and set alternately. Now there is not a single boat upon Akaba from end to end. Once a year, and once only, boats come round from Suez to Akaba with provisions for the Mecca pilgrims; at all other times it is desolate as the wilderness." — Stanley, Sinai and Palestine, p. 83.

and engineer, and to settle the question whether the Jordan did ever find by this channel its outlet to the sea. Often did we see in fancy the fleets of Solomon returning from Ophir with treasures of gold and jewels, of natural history and of art, while the caravans waited where we stood, to bear the rich freight to Jerusalem. Often did we speculate upon the fall of Egypt, of Idumæa, of Judæa, and the decline of Arabia in commerce, and wonder whether the nations that India now enriches would one day be buried in oblivion. But we did not dream that a bold adventurer was even then at work upon a gigantic scheme, that should solve at once all questions of geology and of empire by emptying the Gulf of Akaba into the Dead Sea, and both into the Mediterranean, to make a highway for her Majesty's fleets from India to England. Yet such a projector is found in Captain William Allen of the British navy. This gentleman, having visited the Jordan and the Dead Sea, thus describes the impression made upon him by the peculiar configuration of that region.

"It immediately flashed across my mind, that Providence has here almost furnished industrious nations, at a time when growing intercourse is seeking for improved channels of communication, with the means of constructing a noble canal between the two seas which contain the storehouses of the elements of produce and skill, which it is so desirable should be brought nearer together.

"Nature has, in fact, performed for us the greater part of the work, in a stupendous cutting of some two hundred miles in length, and separated from a sea at either end by a barrier apparently slight; at the north, namely, the alluvial plain of Esdraëlon, already deeply furrowed by the brook Kishon, which might be cut through at very little expense, the required length of the cutting being about twenty-five miles only.

"At the other end, if the hypothesis of the 'dried-up strait' should prove to be correct, the distance for the required canal would not be greater, and the depth of the cutting *may* be small. This, however, is mere conjecture. The truth can be ascertained only by a careful survey of the localities.

"If they should be found practicable, the operation might be very much facilitated by making use of the immense weight and force of back-water of the two oceans; if not as a cutting power, at all events to carry into the abyss or depression the earth, &c. which could be

loosened by the liberal use of gunpowder, saving thereby nearly the whole trouble of digging and carrying away.

"Communication being thus established by canals sufficiently broad and deep, the rushing in of the two seas would restore the *now* Dead Sea to its ancient level, and convert it into the active channel of intercourse between Europe and Asia; the whole bulky commerce of which might then pass through this canal, instead of taking the circuitous route of the Cape of Good Hope, shortening the voyage between England and India to the time in which it is performed by the overland route. The canal route is indeed a little longer; but they would be equalized by the time taken by the transit through Egypt."

Captain Allen conjectures that the Wady Arabah is a "dried-up strait," having originally "joined the basin of the Dead Sea with that of the Gulf of Akaba"; and that coral reefs, such as now line the Gulf of Akaba, here accumulated sand-drifts from the adjacent desert, and finally choked up the strait. This conjecture brings us upon the disputed ground of the geological structure of the lower Ghor. The water-shed of the Arabah is conjectured to be about midway between Akaba and the basin of the Dead Sea. The summit level is placed by imperfect measurement at about 600 feet above the level of the Gulf of Akaba; and by carrying this line of level to the bed of the upper Jordan, it will be seen at a glance that that river could hardly have had its outlet by this channel.* The lower portion of the Ghor is lined with granitic rocks like the Sinaic group; and above these are the calcareous rocks of Idumæa and Et Tih. It would be necessary, therefore, to cut through a bed of rock and sand at some points 600 feet in thickness. Captain Allen counts largely upon the back-water of the oceans to remove this mass of material, when loosened by gunpowder. But the rushing stream would force for itself an irregular channel, disfigured by rocks and sand-banks; and the only safe course would be to remove by manual labor and machinery the entire mass of obstruction from the bed of the canal. For this labor for 80

* The level of the Gulf of Akaba is thirty-five feet above the Mediterranean. The latest theory is, that "the whole valley, from the base of Hermon to the Red Sea, was once an arm of the Indian Ocean, which has gradually subsided, leaving the three lakes in its bed, with their connecting river." — Sinai and Palestine, p. 285.

miles, at a mean depth of at least 100 feet by 100 feet in width, the enthusiastic projector has given no estimates. He relies mainly upon what nature has done to furnish the walls of his canal. "The valley of the Ghor is a vast longitudinal crevasse in calcareous and volcanic rocks, extending from the southern roots of Libanus and Anti-Libanus to the Gulf of Akaba, from 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep, and from one to eight miles broad."* This great depression "is bordered on either side by mountain ranges several hundred feet above the level of the ocean. Those on the west are continuous from Mount Hermon through the Belka and Shera ranges to the shores of the Red Sea. On the west, commencing also by a spur from the same Mount Hermon or Anti-Lebanon, there are the mountains of Gilboa, those of Judæa, and the high land of the Desert of Tyh. This wall of mountains reaches also to the shores of the Gulf of Akaba and the Red Sea, by the Sinaic range. In this whole extent there is but one break, which is found between the lesser Hermon and Mount Gilboa; namely, the celebrated plain of Esdraëlon. In crossing this, I ascertained, approximately, its elevation above the level of the Mediterranean to be only about 120 feet by the aneroid barometer."†

Using the bed of the brook Kishon, Captain Allen proposes to cut a canal from Acre to the Jordan, crossing the plain of Esdraëlon by the old Ishmaelitish route and the battle-field of Saul, between the lesser Hermon and Gilboa; thus halving Palestine by an inland sea, and submerging the ruins of Ahab's capital at Jezreel. Here again he relies upon the back-water from the ocean to deepen the rocky channel of the Kishon, and to furrow a canal nearly forty miles in length, a hundred feet in width, and in some parts two hundred feet in depth. This accomplished, the canal would enter the Jordan at right angles at Bethshan, the rising flood would cover the rapids and sinuosities of that stream, and bring it to the level of the Mediterranean; while the water of the Gulf of Akaba, pouring into the Dead Sea from the excavated Ghor, would raise that to the same level.

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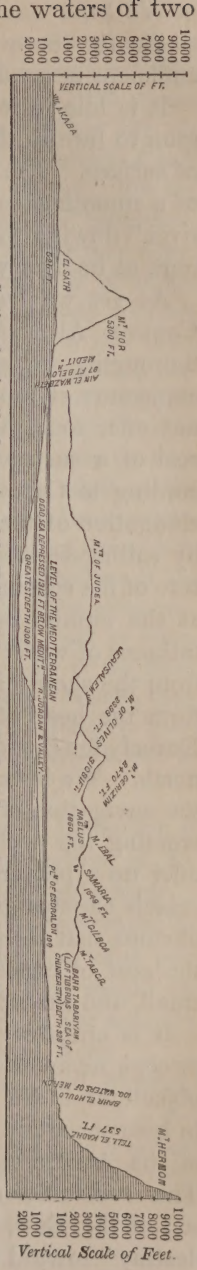
* Newbold. † Allen, Vol. I. p. 338.

Captain Allen takes it for granted that the waters of two oceans thus loosed from their bounds would flow in the channel that he has indicated. He makes no account of lateral pressure, of irregularities of surface, or of the evaporation of the Dead Sea, which now counterbalances all the water of the Jordan. It does not follow, indeed, as a late writer argues, that, "if the Dead Sea were increased to five or six times its superficial area, it would require four or five such rivers as the Jordan, in addition to that, to supply the deficiency";* for the evaporation of the Dead Sea is augmented by the configuration of its basin, which forms a caldron for the concentrated rays of the sun. Yet the volume of the proposed canal must be greatly increased to balance the waste by evaporation. There is more reason in the suggestion of the same writer as to the volume of water requisite to bring up the level of the Dead Sea. "If a passage were only opened of say 100 feet in width by 30 in depth below the level of the sea, the water that would pass through would not fill up the basin of the Dead Sea in 100 or indeed 1,000 years. Assuming the dimensions and depths above given, we may calculate the number of cubic yards of water that would be required; and taking the discharge of the Mississippi at 30,000 cubic yards a second, and of the Niagara at about half that quantity, it is easy to see that it would take the first-named river about two and a half years, the last-named five years, to bring up the Dead Sea to the level of the other seas."


VERTICAL SCALE OF FT.
10000 9000 8000 7000 6000 5000 4000 3000 2000 1000 0 1000 2000
M.T. HOR 4500 FT.
DEAD SEA
LEVEL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN
M.TS OF JUDEA
M.TS OF GILEAD
M.TS OF EDOM
M.T. HERMON
Vertical Scale of Feet.

Section showing the depression of the Valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and the Wady el Araba.

* Edinburgh Review, No. CCIX. p. 126.

We have not taken pains to verify these startling conclusions; for the other objections which we have to present are sufficient to condemn the project.

It is idle to rely upon the natural configuration of the region to furnish the walls of the canal. There is no regularity of surface. The result of this would probably be, that, instead of a smooth canal of uniform dimensions, we should have "a river" flowing through this great inland sea, with its own current, at its own will.

As yet we have no practical data by which to judge of Captain Allen's scheme. No part of the route has been thoroughly surveyed, and no estimate is given, not even a conjecture of the cost of the work. Indeed, the project does not offer to capitalists a sufficient inducement to incur the cost of a survey; for even if the canal could be opened according to Captain Allen's theory, it would give us only an elongation of the Gulf of Akaba, totally unfit for navigation by sailing-vessels. Captain Allen makes it a principal feature of his scheme, that harbors could be so easily constructed at the termini of the canal in the two seas. At Acre, five fathoms of water are found at a distance of six hundred yards from the shore; and the same depth is reached at half a mile from the head of the Gulf of Akaba. But "the storm-wind Euroclydon" would still sweep down the long gully from the north. We have seen what perils have always encompassed the navigation of this arm of the Red Sea. It is said that, in crossing the neck of the Gulf of Akaba, "the Arabs always offer up a prayer for their safety." But if only steamers or vessels assisted by steam-tugs could navigate this canal, it is obvious that its revenues would never pay the interest upon the cost of construction. The gain to commerce would be small, and the advantage to travel absolutely nothing.

It is amusing to notice with what facility Captain Allen sweeps away the political, social, economical, and religious objections to his scheme; and how thoroughly English he is in his conception of the design of the Creator in the structure of the Asiatic continent as a market for Manchester goods. This self-sufficiency of our Transatlantic brethren upon the soil of the East, is a fair counterpoise to our own "manifest destiny" toward the South and West.

"The execution of a project so vast," observes Captain Allen, "could not of course be carried on without some sacrifices; but these will be trifling when compared with the magnitude of the advantages to be derived in exchange. For instance, a large portion, some 2,000 square miles, of the territories belonging to our faithful and gallant ally, his Highness the Sultan, will be submerged; together with a city of perhaps some thousands of inhabitants, and some Arab villages. But the territory is useless, being for the most part incapable of cultivation, especially the Southern Ghor or Wady Arabah. The Northern Ghor, or valley of the Jordan, has some fertility, of which but little advantage is taken by the wandering tribes of Arabs, who capriciously cultivate small portions of it here and there. The city of Tiberias is a filthy heap of ruined buildings, hemmed in between the lake and steep barren mountains, from which a forced removal to a fertile and adjacent neighborhood would be a blessing to the debased, apathetic, and wretched inhabitants. The villages consist of mud-huts, temporary by their nature, or of tents which are intentionally so. From all these the occupants derive little advantage, and his Highness less revenue. Their condition, besides, might be immensely improved by the activity and trade which would be stimulated through the navigation of the canal by ships of all nations; and the Sultan would draw great revenues by transit dues where he now receives nothing; and as remuneration for the loss of this unprofitable territory, some of the finest countries of the world, the early seats of population — namely, those of the Rephaim, the Zuzim, and the Emim, the trans-Jordanic provinces, so judiciously chosen by some tribes of the Jews — would be rendered easy of access by the proposed canal."

The Captain ignores the fact that the plain of Esdraëlon is the richest portion of Palestine, and that the regions of Tiberias and of Jericho * were once, and might again become, a fertile garden. The political influence of his improvement he proposes to guard by placing his canal under the joint protection of England, France, and Turkey; as if he would cement the alliance of these powers by washing out the memory of the battle of Mount Tabor and of the siege of Acre.

The religious prejudices of Jews, Christians, and Moham-

* Josephus says of the plain of Jericho: "There is scarcely a clime to be found throughout the habitable globe comparable to this, so manifold are the returns from the seed sown, — a circumstance attributable, in my opinion, to the warmth of the air, and to the fertilizing properties of the water." De Bello Judaico, IV. 3.

medans he disposes of in the same summary manner. Of the first he remarks: —

"The Jews would possibly object strongly to the loss of Tiberias, which is one of the four holy cities; but they are strangers from Russia, Poland, &c., who have no property in it, and come there in the hope of seeing the Messiah rise out of the lake, which is a general expectation among them, though on what authority it is not known. I sketched one old man, who was anxiously watching on the shore when the spray was dashing up, in the evident hope of seeing Him rise. If such is really the general belief of the Jews, they must consider it as a miracle, and of course it could not be impeded by a few fathoms more or less in the depth of the sea; consequently, they cannot urge any valid objection to this result, though they may not like to see the filthy city which they hold to be sacred submerged and lost for ever."

Possibly the Jews might even regard the Captain as their Messiah, — according to the prediction of Zechariah, that in his day "living waters shall go out from Jerusalem, half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea," — an interpretation which we suggest to literalists. The prejudices of Christian pilgrims the Captain proposes to subdue by a line of steamers from Jerusalem to the pure sources of the Jordan; and those of Mohammedans, by steamers to Medina. For ourselves we believe that the hallowed associations of Palestine will remain for ever undisturbed; that Tabor and Carmel, Hermon and Gilboa, the river Kishon and the Lake of Galilee, will witness to all coming ages the most memorable events in the religious history of man, and that till the end of time the Dead Sea will bear its silent but awful testimony to the retributive justice of God.

The third route proposed for the commerce of Europe with the Indies is by a ship-canal connecting the waters of the Mediterranean with those of the Red Sea at Suez. This project is given with much detail in the *exposé* of M. Ferd. de Lesseps, published in the *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages* for September, 1855. Acting under a firman from Mohammed-Saïd, the present viceroy of Egypt, M. de Lesseps undertook the exploration of the Isthmus of Suez, assisted by the French engineers Linant Bey and Mougel Bey,

who have constructed the most important hydraulic works of Modern Egypt. The exploration was made during the months of December and January, 1854–55, and the report was submitted to the government of Egypt in the following March.

Two routes were proposed to the engineers for their examination, — the one a direct route from Suez to the ancient embouchure of the Nile in the Pelusian Gulf; the other a circuitous route, crossing the Nile and terminating at Alexandria. The latter route is recommended by M. M. Talabot, the engineer who represented France in the international commission appointed in 1847 to explore the Isthmus of Suez.* The canal would leave the Red Sea at a point a few miles below Suez, where a harbor could easily be constructed, then, striking the line of the ancient canal from the Red Sea to the Nile, it would cross that river a few miles below Cairo, and thence be carried close upon the line of cultivation to the harbor of Alexandria. The Nile would be crossed by an aqueduct having four locks at each end, each lock 330 feet long by 70 wide and 30 in depth, to be supplied by steam-power with water from the river.

The alleged advantages of this route over the direct route to Pelusium are, that for 135 miles it would follow the bed of the old canal, and that it would have, for little cost, a good harbor both on the Red Sea and at Alexandria on the Mediterranean. It is advocated with great earnestness by M. Talabot in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*†

But the objections to this route, as set forth by M. de Lesseps, and in an article of the *Moniteur* (Juillet 6, 1855), seem to us insurmountable. A summary of those objections only can be presented here. The length of the indirect route (256 miles) would be nearly three times that of the direct, and its cost in the same proportion. By this route the canal must cross the Nile at some point below the barrage, where the river at its maximum measures upwards of 6,000 feet in breadth. But the channel of the Nile, even at the maximum of the rise in

* This commission was composed of Messrs. Stephenson for England, Talabot for France, and Negrelli for Austria.

† Mars et Mai, 1855.

the river, is never more than fifteen feet in depth; whereas a ship canal would require a depth of twenty-six feet. If the river should be dredged by a transverse channel to the depth of thirty feet, it would be impossible to keep this free from the immense deposits of alluvion brought down from Nubia by the rising Nile. Even if this choking of the channel could be provided against, the difficulty of crossing with sails, and against baffling winds, a current of four miles an hour, would be fatal to such transverse navigation. The stupendous project of crossing the Nile by an aqueduct thirty feet in depth, and raised sixty feet above the low-water level of the river, comports better with the despotic lavishness of human labor in the age of Cheops, than with the practical economy of the nineteenth century after Christ. That may well be postponed till Lepsius shall have identified the mummy of the builder of the pyramids, and extorted his secret from the hieroglyphics of his sepulchre.

The injury of such a canal to the present system of canals for the irrigation of Lower Egypt, the interruption it would cause to the ordinary navigation of the Nile, and the serious changes it would effect in the port of Alexandria, would be conclusive against it, even if the above-named obstacles could be overcome. The Delta is everywhere traversed by artificial canals used for conveying the surplus waters of the inundation to every part of the cultivable land. This network of canals would be seriously damaged by the construction of a ship-canal across their beds, though the whole amount of water pumped up from the river to feed the locks would be returned to it at the opposite extremity of the aqueduct. The multitudes of dahabiehs that now cover the surface of the Nile, laden with produce and merchandise, would be seriously impeded by a ship-channel crossing the bed of the river.

The other or direct route contemplates the opening of a canal from Suez to the ancient Pelusium by way of the lakes Amers and Timsah. The advantages of this route are thus set forth in the memoir of M. de Lesseps:—

"The Isthmus of Suez is a narrow tongue of land, whose two extremes are Pelusium and Suez. It forms for the space of thirty leagues a longitudinal depression, caused by the intersection of two

plains which descend by a gradual slope, the one from Egypt, the other from the first hillocks of Arabia Petræa. Nature seems to have traced in this line a communication between the two seas.

"The geological aspect of the land suggests the idea that the sea once covered the valley of the isthmus. We find there large basins, of which the principal is called the *Amers* lakes, which still bear palpable traces of the action of the waters of the sea. These lakes offer, in the first place, a natural passage already prepared for a canal, and a reservoir of 330,000,000 metres in surface for feeding it.

"Lake Timsah, situated at equal distance from Suez and Pelusium, would become the natural port of the canal, where ships might find everything necessary for supplies and repairs, and, in case of need, a depot for merchandise."

All along this line from Suez to Pelusium the soil is light, and could be easily removed by hand or by dredging machines. The objection that the canal would soon be filled in by sand-drifts, M. de Lesseps rebuts with the statement, that in 1855 the engineers found distinct traces of all the encampments of the engineers who preceded them in 1847; that vegetation in the moist region of Lake Timsah maintains its place; and that the mounds of the old canal of the Caliphs and the Pharaohs, and other remains of antiquity dating back two and three thousand years, still exist upon the surface of the soil. Indeed, we think it altogether likely that the closing of the old canal of Suez was owing to the endless shifting of the government, rather than to the shifting of the sands. The movable "downs" in the vicinity of Lake Timsah are said to change form rather than place, and M. Lesseps argues, from the successful engineering upon similar lands at Bordeaux, that these can be fixed artificially, especially as the sand is uniformly humid at a few feet below the surface.

As regards the entrance to the canal, M. de Lesseps admits that it would be necessary on the Mediterranean side to build into the sea 6,000 metres, or nearly five miles, to find a depth of twenty-five feet. Captain Allen asserts, that, in order to reach five-fathom water, it would be necessary to build out the dykes of the canal five miles into the sea. But the engineers of the Egyptian survey quote as examples the dykes of Cherbourg, 3,768 metres long in fifteen metres of water, the

breakwater at Plymouth, 1,364 metres long in eleven metres of water, the dyke of Delaware, 1,200 metres in fourteen of water, and that of the Bay of the Lion at the Cape of Good Hope, where the breakwater is said to be 8,000 metres in length, with a depth of more than sixteen metres. The existence of this latter work is denied by a writer in the Edinburgh Review.

The objection that an outlet at Pelusium would be liable to deposits of alluvion from the Nile, is met by the engineers with the assertion, that the Egyptian seaboard is not perceptibly affected by earthy matters held in suspension by the waters of the Nile, but is covered solely with marine deposits, and that even these have long since ceased to accumulate on the Pelusian shore. Indeed, the ruins of Pelusium can still be traced where Strabo described the city fifty years before Christ, at twenty stadia from the sea. Wilkinson states that "the remains there consist of mounds, and a few broken columns." The place is now called *Teeneh*.

We cannot but think that M. de Lesseps underrates the effect of the alluvial deposits of the Nile, in his anxiety to make out a case. Herodotus noticed, that, at the distance of one day's sail from Egypt, the lead would bring up mud in eleven fathoms water; and he conjectured that the whole delta was once a bay of the sea, which in the course of ages was filled up by the alluvial deposits of the Nile.* Since the year 1243, the delta of the Nile has advanced a mile at Damietta; and the same at Foah since the fifteenth century. Still it does not now form so rapidly, in consequence of the great accumulation. "The quantity of sediment annually brought down by the Ganges amounts to 6,368,077,440 tons, or sixty times more than the weight of the great pyramid in Egypt. The delta at the mouth of the Mississippi is several hundred miles long, and has advanced several leagues into the Gulf of Mexico since the settlement of New Orleans. It contains two thousand seven hundred and twenty cubic miles of matter." †

The best data concerning the delta of the Nile, as condensed by Sir Charles Lyell, lead to the following conclusions: —

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* Book II. 5 – 12.

† Hitchcock, Geology of the Globe, p. 115.

"In consequence of the gradual rise of the river's bed, the annual flood is constantly spreading over a wider area, and the alluvial soil encroaches on the desert. . . . . For this reason, the alluvial deposit does not cause the delta to protrude rapidly into the sea. It has made small progress in the last 2,000 years. . . . . The most careful analysis of the Nile mud shows a singularly close resemblance in the proportions of the ingredients of silica, alumina, iron, carbon, lime, and magnesia, and those observed in ordinary mica; but a much larger quantity of calcareous matter is sometimes present. . . . . Nothing but the finest and lightest ingredients reach the Mediterranean. . . . . The depth of the Mediterranean is about twelve fathoms at a small distance from the shore of the delta; it afterwards increases gradually to fifty, and then suddenly descends to 380 fathoms, which is, perhaps, the original depth of the sea where it has not been rendered shallower by fluviatile matter." *

An argument for the feasibility of M. de Lesseps's plan is founded upon the fact, that anciently the Isthmus of Suez was pierced by a canal, which after several centuries was closed, partly through neglect and partly from considerations of political expediency. If we may credit Strabo, the great Sesostris, whom Wilkinson and Lepsius suppose to be the same as Ramesses II., built a canal connecting the Nile with the Red Sea. "It commenced about 12 miles to the northeast of the modern town of Belbeys, and after following a direction nearly east for about 33 miles, it turned to the south-southeast, and continued about 63 more in that line to the extremity of the Arabian Gulf." The proof of its great antiquity is thus stated by Wilkinson: "Though filled with sand, its direction is still easily traced, as well from the appearance of its channel, as from the mounds and vestiges of ancient towns upon its banks, in one of which I found a monument bearing the sculptures and name of Ramesses II., — the more satisfactory, as being a strong proof of its having existed at least as early as the reign of that monarch." † Lepsius confirms this view. He says: "This canal was undoubtedly cut by Ramesses (Sesostris), because in the neighboring ruins of Abu Keshêb a granite group has been found which represents this king, and which must have stood in the temple of the place." ‡ In

* Principles of Geology, p. 262.

† Wilkinson, Vol. I. pp. 69, 71.

‡ Egypt, Ethiopia, and Sinai, p. 441.

the seventh century before Christ, that commercial Pharaoh, *Necho*, who kept large fleets upon both the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and who well-nigh circumnavigated Africa, commenced re-opening this canal, but desisted, says Herodotus, upon a warning from the oracle that he was laboring for the barbarians; that is, would give facility to the invasions of an enemy. Herodotus and Diodorus make this Pharaoh the projector of the canal; but it is evidently of much higher antiquity. "After the time of the Ptolemies and Cæsars," to use the condensed statement of Wilkinson, "it was again neglected, and suffered to go to decay; but on the revival of trade with India, this line of communication from the Red Sea to the Nile was once more proposed, the canal was re-opened by the Caliphs, and it continued to be used and kept in repair till the commerce of Alexandria was ruined by the discovery of the passage round the Cape."*

Here, then, is a fact of great importance in any calculations for a canal from Suez to the Mediterranean; namely, a canal more than 100 miles long, more than 100 feet broad,† and 40 in depth, did once exist upon the isthmus. True, this canal connected the Red Sea with the Nile, and therefore gives no clew to the nature of the harbor at Pelusium. But the restored canal of Ptolemy Philadelphus followed the line proposed by M. de Lesseps, from the Gulf of Suez to the Bitter Lakes. This canal was 100 feet wide and 40 deep. That monarch also constructed an artificial sluice, probably at the point where the sea entered, where he also built the town Arsinoë. What has been done may be done. The disuse of this canal was the result, not of natural obstacles, but of the decaying and changing government of Egypt.

So far, then, as the surface of the country is concerned, we believe that the project of M. de Lesseps is feasible. He estimates the cost of the canal, and of the two harbors on the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, at 185,000,000 francs, or $37,000,000. This is no doubt an under-estimate. The Red Sea, once supposed to be 30 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, is now ascertained to have a mean level of only $2\frac{1}{2}$

* Vol. I. p. 71.

† Some say cubits; but Pliny says feet. Vol. VI. 533.

feet above that sea, which is barely sufficient to give a current to a canal 70 miles in length, but would be of no service in the work of excavation. Both labor and life are held so cheap in Egypt, that, wherever native labor would avail, the excavation could be conducted at the minimum of wages. But in blasting, and in building locks, piers, and harbors, European skill and labor would be in requisition. The great cost of the work would be in constructing harbors at Pelusium and Suez.

M. Lesseps estimates the receipts of the canal at 40,000,000 francs, or $8,000,000 per annum; but of this $2,000,000 is to be derived from the produce of lands adjacent to the canal, yet to be reclaimed and fertilized!

The danger to sailing-vessels in navigating the Red Sea, and the frequent delay in beating in and out of the Straits of Gibraltar, will be serious objections to the use of the canal by British East-Indiamen. Travel and the mails are already better accommodated by the railroad from Alexandria to Suez. Yet for large steamers carrying freight this canal would afford immense advantages, and we can hardly doubt that the project will one day be realized, but mainly in the interest of France and Austria. Egypt has been styled the "Holy Land of Commercial Freedom."

Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela thus describes the commerce of Alexandria in 1168:—

"The city is very mercantile, and affords an excellent market to all nations. People from all Christian kingdoms resort to Alexandria, from Valencia, Tuscany, Lombardy, Apulia, Amalfi, Sicilia, Rakovia, Catalonia, Spain, Roussillon, Germany, Saxony, Denmark, England, Flanders, Hainault, Normandy, France, Poitou, Anjou, Burgundy, Mediana, Provence, Genoa, Pisa, Gascony, Arragon, and Navarre. From the west you meet Mohammedans from Andalusia, Algarve, Africa, and Arabia, as well as from the countries towards India, Abyssinia, Nubia, Yemen, Mesopotamia, and Syria, besides Greeks and Turks. From India they import all sorts of spices, which are bought by Christian merchants. The city is full of bustle, and every nation has its own hostelry there." — *Travels*, Bohn, p. 128.

At the close of the last century, Alexandria had declined to the lowest stage of neglect; but the energy of Mohammed

Ali restored it to life, and it has once more become the leading port of the Mediterranean. The opening of the harbor of Pelusium would not materially affect the prosperity of Alexandria. The interior trade of Egypt would always create a considerable activity in her market, while the transit of mails and passengers by the Suez railroad would continue to enliven her streets and to give occupation for her citizens. The canal would be used by powerful steamers, or by East-Indiamen towed by steam.

M. de Lesseps has procured from the government of Egypt a charter for an international company with exclusive rights and privileges for the canalization of the Isthmus of Suez,* and a commission of engineers from France, England, Austria, Prussia, Holland, and Sardinia have gone to Egypt to survey the route. Their report will settle the whole question.†

Meantime, we of the United States may look calmly on, gradually pressing a railroad to the Pacific, multiplying our communications with California, establishing lines of steamers from San Francisco to Canton, and thus monopolizing a trade which no Eastern canal or railroad can divert from our

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* The principal terms of the firman are as follows: —

1. The company to bear the whole expense of the work.

2. The company to pay into the treasury of Egypt fifteen per cent, and to the original stockholders ten per cent, of the net revenue.

3. The Egyptian government to have supervision over its tariff of tolls, &c.

4. Perfect equality to the ships of all nations; exclusive privileges to none.

5. This grant holds for ninety-nine years from the day of opening the canal.

6. All public lands necessary for the canal to be given gratuitously; and all uncultivated public lands which the company shall make fertile by irrigation shall become the property of the company.

The company has also the right to tax all persons using the water of the canal for irrigation, the right to use all necessary materials from the state quarries, and the free entry of all machines and materials of construction.

† The commissioners of the several governments appointed to explore the route recommended by M. de Lesseps have not yet issued a public report. But we are assured from private sources, which we regard as perfectly reliable, that their judgment is so favorable to the plan of M. de Lesseps, that two thirds of the amount of stock has already been subscribed, and the feeding and irrigating canal from the Nile through Goshen will be dug, and the quarries opened, during the present year.

We understand also, that, by turning the mouth of the canal at the Mediterranean *westward*, five-fathom water can be reached with one half the extent of dyke originally contemplated.

grasp. Thus, while the empires of the Old World struggle, now with arms, now with diplomacy, and now with engineering, for ascendency in the East, we of this Western hemisphere, if only we are true to the principles of freedom, of peace, and of religion, shall appropriate to ourselves the wealth of the Indies and the dominion of the seas.

ART. IX. — *Surgical Reports and Miscellaneous Papers on Medical Subjects.* By GEORGE HAYWARD, M. D., President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, late Professor of Surgery in Harvard University, and Consulting Surgeon to the Massachusetts General Hospital. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 452.

THIS work is the third which has recently been published by retired Professors of the Medical School of Harvard University; and, with those of Doctors Bigelow and Jackson, it furnishes a pleasing opportunity for paying a just tribute to the medical science of Boston. We have been long accustomed to look upon Philadelphia and New York as the centres of medical publication in this country. Boston, noted for her skilful surgeons and physicians, produces comparatively few medical books; Philadelphia and New York, with no better materials, flood the country with their works on medicine and surgery. Boston writes little, but that little is original, practical, and the result of long experience; her sister cities write much, — too much perhaps, — in the form of translations, compilations, manuals, *guides to*, rather than the *results of*, practice.

The work of Dr. Bigelow has been noticed by us in a former number,* as exceedingly valuable and interesting, even to the general reader. Dr. Jackson's "Letters to a Young Physician" affords important aid to the practitioner, in language eminently clear and intelligible. The work of Dr. Hayward is more strictly intended for the profession, and

* April, 1855.

comes less than either of the others within the scope of a literary journal. Still, the examination of its most prominent features will be of advantage to the non-professional public, (if in no other way,) by enabling them to form a just idea of the duties, labors, and dangers of the surgeon in a large city. It will also give them much valuable information as to the structure of the human body, its laws of healthy and morbid action, and the means at the disposal of the surgeon for arresting disease, without affording that dangerous smattering of medical knowledge which, in these days, makes every one his own physician.

If anatomy has its poetry, physiology its sublime teachings, and medicine its lessons of Christian fortitude, surgery also has its romance and its humanity. The art of medicine is to a great degree experimental, empirical, and therefore unsatisfactory to the practical mind; its agents are mysterious in their action, oftentimes unknown in their composition, and complicated in their results; the relation of cause and effect can rarely be traced with clearness. The art of surgery, on the contrary, or chirurgery (hand-work), is eminently practical, dealing with realities exposed to the sight and touch, unobscured in many cases by the veil of interposed tissues; hence its greater certainty, its scientific claims, the satisfaction attending its practice, and its most memorable triumphs. But the triumphs of surgery consist in the *preservation*, not in the *removal*, of the human members. Though it removes the offending eye, that the entire body may not be darkened, or the useless limb, that the whole organism may not perish, it rejoices more over the one portion of the frame that has been saved, than over the ninety and nine that have been cast off. Dr. Hayward's book boasts not that limbs may be removed in forty seconds, but teaches the comparative danger of the various operations from carefully digested tables. There is nothing in it of the modern school of rapid and complicated operations, — of the "forlorn hope" of surgery; but everywhere the judicious counsel of long experience, commended by his manifest sympathy with the suffering, by his evident wish to improve the science rather than his own reputation as an operator, and by a sincere pursuit of the truth, naked and unadorned.

Dr. Hayward's book, though intended for the profession, is neither a treatise on surgery nor on medicine; it does not enter into any of the minutiæ of microscopic anatomy and pathology; it is simply a collection of "Surgical Reports, and Miscellaneous Papers on Medical Subjects," which have mostly been published before, and which are here brought together, to use the words of the Preface, "from a belief that some of them would be useful from the facts and tables they contain, and in the hope that all might be read with advantage by students and the younger members of the profession. It was even thought that they would perhaps be occasionally consulted by those somewhat advanced in practice, whose time was too much occupied to allow an examination of more extended works on the subjects of which they treat." The book is an embodiment of the author's individual experiences of forty years, unmixed with speculations and theories, either of his own or of others. A quality which merits special commendation, in these days of foreign phrases and smatterings, is its plain, unadulterated English, unobscured by Latin and Greek quotations, and undisfigured by the bad French and German by which the rising generation of medical writers simply mean to hint that they have made a schoolboy's Transatlantic voyage. We welcome his book, not only as a timely addition to positive medical knowledge, but as a valuable contribution on subjects of the first importance to every intelligent individual. Let us, then, glance at the contents of some of the chapters, indicating the points of interest and value, rather than entering into a discussion of questions somewhat out of place in a literary journal.

Under the unassuming title of "Reports," Dr. Hayward, in the first two chapters, notices the cases which entered the Massachusetts General Hospital for surgical treatment, during a period of two years. Among the diseases mentioned is erysipelas, once a great annoyance to the surgeon, seizing upon the most trifling wounds, and seriously threatening life. In consequence of improved ventilation, this has now become of rare occurrence in our hospital. Regarding it as a constitutional affection, he thinks very little of local applications; maintaining that it is no more reasonable to attempt to arrest

erysipelas by nitrate of silver applied externally, than it would be to essay the cure of measles, small-pox, or any other cutaneous manifestation of constitutional disease, by topical remedies. Brief and eminently practical remarks follow, on keeping the pieces of a broken jaw together by silver wire around the teeth; on the treatment of fractured thigh by extension and counter-extension by means of an improved Desault's apparatus and Amesbury's fracture-bed; on inflammation of the hernial sac, illustrated by four interesting cases; on amputation by the *circular* method, which no doubt is in many, if not in most cases, the best for the patient, notwithstanding Mr. Liston's unwarrantable and sweeping condemnation of this operation; on the treatment of burns, of various degrees of severity; on hip disease, with spontaneous dislocation, in which he sustains the correctness of his diagnosis of the latter complication, by his own cases and by the best authorities in surgery. In regard to the treatment of this painful disease, it should be remarked that extension and counter-extension, which have of late claimed the prestige of a new discovery, had been employed with success in this vicinity for many years.

The third chapter is a report to the American Medical Association on the "Radical Cure of Reducible Hernia." This disease is of such common occurrence, that it has been a desideratum of surgery for centuries to discover a radical cure. The most revolting and painful operations, as well as the most simple, have been tried and found insufficient. Now and then, some pretended discovery has been published; but all methods hitherto employed, whether openly or secretly practised, have signally failed in a large number of cases, while some have been successful under the most favorable circumstances. Bearing in mind that a temporary occlusion of the hernial opening is not a permanent cure, and that such partial relief has been obtained by several operations, the following conclusions of the committee will be accepted by every honest and ingenuous surgeon, viz.:—"1. That there is no surgical operation at present known which can be relied on, with confidence, to produce in all instances, or even in a large proportion of cases, a radical cure of reducible hernia. 2. That

they regard the operation of injection by the subcutaneous method as the safest and best. This will probably in some cases produce a permanent cure, and in many others will afford great relief. 3. That compression, when properly employed, is, in the present state of our knowledge, the most likely means of effecting a radical cure in the greatest number of cases."

A "Discourse on some of the Diseases of the Knee-joint" forms the fourth chapter. This is one of the most useful discourses ever delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society. The complex structure of the knee-joint, the obscurity of the symptoms, and the consequently doubtful diagnosis of the exact seat of these common and painful affections, render them very difficult of management. Unwilling to undergo the necessarily tedious treatment, many sufferers impatiently hurry to some ignorant bone-setter, under whose rude manipulations the part becomes more and more inflamed, (unless it happens to be a case in which every surgeon would recommend friction,) and amputation of a limb, which patience would have saved, becomes necessary for the preservation of life. His remarks in this chapter are especially valuable, as whatever he advances of a practical nature is the result of his own extensive experience.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is entitled "Statistics of the Amputations of Large Limbs that have been performed at the Massachusetts General Hospital, from its establishment to January 1, 1850." It is only within a few years that the statistics of amputations have attracted much attention. Some seventy years ago it was the prevailing opinion among surgeons that not more than one in twenty died on whom amputation was performed; now it has been ascertained that one out of four died in two thousand cases in civil practice in Great Britain, and one out of three in five thousand cases on the Continent. The only explanation of this startling discrepancy is, that formerly no records of the results of these operations were kept, and that the prevailing opinion was based on vague impressions. Statistics, with their inexorable figures, have shown that amputation is a formidable operation. During the period embraced in Dr. Hay-

ward's paper, 141 persons were operated on for the removal of large limbs, of whom 32 died; 85 of them for chronic disease, of whom 10 died; 56 in consequence of injury, of whom 22 died; being one in eight and a half of the former, and more than one in three of the latter. These results are very favorable, compared with those of the European hospitals. Surgeons are often accused of removing limbs which might be saved; there can be no doubt that, on the contrary, too long delay is a very frequent cause of death. The tables confirm the belief, that "amputation of the lower extremities is more often followed by fatal consequences than that of the upper, and that death takes place more frequently after amputation of the thigh than after that of the leg." They also support the opinion that a state of high health is not favorable to surgical operations, inasmuch as the mortality after amputation for recent accidents was much greater than after that for chronic diseases.

The statistics of amputations, and indeed of all the surgical operations, and of all the surgical diseases which have been treated in the Hospital from its foundation to the present time, have been recently combined into one volume. A glance at this will give information as to the sex, age, treatment, result, and duration, in each class of surgical cases, which otherwise would be attainable only after most tedious labor. The accumulated knowledge of thirty-five years' experience is thus made accessible to all, and, by its reliable statistical information, will probably, as in the case of amputations, do much towards correcting surgical errors.

Dr. Hayward's remarks on cases of amputation of a part of the foot are valuable, as descriptive of an operation new at the time (1816), and for which others have since claimed the priority. The advantages of the operation are, that, by sawing through the bones instead of amputating at the articulations, the patient may lose less of the foot, and have a better stump, while the process is less hazardous and painful. No exfoliation of the bones took place in either of the cases mentioned.

Dr. Hayward was one of the first in this country to perform the operation of division of tendons for the relief of lameness

and deformity. Tenotomy may be regarded as one of the greatest improvements of modern surgery, as deformities of a most painful and annoying character are thus removed by a very trifling operation, without a long confinement. When we reflect on the noble and wealthy persons who have carried club-feet, contracted limbs, and wry necks to their graves, having expended large sums of money and endured cheerfully the sufferings attendant on complicated apparatus for extension, and all in vain, we are prepared to admit that the bloodless, almost painless, subcutaneous division of the tendons is of inestimable advantage. Even in the time of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, this simple operation was unknown, or they would not have quietly submitted to their infirmity.

In the ninth chapter Dr. Hayward graphically describes his own sufferings from a wound received during a *post mortem* examination. It is well known that dissection-wounds are often followed by severe and even fatal consequences. Physicians have not infrequently fallen victims to seemingly trivial injuries from this cause, acting on a system worn down by professional fatigues and anxieties, — in the search for the hidden causes of death, with the hope of saving life in the future, laying down their own lives; while scars of incisions and punctures — honorable wounds obtained in battles with the great destroyer — adorn the persons of very many who have survived the fearful risk. The public should remember, that all who practise the healing art expose themselves to this danger, as there is no certain mode of guarding against it; and that the physician not only fearlessly braves the pestilential emanations of the living, from which even the nearest relatives shrink in alarm, but hazards his life amid the deadly results of decomposition. The knowledge of these facts should more than ever endear to every intelligent community the worthy members of this self-sacrificing profession. In Dr. Hayward's own case, the punctures made by some clean needles were infected by touching a portion of ulcerated intestine; and from these slight wounds arose an irritative fever, accompanied by gangrene and abscess in the hand, which kept him confined for a month.

The next chapter is a record of cases of operation for a

most painful and loathsome disease, the first successful case of which, in this country, was performed by Dr. Hayward. The proportion of cures is highly satisfactory, and greater than before known. He performed the operation twenty times on nine patients. In three cases it was entirely successful; in four, great relief was obtained; and in the remaining two, no benefit was derived. Other surgeons have attempted to deprive him of his just credit, and have lauded very highly methods of questionable originality, and practically not superior to his. At any rate, whether they are or are not superior, Dr. Hayward was the first to render the operation successful here, and his method has answered every reasonable expectation.

Another most interesting chapter is that on "Anæsthetic Agents." That most persons can be rendered insensible to the pain of surgical operations by inhaling the vapor of sulphuric ether is now beyond all question; and that it is perfectly safe, the hundreds of thousands of cases all over the civilized world, without a death which can fairly be attributed to its use, sufficiently attest. In some cases it has failed, and in others it has produced unpleasant effects, but never death. If it be not too long continued, and the vapor be duly mixed with atmospheric air, it will in most cases produce a state of *narcotism*, without the danger of *asphyxia*. We are warranted in saying that this remarkable property of sulphuric ether, of producing, by its inhalation, insensibility to pain, was discovered in Boston in 1846. Says Dr. Hayward: "It is understood that Dr. C. T. Jackson, well known by his great attainments in geology and chemistry, first suggested the use of ether; but to Dr. Morton, I think, must be awarded the credit of being the first who demonstrated, by actual experiment on the human subject, the existence of this wonderful property." As is usual in such cases, several persons have come forward, and averred that they had, at an earlier date, used ether in the same way, and with the same results. Of them Dr. Hayward justly says: "If they had done so, the world was none the wiser or better for it; and I cannot forbear adding that it is utterly inconceivable to me, that any one, who has witnessed its successful effects in a surgical op-

eration, could be so regardless of human suffering, and so indifferent to his own fame, as not to have promulgated them far and wide." The first proper surgical operations on persons under the influence of ether were performed at the Massachusetts General Hospital, on the 16th of October, 1846, by Dr. John C. Warren, and on the 17th, by Dr. Hayward, both with satisfactory results. On the 7th of November, Dr. Hayward amputated the thigh of a girl, twenty years of age, for chronic disease. This was the first capital operation ever performed under the influence of sulphuric ether. Since that time, the use of this agent has spread to the four quarters of the globe. It is remarkable that the only places in which the discovery was received with coldness, and where no disposition was shown to test its merits by fair experiment, were the large cities of our own country. The mere power of rendering operations painless is above all price to the sufferer. It takes away the horror naturally felt at the idea of submitting one's self to the knife; it enables the surgeon to operate calmly, easily, safely, and rapidly or slowly, as circumstances may require; it diminishes the shock the nervous system experiences after severe operations; and it brings within the pale of surgery many cases which would otherwise be irremediable.

Sulphuric ether, of pure quality, in sufficient quantity, and properly administered, is entirely safe. It has been successfully given at all ages, from that of seven weeks to seventy-five years, in every variety of constitution, and in almost every state of the system. Its great advantages are its safety, and the ease with which it may be administered; its only disadvantages, immense in the eyes of some, are its penetrating odor, and the occasional trifling irritation of the air-passages.

Chloroform was first used as an anæsthetic agent by Professor Simpson of Edinburgh. Its needful dose is less, its odor more agreeable, and its power greater, than that of sulphuric ether. On the contrary, its great disadvantage is the danger to life from its use. There are on record, in various parts of the world, at least one hundred deaths from this powerful poison. Some have occurred in this city, — one during the past January. In view of such cases, Dr. Hayward says: " I know

not how a conscientious man, knowing this fact, can willingly take the responsibility, and expose his patient to this fearful result." Chloroform is a poison, and the insensibility produced by it is only the first stage of its poisonous action; it is impossible to arrest this action, in all cases, at the precise point of safety; and a few seconds beyond this point have caused, and may again cause, death. Since we have a sure and safe agent in *sulphuric ether*, we are of the opinion that the use of *chloroform* ought to be forbidden *by law;* and that, after what is now known of its danger, any one who uses it to the destruction of life ought to be indicted for manslaughter. One might as well tie a rope around a person's neck, and strangle him to insensibility, trusting to luck to restore respiration before life has entirely fled, as to give chloroform, with death, like the hair-suspended sword of Damocles, distant, it may be, only a second of time.

Chloric ether, which is a tincture of chloroform, and which must depend for its anæsthetic powers on the quantity of this agent contained in it, is liable, though in an inferior degree, to the same objections as chloroform. In fine, while sulphuric ether can produce all the necessary anæsthetic effects, with perfect safety, it seems criminal for dentists and others to endanger human life by the use of chloroform and chloric ether, simply to save time, or "because the odor of sulphuric ether is not altogether grateful to their senses."

It is strange that Europe should have eagerly seized upon chloroform as an anæsthetic agent, to the almost entire disuse of sulphuric ether, and should persist in its use, with its victims in every city. It really seems as if an envious unwillingness to make use of an *American* discovery influences the minds of European surgeons in this respect, as we have seen a similar feeling in our Southern cities in regard to a *Boston* discovery,—petty jealousy being stronger than respect for human life.

In the chapter on "Burns," the intimate physiological relation between the skin and the lungs is commented on. It is well known that extensive though superficial burns prove fatal from pulmonary inflammation. When the cutaneous surface is unable to perform its exhalant and purifying functions,

double duty is required of the lungs, causing congestion and afterwards inflammation in these organs. This remarkable relation has been generally neglected by pathologists.

The fourteenth chapter contains an interesting case of "Hydrophobia." In common with many physicians, Dr. Hayward did not till recently believe in any *specific* disease produced by the bite of a rabid animal. Some of the reported cases he referred to tetanus, others to delirium tremens, and others to a high degree of nervous excitement consequent on the fear naturally felt by a person who has been bitten. All his doubts, however, were removed by the case detailed, which occurred in this vicinity in 1853. In the account of it, the distinguishing marks of tetanus, with which it is most likely to be confounded, are given at length. The name of the disease, which indicates a dread of water, is badly chosen. Persons suffering from "hydrophobia," so called, do not dread water *as such;* but the sight of this or any other fluid, or even of any article of solid food which raises the idea of swallowing, produces violent spasmodic action of the muscles of deglutition. The seat of the disease is in the medulla oblongata, while tetanus is an affection of the true spinal marrow. In the former, death ensues from *apoplexy;* in the latter, from *asphyxia.*

The article on the "Statistics of Pulmonary Consumption" in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, presents some results worthy of notice, and cheering to the invalid. There can be no doubt that more persons die of this disease than of any other not epidemic. At least one sixth of the deaths in temperate regions are due to pulmonary consumption; and it would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, to find a family in this community into which this disease has not entered within two generations. Tables show that the increase of mortality from it in Great Britain is greatest in the middle and upper classes, whose fashionable follies and unnatural habits of living render them especially liable to its visitation; while in the lower classes, whose sanitary conditions have in some respects been improved, it has decreased, or at any rate has remained stationary. "The most striking fact brought to light by these tables is the great decrease of deaths by con-

sumption in these cities [Boston, New York, and Philadelphia]. This decrease has been great in all, but greater in Boston than in either of the others; and this is not only a relative but an absolute decrease, for the mortality has been somewhat more during the last ten years (from 1830 to 1840) than it was thirty years ago." From 1840 to 1850, consumption has, apparently, somewhat increased in Boston; though it may be that the diseases peculiar to Southern climates have terminated the lives of many consumptive patients in other cities, giving them an apparent relative advantage which does not belong to them. The great improvements which have taken place of late years in the construction of houses, in habits of cleanliness, in temperance both in eating and drinking, and in dress, will probably occasion a gradual decrease of this disease. Our variable climate acts not only as a predisposing, but as an exciting cause of consumption. Hence, the best means for its prevention are suitable food and proper clothing, with those habits of exercise in the open air which strengthen the system against atmospheric changes. The researches of the last few years seem to indicate that physicians are in a fair way of controlling even this *opprobrium medicinæ*.

Until within three years, Massachusetts was the only State in the Union that had legalized the study of anatomy. More than twenty years ago, she enacted a law by which the municipal authorities were directed to furnish subjects for dissection, under proper restrictions, to regularly educated physicians; and its provisions were so judicious, that no opposition has ever been made to its execution. This measure, so creditable to the intelligence of the State, and so important to the science of medicine, was the result principally of the enlightened course of the State Medical Society. Public sentiment was at first strongly opposed to any such law, and it was necessary to educate the people to look with calmness, and afterwards with approval, on what ignorant communities regard with superstitious fears. Among the articles for public reading was one which appeared in this Review for January, 1831, and which forms the seventeenth chapter of Dr. Hayward's book. Republished in various forms, it reached most

of the families of the Commonwealth, and was greatly instrumental in effecting the remarkable change in public opinion on this subject. It is hardly to the credit of any State, claiming to be enlightened, to endeavor to prevent dissection, under severe penalties, and at the same time to permit heavy damages to be obtained in courts of law from physicians who have been led into error by ignorance which dissection of the human body could alone dispel. A knowledge of anatomy is absolutely essential to the rational practice of medicine and surgery; it is necessary for the well-being and the safety of every sick person. The physician has not the particular and sole interest in this question, as many people think. It is for the benefit of suffering humanity, that dissections are, and must be, practised. Without them, the great improvements of modern surgery could not have been made; without them, we can expect no progress in the future.

The disease known as *cholera* had occasionally appeared, for many years, in various parts of India; but it did not, till 1817, assume the epidemic and fatal character which it has since exhibited. In that year it broke out simultaneously in different parts of Bengal, from which it spread to various countries of Asia and Eastern Europe. Independent of summer's heat and winter's cold, it raged with equal violence in Calcutta and St. Petersburg. Checked for a season, it appeared in Central Europe in 1831, spreading death in its course. The panic was very great, notwithstanding the general disbelief of medical men in its contagious character; and it was increased, by an article in the London Quarterly Review for December, 1831, maintaining very ably its contagiousness. Considering the fatality of this scourge of the human race, its total disregard of climate, the uncertainty of its mode of propagation, and the probability that it would soon cross the Atlantic, it was natural that it should be viewed with great alarm by this community. To allay this general panic, Dr. Hayward published an article in the North American Review for July, 1832, which did good service in diminishing the morbid alarm that enhances so greatly the evils of epidemics. This article forms the eighteenth chapter of the present work. Dr. Hayward illustrated the non-conta-

giousness of cholera by showing that the disease does not always follow the great thoroughfares of countries, and that, when it does follow them, it is not in correspondence with the rapidity of intercourse between nations; that it is not stayed by quarantines and *cordons;* that it spares localities where no such restrictions exist, though the thoroughfares be crowded; that it appears simultaneously in districts distant from each other, without affecting the intervening and equally exposed country; and that it sometimes arises suddenly, without apparent cause, in the midst of a large population, carries off only a few persons, and as suddenly disappears. In fact, the demonstration of its non-contagiousness seemed complete, and the phenomena of its course in this country fully confirmed the correctness of Dr. Hayward's views. Almost all medical men are now satisfied that cholera is *not contagious.* The first case in Boston occurred about the middle of August, 1832, shortly after the publication of Dr. Hayward's article. Leaving out of view the vexations and expenses of quarantines and commercial restrictions, and all pecuniary considerations, the immoral effects of a belief in its contagiousness would have been appalling; the sick would have been abandoned in their hour of distress; the instinct of self-preservation would have driven the living from the bed-side of the dying; and all the horrors of the London plague would have been re-enacted in our midst. The chapter closes with a noble appeal to the profession, that "they should devote themselves, without fear, to aid and comfort them [the dying] in the hour of peril; confident that, if their turn come next, it can never come at a better period than when they are engaged with zeal and fidelity in the discharge of their duty."

In the chapter on "Some of the Diseases of a Literary Life," Dr. Hayward gives very useful hints on physical education, as a preventive of those affections most likely to be induced by undue exertion of the intellectual faculties. He sketches briefly and plainly the principal "systems" of the body, the nervous, the digestive, the respiratory, the circulating, and the secreting. He is no believer in Phrenology, saying "that the doctrine is not only fraught with dangerous consequences, but that it is at variance with facts familiar to

almost every physician." In addition, it may be said that this system is as yet very imperfect; for it takes no cognizance of the convolutions of the hemispheres separated by the *falx cerebri*, nor of the great *ganglia* at the base of the brain, which are the seats of emotional action. Comparative anatomy and pathology are also greatly at variance with every published system of Phrenology.

A derangement of the digestive functions is one of the most frequent and troublesome diseases of literary men. Dyspepsia, in its various forms, is a legitimate consequence of want of exercise, of confinement in hot or ill-ventilated apartments, of food of improper quality or in too great quantity, and of smoking and chewing tobacco; torpidity of the liver and consequent constipation, diseases of the lungs and heart, follow; while apoplexy and paralysis are the final results of an overworked brain and an underworked body. The prevention of these Dr. Hayward sums up in two words, *temperance* and *exercise*. By temperance he means, not simply "abstinence from distilled spirit," but "moderation as to the time allotted to sleep and study; moderation in exercise, regimen, and diet, particularly in the quantity of food." Exercise should be taken daily, in the open air, without regard to weather. By following these simple rules, every student has a fair chance of living his "threescore years and ten," "and, what is of infinitely more consequence, he will have every reason to believe that the light of intellect will remain unclouded to the last."

The volume closes with two lectures delivered at the Medical College, one on the "Professional Trials of the Young Physician," and the other on the "Duties of the Medical Profession." These lectures are full of excellent advice, and elevated views of the duties and responsibilities of the honorable physician. In the first, the author enjoins on his pupils to improve all their opportunities, and to commence the practice of medicine with a resolve to add something to the stock of knowledge, to lessen human suffering, and to acquire the respect of their brethren; as by so doing they "may be assured of a prosperous career, a useful life, and an enduring fame." The second lecture he concludes by saying, that, if

the physician cannot increase the stores of medical wisdom, if he cannot add lustre to the name of the profession, he can at least avoid doing anything to tarnish it.

We have thus endeavored to give our readers an idea of the varied contents of this valuable work, — valuable alike to the non-professional reader, to the medical student, and to the veteran practitioner. The author dedicates his book to his former pupils, who cannot but receive with pleasure and profit this rich legacy of their faithful teacher and warm-hearted friend.

ART. X. — *The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. In three volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856.

IN the middle of the sixteenth century, the attention of the civilized world was engrossed by the impressive spectacle of the abdication of the Emperor Charles V. Seldom, since the days of Diocletian, had a prince descended from the throne to a private station, of his own free-will; and the interest of an event, so remarkable in itself and so unstaled by custom, was heightened by the striking circumstances of the case. The head of the Germanic Empire, king of Spain, the Indies, and the Romans, lord of Sicily, Naples, Milan, and the Netherlands, and titular king of Jerusalem, resigned, so far as was in his power, his balls and sceptres, to the hands of his son, Philip II., surnamed the Prudent. Forty years of incessant labor and over-eating had done their work, and disappointment and anxiety now came to insure the victory which fatigue and dyspepsia had almost gained over his iron frame. The shrewd politician had seen himself outwitted by one of that German race which he described as "dreamy, drunken, and incapable of intrigue," and the first captain of the age, who, in the words of Alva, *nació soldado en naciendo en el mundo*, had fled from Innspruck into Flanders, in the disguise of an old woman, before the rapid charge of his former pupil,

Maurice of Saxony. He had been unable to gratify his hereditary desire of adding the tiara of the Pope to the circlet of gems that graced the brows of his family; Henry of France had avenged the wrongs he had inflicted on Francis, his father, and Solyman the Magnificent was ready to join the Pope and France in the invasion of Naples. The time had come for Charles to carry into effect his long cherished purpose of abjuring the rough magic of his reign, and after some years of diplomatic delay his abdication took place, with the stately ceremonies which are familiarly known to every student of the history of that interesting period. The most powerful monarch since Charlemagne, the man whose enterprising ambition stimulated him to such efforts as had the effect of framing the powers of Europe into one great political system, retired to the convent shades of Yuste, not to lead

"A philosopher's life, in the quiet woodland ways,"

but to occupy himself as busily as ever with temporal affairs, and to indulge in continual excesses of eating and drinking, in which digestion refused to wait on appetite. The same hand that wrote incessant despatches to Philip, as to the necessity of "cutting out the root of heresy with rigor and rude chastisement," was occupied, in the intervals of business, with the peaceful pursuit of gardening; and it strikes us strangely when we are told that it is to Charles V., that thunderbolt of war, that we owe our enjoyment of that pretty and familiar flower, the Indian pink.

It is a curious fact, that, on the same day on which Charles signed the first order for money to be spent in preparing the tranquil resting-place of his latter days, he wrote to his son to advise him to break off a match which had been nearly concluded between him and the Infanta Mary of Portugal, the only child of the Emperor's favorite sister, in order that he might espouse Mary Tudor, and thus add another kingdom to the vast possessions of the heir of the house of Habsburg, — a proceeding eminently characteristic of the man who went among his contemporaries by the name of "*Charles qui triche.*"

"Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Austria, nube;
Nam quæ Mars aliis dat tibi regna Venus."

A few years passed away, and the comet flashed through the sky, — the lily-bud that had lasted from spring to early autumn burst into bloom, to typify, men thought, the whiteness of the parting spirit; the silver cord was loosed, and Charles V. went to his own place.

The only qualities which the son possessed in a higher degree than the father were bigotry and the spirit of persecution, and they were developed in him to such an extent that the world reads the annals of his reign with a shuddering horror which increases rather than diminishes with the lapse of years, as the opening of new sources of information puts us in fuller possession of the odious details. The history of his reign is one of the longest and darkest chapters in the history of persecution, and all the other enterprises in which he engaged are but episodes in the great work to which he devoted the entire energy of his cruel and unrelenting nature. The philanthropist, it is true, extends his sympathy in equal measure to the unfortunate everywhere, and is as ready to shed the tear of pity for the miserable Moriscos in the mountain fastnesses of the Alpujarras, as for the wretched victims to the Inquisition in the public squares of Antwerp and Valladolid; but the mass of mankind are so constituted as to feel more keenly for the sufferings of those who die in defence of a religion like their own, and this tendency invests the history of the Rise of the Dutch Republic with a peculiar interest for the inhabitants of our own country. The interest is enhanced by the fact that it was in this same Holland, the land where the stern fight for freedom of religious opinion had been waged, the land in which, in the words of Schiller, "every injury inflicted by a tyrant gave a right of citizenship," that the little band of pilgrims rested, before they set sail, in obedience to the voice of the spirit of Liberty, saying, like Teucer of old to his companions,

> "Quo nos cumque feret melior Fortuna parente,
> Ibimus, O socii comitesque."

The care-worn faces of the Puritans, whom the oppression of James had exiled from their native shores, — those shores to which in earlier days the Netherlanders had been driven by the oppression of Charles and Philip, — were seen for a brief

season in the streets that had been haunted by the shadowy forms of the citizens who waited, stung with famine, for the slow but sure relief of the Prince of Orange. From the waters where gallant flotillas had been collected in the infancy of the Dutch naval force, sailed the little vessel with the crew that was to aid in carrying into effect the same plan that had seemed to William of Orange, some seventy-five years before, in the darkest days of his struggle against absolute power, to offer the only refuge of despair. The same plan, we say; but his idea was far more comprehensive, for he proposed to take with him all the inhabitants of two provinces, to pierce the dikes, and restore the country for ever to the ocean, from which it had been rescued. The spirit that impelled the Puritans to submit to any sacrifice rather than forego the privilege of worshipping God according to their own convictions of right, was but one of the many forms in which determination not to yield to arbitrary power was displayed in England in the seventeenth century, when Englishmen refused to permit a new dynasty to fasten on their necks the iron yoke of the house of Tudor. There is no doubt that the patriots of England were stimulated to increased exertions by their acquaintance with what had been and still was going on in the Low Countries. The echoes that the east wind wafted to their shores went to swell what Carlyle calls the "vast, inarticulate, wide-spread, slumberous mumblement," that grew and deepened day by day, till it burst forth in the majestic tones of a nation's voice, as Charles Stuart kneeled upon a scaffold, and Oliver Cromwell mounted to a throne.

The history of the struggle for religious freedom in the Netherlands, though possessed of all the claims upon our attention to which we have referred, in addition to the interest which we must always feel in every story of conscientious and successful revolution, and invested in itself with the attractions of a constant succession of striking incidents, the full development of remarkable and opposite characters, and the display, in the most vivid colors, of all the virtues and vices that adorn or disfigure human nature, is yet a field of inquiry in which much has been left ungarnered until our day. The flowing and perspicuous narrative of Watson, the

striking but fragmentary history of Schiller, and the agreeable abridgment of Grattan, may be said to have been all that readers of the English only have had to rely upon for information as to this period, and they have been very far from sufficient. We ought to learn the lessons of the past from full and trustworthy sources alone, and it affords the highest gratification to the student to know that what has been wanting to a complete comprehension of the course of events in the Netherlands during the reign of Philip is now most satisfactorily supplied. It is but a few months since we were put in possession of the first two volumes of Mr. Prescott's History of the Reign of Philip II., which brings the narrative down to the execution of Egmont and Horn, in 1568, and now we have Mr. Motley's History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, which ends with the death of William of Orange, in 1584, fourteen years before the death of Philip.

To the illustration of this most interesting period Mr. Motley has brought the matured powers of a vigorous and brilliant mind, and the abundant fruits of patient and judicious study and deep reflection. The result is one of the most important contributions to historical literature that have been made in this country. It is characterized throughout by a spirit of great fairness and moderation. It everywhere impresses the reader with the belief that the author is convinced of the truth of what he says; and nowhere suggests a suspicion that he is writing in support of a theory, and that if the facts do not agree with the theory, it is so much the worse for the facts. Nor does he ever indulge in violent invective or extravagant praise, even where what he is narrating might furnish a fair excuse for one or the other, and he is as ready to bear his testimony against the misdeeds of those who espoused the patriotic cause, as against those of Philip and his servile ministers. The historian of an age in which one man is all in all, is under a strong temptation to have no eyes for anything except the virtues of his hero; but Mr. Motley has successfully avoided this snare, and he represents William of Orange only as he was, the sagacious, far-seeing, self-sacrificing champion of what he believed to be the best interests of his country.

Another very agreeable characteristic of the work under our consideration is its genuine sympathy with liberty, and the spirit of humanity which pervades it. It is evident that the author rejoices heartily in the victories of the patriots, when unstained by excesses; while we read the long and dreary story of the wretchedness caused by the Council of Blood, and of the enormities that attended the "Antwerp Fury" and the dreadful sieges of which Philip's reign was full, with very different feelings, as it is told by Mr. Motley, from those which would be excited if we were to read the same story as related by Mendoza and the other writers who look upon acts of the most infernal cruelty as a sacrifice of the sweetest savor to the Almighty, and believe that for princes "to convert their kingdoms into a hell, is their surest means of winning heaven."

A very clever and agreeable history may be written by a man who has very little knowledge, by adopting the method employed by the ingenious author of the Essay on Chinese Metaphysics, and a book so written may pass current and be popular for a while; but the lasting value of an historical work depends upon an intimate acquaintance with all the original and authentic sources of information, and a scrupulous fidelity to the facts derived from them.

"Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos."

It is evident that Mr. Motley is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of this maxim; and, not content with making himself acquainted with whatever has been known heretofore in relation to his subject, he has gone to the neighborhood of the scenes of his narrative, and passed several years in a laborious and faithful investigation of everything bearing upon its details. The results of this patient and thorough search are evident upon every page, and much that was dark or imperfectly understood before has been brought forward into the full light. He has been particularly industrious in his researches into the correspondence of that day, both official and private, and the effect of this diligence is of a most satisfactory kind. Mr. Prescott asks, in the preface to his last work, "What basis can compare with that afforded by the written correspondence of the parties themselves?" Mr. Motley is of the same mind,

and the written and spoken words of the personages who played a conspicuous part in the Revolution in the Netherlands, particularly of Philip, William, Granvelle, and Margaret, occupy a large space in his volumes.

In Mr. Motley's style there is very much to commend. The narrative proceeds with a steady and easy flow, and the scenes which it embraces are portrayed with almost the minute accuracy of a daguerreotype. One well-drawn picture succeeds to another, and the strongly marked characters of the time are clearly and satisfactorily sketched, while the outlines of the most conspicuous among them are filled up with the hand of a master, and the lights and shadows so dexterously thrown in that we seem to see and know the men who passed away from life more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

The remarkable series of events that make up the period described in these volumes, affords abundant opportunities for fine dramatic effects, and Mr. Motley is careful not to let them escape him. It was a time when many could say, like Wallenstein, when speaking of himself and Piccolomini, —

> "Our lives were but a battle and a siege,
> And, like the wind's march, never resting, homeless,
> We stormed across the war-convulsed earth."

Fertile meadows shook beneath the tread of armed men; rich and populous cities were reduced by famine, or crushed by shot and shell, and sacked in either case; stately nobles bowed their necks to the headsman's axe, while harmless peasants were hanged at their own doors. The roaring of the sea was unheard amid the roaring of the cannon, the dikes were pierced, the waters wandered at their will through their ancient broad domains, and all the while grim-visaged war displayed

> "a smile more dreadful
> Than his own dreadful frown."

The skill of the historian makes us see the whole as though a well-painted panorama were passing before our eyes.

A liberal culture is displayed by many, but not too many, literary allusions; and it often happens that a sentence is well turned by a neat interweaving of some striking line of Shakespeare. The existence of a vein of humor in the author's

mind is occasionally shown, and at times with very good effect, in relieving some sombre passage, of which there are of necessity but too many. One instance occurs to us as particularly happy. In speaking of the plan of assassinating Elizabeth of England, and putting Mary Queen of Scots in her place, the author says: "This project could not but prove attractive to Philip. It included a conspiracy against a friendly sovereign, immense service to the Church, and a murder."

The only adverse criticisms that we can make of the work under review refer to certain faults of manner. Although there is so much to say in praise of the style, it is nevertheless true that it frequently exhibits a want of the repose which seems best suited to the grave and stately guise of history. This is principally shown in an unsparing use of metaphors, which are often, it must be confessed, commonplace, and, were they ever so original and striking, should not be employed so constantly. Sometimes, too, they are not only not particularly striking, but are confused; as, for instance, where the Roman empire is spoken of as "undermined and putrescent at the core," or where men are said to be "diligent in corroding the bulwarks" of liberty.

The same want of repose is displayed at times in an apparent attempt to give animation to the style by the use of such expressions as "Fleece Knights," "the bald Charles," "governmental system," and the like, which are at best but ungraceful inversions, and particularly by a frequent introduction of the historical present. The use of this tense seems to be a favorite habit with Mr. Bancroft, but less so, perhaps, with his readers, and is one which, in our opinion, a writer cannot too carefully shun. Except in descriptions of the most stirring scenes, or where no other tense is used, it is almost sure to interfere with the flow of the narrative. It does not

> "Break its gentle course to music, as the stones break summer rills";

but rather has a harsh and unpleasing effect. We must not omit to state, however, that this trait occurs very much oftener in the introductory chapter than in the rest of the work, and the same is true to some extent of the other defects to which we have referred, and to which we may yet allude.

There is a marked improvement in style between the beginning and the end of the first volume.

We sometimes find sentences loosely put together, and words incorrectly used, in a way that seems to indicate undue haste in composition, and to suggest that the style would have been better had the writer followed the advice of Horace, and delayed the publication of his work. We may add as objectionable the occasional use of such Greek words as "asymptomatic," "synchronical," and a few others of the same class, which do not now occur to us.

All these things, it is true, are but minor matters; yet, having spoken as we have of the excessive and untasteful use of metaphors, we must now say, by way of offset, that Mr. Motley's metaphors are sometimes not only beautiful in themselves, but used with surpassingly fine effect; and it gives us pleasure to quote what seems to us to be one of the grandest and most appropriate specimens of figurative style in English prose.

"From afar there rose upon the provinces the prophetic vision of a coming evil still more terrible than any which had yet oppressed them. As across the bright plains of Sicily, when the sun is rising, the vast pyramidal shadow of Mount Etna is definitely and visibly projected, — the phantom of that ever-present enemy, which holds fire and devastation in its bosom, — so, in the morning hour of Philip's reign, the shadow of the Inquisition was cast from afar across those warm and smiling provinces, — a spectre menacing fiercer flames and wider desolation than those which mere physical agencies could ever compass." — Vol. I. pp. 321, 322.

We come now to a consideration of the History itself. About a hundred pages at the beginning are occupied by an "Historical Introduction," in which the author gives us a sketch of the geographical condition of the Netherlands, in its successive changes, and reviews, in a clear and comprehensive manner, the forms which its population and government assumed, from the time when Julius Cæsar threw himself into the hottest of the fight, unarmed save with his shield, "that day he overcame the Nervii," till seventeen fair provinces, sixteen centuries afterwards, were transferred by Charles to Philip. His narrative is in this part necessarily much

condensed; but we derive from it a satisfactory idea of the early condition of a country whose later history he enables us to learn with minute accuracy. We have a brief but striking glimpse of Cæsar, as he "pacifies" Gaul, and "the sublime but misty image of Hermann" rises before our eyes; and then we pass to the contest between Civilis and the generals of Vespasian, in regard to which, contrasting it with the wars in the time of Philip, Schiller makes the impressive and painfully true remark, "One difference distinguishes them; the Romans and Batavians fought humanely, for they did not fight for religion." And here we are tempted to extract from the work before us a parallel between the characters and circumstances of Civilis and William of Orange.

"The contest of Civilis with Rome contains a remarkable foreshadowing of the future conflict with Spain, through which the Batavian Republic, fifteen centuries later, was to be founded. The characters, the events, the amphibious battles, desperate sieges, slippery alliances, the traits of generosity, audacity, and cruelty, the generous confidence, the broken faith, seem so closely to repeat themselves, that History appears to present the selfsame drama played over and over again, with but a change of actors and of costume. There is more than a fanciful resemblance between Civilis and William the Silent, two heroes of ancient German stock, who had learned the arts of war and peace in the service of a foreign and haughty world-empire. Determination, concentration of purpose, constancy in calamity, elasticity almost preternatural, self-denial, consummate craft in political combinations, personal fortitude, and passionate patriotism, were the heroic elements in both. The ambition of each was subordinate to the cause which he served. Both refused the crown, although each, perhaps, contemplated, in the sequel, a Batavian realm of which he would have been the inevitable chief. Both offered the throne to a Gallic prince, for Classicus was but the prototype of Anjou, as Brinno of Brederode, and neither was destined, in this world, to see his sacrifices crowned with success." — Vol. I. p. 17.

Civilis and Vespasian pass from the stage. We see Rome tottering to her fall. The procession of the nations begins to move from the *officina gentium*, to hasten her destruction. "The fountains of the frozen North were opened, the waters prevailed, but the ark of Christianity floated upon the flood." Change follows change, until the Carlovingian race becomes

absolute, and feudalism reigns supreme, — until the sceptre falls from hands that are too weak to retain it, and the people become the prey of the temporal or ecclesiastical lord, under whose protection they are so unfortunate as to fall. Then, says the historian, the people "build hovels, which they surround from time to time with palisades and muddy intrenchments; and here, in these squalid abodes of ignorance and misery, the genius of Liberty, conducted by the spirit of Commerce, descends at last to awaken mankind from its sloth and cowardly stupor."

Then come "five centuries of isolation," in which the power of the sword, of the clergy, and of gold succeed to one another. The few pages in which these three forces are described are among the finest in the whole work. The power of the clergy is spoken of as follows: —

"Priesthood works out its task, age after age: now smoothing penitent death-beds, consecrating graves, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, incarnating the Christian precepts, in an age of rapine and homicide, doing a thousand deeds of love and charity among the obscure and forsaken, — deeds of which there shall never be human chronicle, but a leaf or two, perhaps, in the recording angel's book; hiving precious honey from the few flowers of gentle art which bloom upon a howling wilderness; holding up the light of science over a stormy sea; treasuring in convents and crypts the few fossils of antique learning which become visible, as the extinct Megatherium of an elder world reappears after the Gothic deluge; and now, careering in helm and hauberk with the other ruffians, bandying blows in the thickest of the fight, blasting with bell, book, and candle its trembling enemies, while sovereigns, at the head of armies, grovel in the dust and offer abject submission for the kiss of peace." — Vol. I. pp. 29, 30.

Civilization makes progress, the Crusades are undertaken and abandoned, trade and commerce grow up, and with them the principle of reasonable human freedom. Most of the provinces of the Low Countries are united under Philip of Burgundy, by usurpation, purchase, inheritance, and his marriage with the unfortunate Jacqueline. The order of the "Toison d'Or" is founded, and Philip, with the emblem of the Lamb of God at his breast, begins to crush the liberties of the countries under his dominion.

Then comes the invention of printing. The Netherlands pass through the hands of Charles the Bold, to Mary, who grants the Great Privilege, the Magna Charta of Holland. Her son, Philip the Fair, "the bridge over which the house of Habsburg passes to almost universal monarchy, but in himself nothing," marries Joanna, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella; Charles V. is born, and at length comes to the throne; Martin Luther, in the words of Robertson, "begins to call in question the efficacy of indulgences, and to declaim against the vicious lives and false doctrines of the persons employed in promulgating them," and the Reformation is begun. To quote from our author, who seems here to have caught something of the spirit of Carlyle: "What need of allusion to events which changed the world, — which every child has learned, — to the war of Titans, uprooting of hoary trees and rock-ribbed hills, to the Worms diet, Peasant wars, the Patmos of Eisenach, and huge wrestlings with the Devil?" The introductory chapter concludes with a general survey of the condition of the Netherlands at the accession of Philip II.

The history proper opens with a picturesque description of the impressive ceremonies that attended the abdication of Charles V., and the author seizes the opportunity to sketch for us the appearance of the most distinguished persons who were present at the memorable scene. He also gives us an account of the manners and character of the second Charlemagne, and a brief review of his career, and indulges in a strain of grave reflection upon the emotions excited in the impressible minds of his hearers by his parting address.

"And yet," he asks, "what was the Emperor Charles to the inhabitants of the Netherlands that they should weep for him? His conduct towards them during his whole career had been one of unmitigated oppression. What to them were all his forty voyages by sea and land, his journeyings back and forth from Friesland to Tunis, from Madrid to Vienna? What was it to them that the imperial shuttle was thus industriously flying to and fro? The fabric wrought was but the daily growing grandeur and splendor of his imperial house; the looms were kept moving at the expense of their hardly-earned treasure, and the woof was often dyed red in the blood of his bravest subjects. The inter-

ests of the Netherlands had never been even a secondary consideration with their master. He had fulfilled no duty towards them, he had committed the gravest crimes against them. He had regarded them merely as a treasury upon which to draw; while the sums which he extorted were spent upon ceaseless and senseless wars, which were of no more interest to them than if they had been waged in another planet. . . . . The rivalry of the houses of Habsburg and Valois, this was the absorbing theme, during the greater part of the reign which had just been so dramatically terminated. To gain the empire over Francis, to leave to Don Philip a richer heritage than the Dauphin could expect, were the great motives of the unparalleled energy displayed by Charles during the longer and the more successful portion of his career. To crush the Reformation throughout his dominions, was his occupation afterward, till he abandoned the field in despair." — Vol. I. pp. 111, 112.

In the next chapter we are made acquainted with the early life and general character of Philip, one of the most odious personages in the annals of Europe, and a prince who may be compared, for the misery he caused, with the most cruel tyrants in any age or country. We cannot, indeed, say of him, as Macaulay has said of Barère, that he "approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity"; but we may go on and say, that in him "the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony." He was a gloomy bigot, without even deserving the credit of being uncompromising and conscientious in his bigotry; for he more than once relaxed the rigor of persecution for the sake of obtaining some temporal advantage. In person he was insignificant and unattractive, and the stern formality of Spanish manners found its most repulsive expression in him. His mind was very narrow, and possessed a strong taste for details. He was as false as he was cruel, and as licentious as he was fanatical. He beguiled the hours that were not devoted to the extirpation of heresy or the exercises of religion in profligate excursions into the lowest haunts of vice. In short, in spite of the terrible reality of his life, it seems impossible to regard him as a man like ourselves. He is so devoid of all the graces that adorn and dignify human nature and embellish existence, and so

made up of everything that is hateful, base, and repulsive, that he seems rather like the fiction of a hideous dream, than a creature made in God's own image. Such is the impression that we form of Philip the Prudent in this latter day. By a contemporary he is described as "poco grato ad Italiani, ingratissimo a Fiamenghi, ed a Tedeschi odioso." Coming from an Italian, and not from a Netherlander, such words as these show how utterly destitute of all that could merit praise he must have been, who was thus divested before the world of the divinity that doth hedge a king. The casuist may find excuses for Philip in the general reception in his age of the pernicious maxims of the Jesuits, and in the hatred of heresy which had been excited by the Moorish wars, and still glowed in the national heart of Spain; but making all the allowances we can, he seems to have been, like Gloster, "determined to prove a villain," and to have found a positive pleasure in laying plots and inductions dangerous.

We have hinted at Philip's passion for details, and we may add that he was indefatigable with his pen, both in writing prolix despatches, or interminable letters to a correspondent who might be in the next room, and in annotating upon the letters he received. Mr. Motley has furnished us with a specimen of his commentaries, which we are disposed to insert here.

"When he received a letter from France, narrating the assassination of Henry III., and stating that 'la façon que l'on dit qu'il a etté tuè, a etté par un Jacobin qui luy a donnè d'un cou de pistolle dans la tayte,' he scrawled the following luminous comment upon the margin. Underlining the word 'pistolle,' he observes, 'This is perhaps some kind of *knife*, and as for *tayte*, it can be nothing else but *head*, which is not *tayte*, but *tête*, or *teyte*.'" — Vol. I. p. 142, note.

It is obviously impossible to follow the course of a long work at all closely, in so limited a space as that to which we are confined, and we must content ourselves with mentioning the most striking events, and directing the attention of the reader to what seems to us most worthy of notice in the volumes before us. Where all is so deserving of praise, this is no easy task.

The dark character of Philip forms a background against

which the form of the chivalrous Egmont, the hero of St. Quentin and Gravelines, is thrown into bold relief; but we must leave him for the present with no further notice than a quotation from our author, who says of him: "A splendid soldier, his evil stars had destined him to tread, as a politician, a dark and dangerous path, in which not even genius, caution, and integrity could insure success, but in which rashness alternating with hesitation, and credulity with violence, could not fail to bring ruin."

The concluding chapter of the first part continues the story to the departure of Philip from the Netherlands, where he left his sister, Margaret of Parma, as his Regent, with three councils to assist her; a state and a privy council, and one of finance. The treaty of Cateau Cambresis had been previously concluded, of which we will only say, that its most important provision was that the *status quo ante bellum* should be restored. We may add, that it was at this time, while William of Orange was in France, as a hostage to insure the execution of the treaty, that the king of that country revealed to him a plan that he had formed with Philip for the massacre of the Huguenot chiefs in both realms, — a piece of information that undoubtedly bore a great part in leading William to such constant opposition to the court of Spain. We may also notice here what was perhaps the first step taken by Egmont on the path that led him to the scaffold. The continuance of a body of foreign troops in the Netherlands had been extremely distasteful and oppressive to the people, and they were clamorous for their removal. This matter had been made the subject of warm discussions between the different states and the king, and besides the papers addressed to him by them, a formal remonstrance was drawn up in the name of the States-General, and this had been signed, among others, by Egmont, — an act which Philip was not likely to forget, for he was a man who soon lost thought of benefits conferred, but had a retentive memory for what he regarded as injuries.

Philip left the Netherlands, never to return; though many an agonized victim on those plains was to feel the power of his arm as stretched forth from the wood of Segovia. He celebrated his escape from shipwreck and his arrival in Spain

by attending an *auto da fé*, at which he made the memorable answer to one of the sufferers, a young and distinguished nobleman, who appealed to him for mercy as he passed to the stake, "Yo traeré lena para quemar a mi hijo si fuere tan malo como vos!"—words which may be thought to have found their parallel in a speech made in our own age and country. The king's marriage with Isabella of France immediately ensued, and thus "human victims, chained and burning at the stake, were the blazing torches which lighted the monarch to his nuptial couch."

The first chapter of the second part is one of peculiar interest, and deserves the special attention of the reader; for it contains an account of the youth of William of Orange, and a sketch of his character, which is a fine specimen of historical painting. It also gives us vivid pictures of Margaret of Parma, and of Viglius, Berlaymont, and the learned and eloquent Cardinal Granvelle, the members of the state council, and sets forth the spread of the Reformation in the Netherlands, the contents of the sanguinary Edicts, the enlargement of the number of bishoprics from four to seventeen, and the retention of the foreign troops, to enforce obedience to the Edicts, and to establish the new bishops securely in their sees.

The character of William the Silent deserves the most attentive study; for we should know all that it is in our power to learn of a man, the story of whose life is the history of the revolution in the Netherlands, of the struggle between weakness and strength, between liberty and despotism, between genius and powerful incapacity, and of the final triumph of noble and disinterested patriotism over blind, senseless, and sanguinary tyranny.

The most important matters in the following chapter are the growing unpopularity of Granvelle, on account of his undisguised endeavors to override the liberties of the Netherlands in his devotion to the interest of his master, and the marriage of William with Anna of Saxony, with the religious question raised thereby, he being still a Catholic, while Anna was a Lutheran. The conduct of the Prince of Orange on this occasion has been the subject of much discussion, and his enemies do not hesitate to charge him with gross fraud

and hypocrisy. Though there is certainly no ground for such accusations, it yet remains a nice question whether he did not show himself at this time in some slight degree a disciple of Machiavelli. Mr. Motley defends his conduct with fairness and ingenuity, and certainly, if the testimony of a whole life is admissible in evidence of character, he would be instantly acquitted of any dishonorable behavior. In summing up the case, the author makes use of these admirable words: "If the reader be of opinion that too much time has been expended upon the elucidation of this point, he should remember that the character of a great and good man is too precious a possession of history to be lightly abandoned."

In the next chapter we have a clear account of the three phases of the Inquisition, — its original form, as established in Spain under the auspices of Pope Alexander and Ferdinand the Catholic, and the Episcopal and Papal Inquisitions, as successively established in the Netherlands by Charles and Philip. The people of this latter country might well ask, like Juliet, "What 's in a name?" It was little consolation for them to be assured, as they constantly were, that there was no intention of establishing the Spanish Inquisition among them; for, however entitled, "it was an agency for inquiring into a man's thoughts, and for burning him, if the result was not satisfactory"; and Philip himself said, "The Inquisition of the Netherlands is much more pitiless than that of Spain." The same chapter contains a description of an *auto da fé*, some specimens of the iniquities practised by the Inquisitor Titelmann, an account of the first interference of the people with religious executions, the so-called *journée des mau-brûlés*, the mission of Montigny to Spain, as envoy from the Regent, and the increasing unpopularity of Granvelle.

We come now to the correspondence between the three great lords, Orange, Egmont, and Horn, on the one side, and Philip on the other, on the subject of the continuance of Granvelle in office, and an interesting account of the train of events that led to the recall of that able minister, — a recall which the consummate art of those who arranged it has led the world, for near three centuries, to regard as his own voluntary resignation. The singular character of Granvelle, a

man who does not deserve a place in the first rank of great men, but who may claim the highest position in the second, is very fully and skilfully unfolded, and we are plainly shown that "the responsibility is heavy upon the man who shared the power and directed the career, but who never ceased to represent the generous resistance of individuals to frantic cruelty, as offences against God and the king." His great and various abilities were zealously prostituted in the service of despotism, and his enmity was the more dangerous to the patriots from the skill with which it was concealed. In the words of the historian, "perpetually dropping small innuendoes like pebbles into the depths of his master's suspicious soul, he knew that at last the waters of bitterness would overflow; but he turned an ever-smiling face upon those who were to be his victims."

The remainder of the first volume extends from the departure of Granvelle to the excesses of the Iconoclasts, and the subsequent granting by the Regent of the "Accord," which declared the Inquisition abolished. It is filled with important and interesting matter, but we must pass over it very rapidly. The spirit of resistance to religious tyranny was constantly taking deeper root among the people, while the determination of Philip to rule over none but true sons of the Church became, if possible, more firm. To the Edicts and Inquisition was added the proclamation of the decrees of the Council of Trent, of which it is enough to say, that they widened instead of closing the schisms in the Church, and excluded the heretic "from the pale of humanity, from consecrated earth, and from eternal salvation." The growing indignation of the people led to the substitution of midnight drowning for public burning and strangling, in order that heretics might not be nerved to bear their agonies with fortitude by the hope of being rewarded in the public estimation with the crown of martyrdom.

During the same period, Egmont went on his ineffectual mission to Spain, and it was after his acceptance of this embassy that William of Orange made a speech in council in presence of the Regent, in which he declared his sentiments freely and manfully, and gave the first great display of those

oratorical talents which afterwards won for him the reputation of being the most eloquent man of the age. About a year after this speech was made, the League was formed, and the so-called Compromise was written, and extensively signed by the confederates. It was followed by the presentation of the first and second Request to the Regent, and the consequent "Moderation," the only immediate good effect of which was the substitution of the halter for the fagot. One of the prominent members of the League was Count Louis of Nassau, William's brother, whose character is so well drawn by our author that we insert the portrait entire.

"That other distinguished leader of the newly formed league, Count Louis, was a true knight of the olden time, the very mirror of chivalry. Gentle, generous, pious; making use, in his tent before the battle, of the prayers which his mother sent him from the home of his childhood, yet fiery in the field as an ancient crusader, — doing the work of general and soldier with desperate valor and against any numbers, — cheerful and steadfast under all reverses, witty and jocund in social intercourse, animating with his unceasing spirits the graver and more foreboding soul of his brother; he was the man to whom the eyes of the most ardent among the Netherland Reformers were turned at this early epoch, the trusty staff upon which the great Prince of Orange was to lean till it was broken. As gay as Brederode, he was unstained by his vices, and exercised a boundless influence over that reckless personage, who often protested that he would 'die a poor soldier at his feet.' The career of Louis was destined to be short, if reckoned by years, but if by events, it was to attain almost a patriarchal length. At the age of nineteen he had taken part in the battle of St. Quentin, and when once the war of freedom opened, his sword was never to be sheathed. His days were filled with life, and when he fell into his bloody but unknown grave, he was to leave a name as distinguished for heroic valor and untiring energy as for spotless integrity. He was small of stature, but well formed; athletic in all knightly exercises, with agreeable features, a dark laughing eye, close-clipped brown hair, and a peaked beard." — Vol. I. p. 496.

All this time emigration was draining the country of its most industrious inhabitants, who fled from the wrath present and to come, and enriched the towns of England by exporting to them their skill in manufactures.

We must pass almost unnoticed the story of the assump-

tion by the members of the League of the title of "Les Gueux," which took its rise from an occurrence as trifling as that which gave the name of the *Fronde* to the faction opposed to Mazarin in France. As we read the picturesque account of the banquet at Culemburg House, the shout of "*Vivent les gueux!*" seems to resound as it did on that day, when first "from the lips of those reckless nobles rose the famous cry, which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field." We must pay even less attention to the description of the field preachings, which were resorted to at this time by countless thousands in the neighborhood of the principal cities, and to the sad story of the destruction caused by the Iconoclasts, merely remarking that the latter contains many passages of exquisite description, and that Mr. Motley seems to us to defend successfully the authors of the ruin from the charge of having been impelled by the hope of plunder, or of having profited in any way by the devastation which they wrought. One expression, however, we must find room for. In speaking of the offerings which adorned the Church of Our Lady, at Antwerp, he says, "The penitential tears of centuries had incrusted the whole interior with their glittering stalactites."

The first three chapters of the second volume complete the second part, and bring us to the end of the administration of Margaret of Parma. They describe Philip's incessant dissimulation and his continued oppression, while he professed "to exercise all humanity, sweetness, and grace, avoiding all harshness." They show William going on steadily in his manly path, refusing the new oath of allegiance, frankly giving his reasons for this course, and resolving to protect the liberties of his country against foreign tyranny, while the doctrine of universal toleration, unheard of in that age, is taking full possession of his mind. It was at this period that he performed the difficult and inestimable service of saving Antwerp from the horrors of internecine war by his firmness and genius alone. We would gladly quote from Mr. Motley's eminently dramatic account of this exploit, but we must refrain.

By this time, Egmont had determined to abandon the cause of the Reformers, for reasons to which we cannot allude, except to say that they were principally his devoted loyalty and sincere Catholicism. Orange had an interview with him, and endeavored to change his purpose, but in vain. They met

> "Like ships upon the sea,
> Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
> One little hour! and then away they speed,
> On lonely paths, through mist and cloud and foam,
> To meet no more."

The administration of Margaret was closed. Her parting gift to the Netherlands was a new and more stringent Edict, and a proclamation forbidding emigration or the countenance of it, on pain of death. The Duke of Alva was on his way to succeed her. We quote the closing paragraph of the second part.

"And thus, while the country is paralyzed with present and expected woe, the swiftly advancing trumpets of the Spanish army resound from beyond the Alps. The curtain is falling upon the prelude to the great tragedy which the prophetic lips of Orange had foretold. When it is again lifted, scenes of disaster and of bloodshed, battles, sieges, executions, deeds of unfaltering but valiant tyranny, of superhuman and successful resistance, of heroic self-sacrifice, fanatical courage and insane cruelty, both in the cause of the Wrong and the Right, will be revealed in awful succession, — a spectacle of human energy, human suffering, and human strength to suffer, such as has not often been displayed upon the stage of the world's events." — Vol. II. pp. 97, 98.

The greater part of the second volume is devoted to the administration of Alva. We have spoken above of the administration of Margaret as closed, but in this we were not strictly correct. By the terms of his commission, Alva was appointed Captain-General, "in correspondence with his Majesty's dear sister of Parma"; but she found herself only a cipher after his coming, and continued her efforts to obtain the acceptance of her resignation until they were successful. The years during which this accomplished soldier was at the head of affairs in the Netherlands were so crowded with action and suffering, that we can do nothing more than give a brief catalogue of the leading events. He brought with him a small but per-

fectly disciplined army, demanded and obtained the keys of the principal cities, and insured their fidelity by placing garrisons in them. He established the Council of Blood, by the decrees of which eighteen hundred human beings were put to death within three months after its institution; and though this might seem to show that its action was not to be impeded for want of victims, the sentence of all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics, which soon followed, made sure of providing it with an ample supply. He presided at the meetings of this council, and his right-hand man was Vargas, whose concise and universal argument was as follows: "Hæretici fraxerunt templa, boni nihili faxerunt contra, ergo debent omnes patibulare." At the same board sat Hessels, who used to doze at the afternoon sessions, and to awake for a moment only to shout, "Ad patibulum!" The incredible cruelty and utter disregard of every right of person and property displayed by this tribunal are well set forth by Mr. Motley, but it is a matter of too much extent and importance for us to attempt to enter upon it here. The same remark applies to the trial and execution of Egmont and Horn, whose common fate is one of the most striking and dramatic events in the history of the Netherlands, and a theme to which, as we might have expected, the author does full justice. We have already hinted at the displeasure felt by Philip at the course taken by Egmont at the time when the "Remonstrance" was presented, and as for Alva we cannot but believe that his determined malignity was owing in great measure to his envy of the renown that the Flemish leader had gained by the brilliant victories of St. Quentin and Gravelines, while he was doomed to wage meaningless wars in Italy. The unpardonable sin of Horn seems to have been his permitting the Reformers to celebrate religious worship in the Clothiers' Hall at Tournay.

The decapitation of illustrious men constituted but conspicuous instances in a course of undeviating cruelty and oppression. The imposition of the taxes of the hundredth, twentieth, and tenth penny was meant to be one of the most crushing acts of tyranny in the administration, but it was also one of the most senseless, and proved nugatory from the impossi-

bility of carrying it into effect. It fell upon Catholics and Protestants alike, and it resulted in doing all that was still necessary to rouse the people to such determined resistance as issued in the sundering from the Spanish crown of some of the fairest provinces of the Netherlands. Alva continued in his course of despotism, till the whole nation joined in the cry, "Let him begone"; and even the obsequious Viglius thought things were going too far, and "confessed that he had occasionally read in history of greater benignity than was now exercised against the Netherlanders." We will sum up his career as Regent in the words of Mr. Motley.

"It was Philip's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of God against heretics. It was Alva's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of Philip. Narrow-minded, isolated, seeing only that section of the world which was visible through the loophole of the fortress in which Nature had imprisoned him for life, placing his glory in unconditional obedience to his superior, questioning nothing, doubting nothing, the viceroy accomplished his work of hell with all the tranquillity of an angel. An iron will, which clove through every obstacle; adamantine fortitude, which sustained without flinching a mountain of responsibility sufficient to crush a common nature, were qualities which, united to his fanatical obedience, made him a man for Philip's work such as could not have been found again in the world." — Vol. II. pp. 178, 179.

We return to a brief sketch of the conduct of Orange during his administration. He escaped the toils that were laid to entrap him at the time of the arrest of Egmont and Horn, — an escape as fatal to the cause of Philip, as that of Fleance to the hopes of Macbeth. An act of condemnation was pronounced against him in his absence. In the spring of 1568, he commissioned his brother Louis to raise troops and wage war against Philip, strictly for Philip's good, and soon afterward an invasion of the Netherlands in four quarters was attempted by the patriots; but it was a failure in every respect excepting the victory gained by Louis at Heiliger Lee, — a victory which his want of funds made entirely barren. Four or five months after he issued the commission to Louis, we find the Prince declaring war in such terms as these: "We, by God's grace, Prince of Orange, ... take up arms to oppose the violent tyranny of the Spaniards, by the help of the merciful God, who is the enemy of all bloodthirstiness."

To this point, then, had it come. The smiling meadows of the Netherlands had long been darkened by the shadow of the cloud-rack, the thunder had been rolling in ever deepening tones, the blasting lightnings had been playing about them, and the crashing bolt had fallen upon stately spire and lowly cottage; but there was still a hope that the full fury of the storm might be averted, and its rumblings and its early violence forgotten in the joy and quiet of the succeeding calm. This flattering hope was now abandoned. Wrong followed wrong in rapid and appalling succession, and the serried phalanx of the veterans of Alva stood ready to march at his bidding, and savagely and merrily to trample out every token of resistance. To William of Orange it seemed that the psalm "Quare fremuerunt gentes," had long enough been chanted by the people of the Netherlands, and he thought that the time had come for leaving the disputes between anointed sovereign and outraged people to the dread arbitrament of the God of battles. Fame was not to him

> "the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> To scorn delights and live laborious days."

The highest honors and the richest rewards in the power of a sovereign to bestow were his if he would do the will of Philip; while the chance of successful resistance was at best but very doubtful, and that slender chance depended entirely upon the most unwearied exertions, and the sternest self-sacrifice on his part. He did not hesitate in coming to his resolution, nor did he ever once falter after he had adopted it. He closed his eyes against all considerations of the interest or comfort of himself or his family, and devoted himself and all that was his unreservedly to the cause of his country. From the time when he made the declaration of war, to the day when the hand of the assassin cut short his career, important events succeed one another with such rapidity that we should not find space for inserting the heads of the chapters that describe them. The hope that William had entertained of relief for the Netherlands from the mediation of the German emperor, faded as he saw that sovereign begin to nurse the vision of having the Most Catholic King for a son-in-law. The prom-

ised "Amnesty" proved to be a mere mockery, for it proclaimed the forgiveness of those only who had done no wrong; and the prospects of the cause of freedom in the Netherlands looked dark indeed.

It was not long, however, before affairs began to assume a different aspect. The Dutch rovers, accomplished and adventurous sailors, including in their numbers many men of high rank but broken fortunes, made themselves every day more formidable by their daring exploits upon the waters of Northern Europe. "The beggars of the sea," says our historian, "asked their alms through the mouths of their cannon." Many of them bore commissions from the Prince of Orange, under which they cruised against Spanish commerce. We must let their earlier performances pass unnoticed, and briefly mention their first important service to the cause of freedom. In April, 1572, a party of them succeeded in obtaining possession of the town of Brill, on the Meuse, — the first successful siege of the Netherland patriots; and thus, says Mr. Motley, "the weary spirit of freedom, so long a fugitive over earth and sea, had at last found a resting-place, which rude and even ribald hands had prepared." The seizure of Brill was soon followed by the revolt of the town of Flushing, from which the Spanish garrison was driven, and thus the patriots had at length obtained a secure foundation on which to rear the standard of rebellion.

It was but for a moment that the banners of the patriots were "fanned by conquest's crimson wing." Not many months had elapsed since the discomfiture of the Spaniards in the island of Walcheren, before the shrieks of the Huguenots who fell on Saint Bartholomew's day were re-echoed by the dying groans of the butchered inhabitants of Zutphen, Naarden, and Harlem. The siege of Tergoes, which the forces of the rebels had nearly brought to a successful issue, was raised, to their unspeakable surprise and disappointment, by the almost incredible exploit of Mondragon, who led three thousand armed men, at dead of night, for a distance of three leagues and a half, through water never lower than the breast, and often higher than the shoulder, and relieved the place.

And so the struggle goes on. Berghen and Montigny in Spain are added to the list of illustrious victims to the unrelenting cruelty of Philip. Orange submits to every privation to aid the cause to which, like the patriots of our own land, he has devoted his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor, and orders what remains of his plate and furniture to be sold, to raise a little money to satisfy the demands of the soldiers he has enlisted.

> "Turbine magno errant per urbes
> Spes sollicitæ trepidique metus";

but the fears preponderate over the anxious hopes. Alva earnestly requests leave to retire, and Medina Cœli is appointed Governor in his place. He arrives, quarrels with Alva, and at last withdraws from the Netherlands without assuming the government. The estates of Holland and Zealand refuse to acknowledge the authority of Philip's officers, yet without renouncing their allegiance to him, and recognize Orange as his Stadtholder. This Stadtholderate of the Prince, conferred upon him by Philip in 1559, is to be regarded as the source of his authority, and the ground upon which he exercised supreme legislative and executive functions in certain provinces. He is now clothed by the estates with dictatorial powers, which are limited only by his own disinterested firmness; and we must not omit to mention, that at this time, when so important a change in the form of government was taking place, freedom from molestation was solemnly guaranteed to both the Reformed and Roman Catholic religions.

The capture of Mons by Louis of Nassau, which happened at about this time, is an event which deserves notice both for the dramatic manner in which it was insured, and for the narrow escape of Orange in the siege in which it was soon after retaken. Louis had effected an entrance by surprise at a very early hour, with a few followers. His other forces not coming in to support him, he went forth in search of them. As he returned with them, "they found themselves within a hair's breadth of being too late. The drawbridge across the moat was at the moment rising; the last entrance was closing, when Guitoy de Chaumont, a French officer,

mounted on a light Spanish barb, sprang upon the bridge as it rose. His weight caused it to sink again, the gate was forced, and Louis with all his men rode triumphantly into the town." As we read the story, we are reminded of the escape of Marmion from Tantallon:

> "The steed along the drawbridge flies,
> Just as it trembled on the rise."

The siege of the place was soon formed by Don Frederic, Alva's son, and it was not long before Alva himself and Medina Cœli made their appearance in the camp. Orange was doing his best to throw reinforcements into the town, when Romero one night forced his lines, and his followers steadily butchered the troops of the Prince, as Diomedes and Ulysses did the sleeping Thracians, for two long hours, and then retired with a loss of only sixty men. Romero made his way straight to the tent of the unconscious Prince, who was roused by the barking of his little spaniel barely in time to mount a horse that stood ready, while his servants all lost their lives. A moment's delay, and the History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic might never have been written.

Another disappointment that attended the latter days of Alva's administration was the successful defence of Alkmaar by the patriots. After displaying the greatest heroism in repelling the numerous and disciplined storming-parties of Don Frederic, aided by repeated cannonades of a severity almost unprecedented in that age, they forced the besiegers to retire by laying the country under water, and thus leaving them no alternative but to flee or perish, although they at the same time doomed their own harvests to destruction. The veterans of Spain and Lombardy retired from a town that was defended by a few determined fishermen, and the inhabitants of Alkmaar were saved from the dreadful fate of Harlem, — a fate so dreadful that even the imperturbable Bentivoglio says of it: "Resto in dubbio, se fossero stati più atroci, ò da una parte i falli commessi ò dall' altra i supplicii eseguiti."

Soon after this happy termination of the siege of Alkmaar, the patriots gained a victory over the Spanish fleet on the Zuyder Zee, — a victory to be regretted only on account of

the death of Haring, the Dutch Cocles, who had kept a thousand men at bay upon the Diemer dike until his own men rallied, and who now fell, like the soldier at Salamis, on board the flag-ship, the "Inquisicion," whose colors he had just hauled down.

Such were some of the reverses that attended the latter days of Alva in the Netherlands. The Grand Commander, Requesens, was appointed to succeed him, and arrived in Brussels on the 17th of November, 1573. One month later, the Duke of Alva departed. His attempts to fill the coffers of Spain by novel systems of taxation and wholesale confiscation had naturally issued in total failure. He left the opposition to his master in the Netherlands much stronger than he found it. His great success was in the character of executioner. The constitution of the Council of Blood was a masterpiece of ingenuity, and he is said to have boasted that he put more than eighteen thousand Netherlanders to death in the six years of his government, not counting, of course, those who perished in the battles, massacres, and through similar agencies.

The rapid decrease of our remaining space warns us that we must confine our notice of the residue of the work within even narrower limits than those to which our review of the administration of Alva was restricted. We assent to this necessity with the less regret, inasmuch as events constantly assume more commanding proportions, and matters of diplomacy more complexity and importance, as the History draws near its close, so that a little more or a little less does not make much difference, where either must be defective; and, moreover, our province is not to abridge what the author tells us, but to declare our opinion of the manner in which he has performed his task. The history of the last eleven years of the life of Orange is far more difficult to write than that of any previous portion of his career. The struggle had been between the many and the few; for though thousands were disaffected, yet it was hard to find hundreds, or even tens, to offer effectual resistance. The case was now changed. The inequality between the contending parties was diminishing. Rebellion had grown into revolt. Military enterprises were

conducted on a larger scale, more extensive interests entered into the negotiations, and France, England, and Germany became more intimately involved in the contest.

Whatever his subject, Mr. Motley is always found equal to his task. Whether he has to tell the extraordinary story of the unsuccessful siege of Leyden, or to describe the incredible atrocities of the "Antwerp Fury," a scene at which a man might well think he heard

> "a voice cry,
> 'Hell is empty and all the devils are here'";

to narrate the events of a campaign, or the discussions of a meeting of the estates; to unfold the intricate tissue of a conspiracy, or to trace out a tortuous intrigue of Philip, — he is always *par negotiis*, while his skilful pencil successively places before us the appearance and character of Requesens, Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, Alexander of Parma, the Archduke Matthias, the Duke of Anjou, and the other noteworthy persons in the latter part of the History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic.

The general temper of the contending parties may be described in a few words. The patriots became more and more determined to prefer "a drowned land to a lost land," while Philip was at least as fully determined as ever to have no heretics among his subjects. The result of this difference became slowly but steadily certain. Philip was to see religious conformity established throughout his dominions, but in a different way from that which he had anticipated; for it was to be by his losing thousands and thousands of his most valuable subjects, not by the halter and the fagot, but by their own secession. The blow was doubly cruel; for he not only lost his people, but had not the consolation of putting them to death.

The administration of Requesens need not detain us long. On his arrival, the patriots were besieging Middleburg closely, and he collected a large naval force to relieve it; but it was defeated in a great action by Boisot, and Mondragon was obliged to capitulate soon after. The Hollanders and Zealanders thus became masters of the sea-coast; but Leyden was invested, and Louis advanced upon Maestricht with less

than ten thousand troops, to effect a diversion in its favor. In the battle of Mook, which soon followed, the forces of the patriots were completely overthrown, and Louis of Nassau and his brother Henry were among the slain. After describing this disastrous action, the historian tells the story of a preternatural occurrence foreshadowing the result of the battle, which is so striking that we insert it here.

"Early in February five soldiers of the burgher guard at Utrecht, being on their midnight watch, beheld in the sky above them the representation of a furious battle. The sky was extremely dark, except directly over their heads, where, for a space equal in extent to the length of the city, two armies, in battle array, were seen advancing upon each other. The one moved rapidly up from the north-west, with banners waving, spears flashing, trumpets sounding, accompanied by heavy artillery and by squadrons of cavalry. The other came slowly forward from the south-east, as from an entrenched camp, to encounter their assailants. There was a fierce action for a few moments, the shouts of the combatants, the heavy discharge of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the tramp of heavy-armed foot soldiers, the rush of cavalry, being distinctly heard. The firmament trembled with the shock of the contending hosts, and was lurid with the rapid discharges of their artillery. After a short, fierce engagement, the north-western army was beaten back in disorder, but rallied again, after a breathing-time, formed again into solid column, and again advanced. Their foes, arrayed in a square and closely serried grove of spears and muskets, again awaited the attack. Once more the aerial cohorts closed upon each other. The struggle seemed but short. The lances of the south-eastern army seemed to snap 'like hemp-stalks,' while their firm columns all went down together in mass, beneath the onset of their enemies. The overthrow was complete, victors and vanquished had faded, the clear blue space, surrounded by black clouds, was empty, when suddenly its whole extent, where the conflict had so lately raged, was streaked with blood, flowing athwart the sky in broad crimson streams; nor was it till the five witnesses had fully watched and pondered over these portents that the vision entirely vanished." — Vol. II. pp. 539, 540.

Leyden, which had thus cost the patriots so dear, was at last relieved by the aid of that mighty ally, the Ocean, whose assistance the Netherlanders were wont to invoke with such success. The exploit of Mondragon was imitated and perhaps eclipsed by the expedition of Ulloa, who led an army

through deep waters where they were sharply attacked by the Zealanders, and formed the siege of Zierickzee; and soon after Requesens died.

It was at this time, when Holland and Zealand were separated by the siege of Zierickzee, — when the Prince was wholly without funds, and Germany, France, and England, all refused to aid the patriots, — that Orange entertained the idea of expatriation, to which we referred near the beginning of this article.

Mutinies, common among the irregularly paid Spanish troops, broke out with unusual virulence after the death of the Grand Commander, upon the capture of Zierickzee; and their most disastrous result was the sack of Antwerp, commonly called the "Antwerp Fury," the description of which is one of the most interesting passages in the History before us, and a fine specimen of dramatic prose. The loss inflicted by the mutineers proved to be the very great gain of the provinces; for while they were about their own work, Zierickzee was recovered, the indignation they excited served to bind the Provinces together, and on the 8th of November, 1576, the Pacification of Ghent was signed by deputies from nearly all of them. By the provisions of this document, a close and faithful friendship was vowed, and a mutual promise plighted to expel the Spaniards from the Netherlands; while the Prince was to be admiral and general for the king till otherwise ordered by the States-General, and the safety of the Reformed religion might be said to be effectually provided for.

Four days before the publication of this treaty, Don John of Austria, the natural son of Charles V., arrived in the Netherlands as their new governor. We must despatch his administration in a very few words. Regarded with distrust and hatred by the Netherlanders, and with suspicion and jealousy by Philip, his career in the Low Countries was one scene of mortification and disappointment. The place for the conqueror of Lepanto was in the front of "battle's magnificently stern array." Unsupplied with money or troops, fettered in every way by the policy of the cabinet at Madrid, cut to the quick by the assassination of his faithful secretary, Escovedo, in Spain, his great heart rapidly wore itself away: —

"What doth the eagle in the coop,
The bison in the stall."

He died on the first day of October, 1578, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

The most important events that fell within the time of his administration were the lending of money to the patriots by Queen Elizabeth, the bringing of the Archduke Matthias from Vienna as Governor-General of the revolted Provinces, — a measure owing to the jealousy of Orange felt by the Duke of Aerschot, but made of no effect by the prudent management of the Prince, — the growing disaffection of the Catholic Walloons to the patriotic cause, the arrival of Alexander of Parma, and his victory at Gemblours, — a victory counterbalanced by the accession of Amsterdam to the United Provinces. To these must be added the forming of the "Union of Brussels," which amounted merely to impressing upon the Pacification of Ghent the character of a popular document. The Pacification had been signed only by the envoys of the contracting parties, whereas the Union of Brussels was signed by all the leading individuals of all the Provinces. The Union of Brussels was followed, in about a month, by the treaty of Marche en Famine, or Perpetual Edict, of which we can say no more than that by it Don John ratified the Pacification of Ghent, and granted everything required by the envoys of the States, but, as the Prince believed, with a mental reservation to observe such agreements only so long as it should be convenient. He therefore refused to publish or acknowledge the treaty in Holland or Zealand. In the words of Mr. Motley, "ten thousand ghosts from the Lake of Harlem, from the famine and plague-stricken streets of Leyden, from the smoking ruins of Antwerp, rose to warn him against such a composition with a despotism as subtle as it was remorseless." The sequel proved the justice of his suspicions.

Upon the death of Don John, Alexander Farnese became Governor of the Netherlands. "Of all the eminent personages to whom Philip had confided the reins of that most difficult and dangerous administration," says the historian, "the man who was now to rule was by far the ablest and the best fitted for his post. If there were living charioteer skilful

enough to guide the wheels of state, whirling now more dizzily than ever through '*confusum chaos*,' Alexander Farnese was the charioteer to guide, — his hand the only one which could control." We cannot follow him closely in his career. Effective as was the exercise of his military talents, his masterly use of bribery was even more effective. "He bought a general, a politician, or a grandee, or a regiment of infantry, usually at the cheapest price at which those articles could be purchased, and always with the utmost delicacy with which such traffic could be conducted. A decent gossamer of conventional phraseology was ever allowed to float over the nakedness of unblushing treason."

While he held the reins of government, the "Union of Utrecht," the foundation of the Netherland republic, was entered into; and by this, Holland, Zealand, and the neighboring provinces formed a closer compact, agreed to defend themselves "with life, goods, and blood," against all force brought against them in the king's name or behalf, and provided for universal religious toleration. Two years after this, the United Provinces, assembled at the Hague, solemnly declared their independence of Philip, and renounced their allegiance to him for ever. More than a year before the declaration of independence, however, the indignation and hatred of Philip had found expression in the publication of the famous ban against Orange. By this extraordinary instrument, the king of Spain "set a price upon the head of the foremost man of the age, as if he had been a savage beast, and admission into the ranks of Spain's haughty nobility was made the additional bribe to tempt the assassin." This was answered by the publication of the "Apology of the Prince of Orange," — a dignified and masterly composition, — a translation of which may be found in an appendix to Watson's History of Philip II.

We must pass unnoticed the connection with the affairs of the Low Countries of the Duke of Anjou, than whom "no more ignoble or more dangerous creature had yet been loosed upon the devoted soil of the Netherlands"; the siege of Maestricht; the first and second attempts upon the life of the Prince of Orange; and the other important events of this

period; finding room only for a striking picture of the scene presented at the opening of the fruitless negotiations at Cologne, in 1579.

"Here there were holiness, serenity, dignity, law, and learning in abundance. Here was a pope *in posse*, with archbishops, princes, dukes, jurisconsults, and doctors of divinity *in esse*, sufficient to remodel a world, if worlds were to be remodelled by such instruments. If protocols, replications, annotations, apostilles, could heal a bleeding country, here were the physicians to furnish those drugs in unlimited profusion. If reams of paper, scrawled over with barbarous technicalities, could smother and bury a quarrel which had its origin in the mutual antagonism of human elements, here were the men to scribble unflinchingly, till the reams were piled to a pyramid. If the same idea presented in many aspects could acquire additional life, here were the word-mongers who could clothe one shivering thought in a hundred thousand garments, till it attained all the majesty which decoration could impart." — Vol. III. p. 453.

We must pass rapidly to the closing scenes. In August, 1583, we find the United Provinces urging Orange to accept the sovereignty over them, while he is extremely reluctant, if not absolutely unwilling, to accept it. Yet he seemed now to be approaching the end of his long career of labor and sacrifice, and to be near the reward of his disinterested exertions. In the summer of 1584, he was living at Delft, and there he fell, by the hand of Balthasar Gérard, the most illustrious victim in the long catalogue of those who perished by the cruel fanaticism of Philip of Spain. His death is one of the memorable events of history, and should be narrated at length or not at all. The reader will find the most minute particulars in regard to it in the History at the close of which we have now arrived.

The characters of Philip and of William offer the most striking contrast. The mission of the one was to extirpate heresy; of the other, to establish universal toleration. Orange was always true to his high purpose; Philip more than once showed himself ready to abandon his dark path to obtain some dazzling prize, the most conspicuous instance of which was his promise to the princes of the empire to tolerate the exercise of the Reformed Religion in the Provinces, if they would confer the crown upon him. The Prince always did

everything in his power to prevent cruelty on the part of his followers, and never countenanced retaliation when his most bloody enemies fell into their hands; the monarch, on the other hand, revelled in slaughter, and evidently deemed wholesale murder an agreeable but not intellectual pastime, while he regarded a well-arranged assassination as a matter of high art, and found an exquisite pleasure in attending to its every detail. Any one who will read the story of the murder of Montigny, as told by Mr. Motley, will see that there is no exaggeration in what we have said. Both dealt widely in intrigue; but with Philip it was a passion, while with Orange it was only an instrument which he mastered and employed as a necessary means for attaining his high end. The two men have now taken their proper place in history. The evidence is put in, and succeeding generations will pronounce the same verdict. We quote here, with a change of one or two words, two similes, by which Mr. Motley illustrates their respective lives. Of Philip he says: "It is curious to observe the minute reticulations of tyranny which he spins about a whole people, while, cold, venomous, and patient, he watches his victims from the centre of his web." Of Orange: "The brave, tranquil, solitary man held his track across the raging waves, shedding as much light as one clear human soul could dispense; yet the dim lantern, so far in advance, was often swallowed in the mist, ere those who sailed in his wake could shape their course by his example."

It would be a pleasant task to follow William through his whole career, from his early youth, when his favorite occupation was "carefully to observe men's actions, and silently to ponder upon their motives," through all the varied phases of the arduous and at length successful struggle; but we must refrain. He who would learn the grand story of his life, and would acquaint himself with his magnanimity, liberality, commanding influence, manly courage, devotion to the cause of toleration, perfect disinterestedness, and genuine patriotism, may find the whole fairly and fully set down in Mr. Motley's admirable work; and as he reads he will feel his interest deepening, and his enthusiastic admiration increasing for the great and good man who was so truly in advance of his age.

Another William of Orange has held a high place in the

regard of mankind since the death of William the Silent. From the fact of his having ascended the throne of England, and inaugurated a new state of things in our mother country, his life and character are more generally known than those of the great antagonist of Philip. This may be also owing in some degree to a difference in the manner in which the two Williams achieved their triumphs. The king was often in the field, and it is the soldier of all the characters of history who suggests to us the most vivid idea. The Prince is more withdrawn from our eyes. We do not often hear the ring of his armor, nor meet his penetrating glance. He seems to us rather like the man concealed in the automaton chess-player. We do not see him, but he is close at hand, watching all the changes of the complicated game, and directing its moves with such sagacious accuracy that he is seldom beaten. It is difficult to make an impartial comparison between the two, on closing a book in which the life of one is depicted by a master hand; but upon the whole it seems to us that the first William was a greater man than his great-grandson and namesake. However this may be, we close the story of his life with the conviction that Mr. Motley's History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic is a most valuable contribution to history and letters, a work in every way worthy of its majestic theme, and one that every American may be proud to own as written by his countryman.

ART. XI. — 1. *Memoir of* THOMAS HANDASYD PERKINS; *containing Extracts from his Diaries and Letters. With an Appendix.* By THOMAS G. CARY. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 304.

2. *Lives of Eminent Merchants.* By FREEMAN HUNT, A. M., Editor of the Merchant's Magazine. Vol. I. New York. 1856. pp. 576.

COMMERCE is now the chief estate, the controlling power, the paramount interest, of the civilized world, and its compar-

ative ascendency in the several nations of Christendom might with little error be assumed as the type and gauge of their respective measures of civilization. Where the titular aristocracy refuses to recruit its leanness from the mercantile ranks, it has already fallen below them in respectability and influence; while, in England, nothing so tends to keep up the prestige of nobility as the various ways through which mercantile blood and wealth are perpetually renewing the vitality and repairing the wasted substance of the titled orders. In this country, commerce is at the North unrivalled in position and power; in the South, in proportion to their relative numerical forces, it is a competitor on more than equal terms with the proprietary aristocracy. To a larger degree than is generally conceived, it holds or bestows the chief places in society, and in all portions of the public administration not immediately depending on the national executive. Nor is this condition of things in any sense a plutocracy; it indicates the preponderant weight of the mercantile mind and character. Commerce is emphatically a liberal profession, both in the prerequisites for success in it and in the training which it gives. It was not always so. Until the present century, its routes, modes, and customs were liable to but slight and slow changes, its competitions were by no means active, and its individual branches might be pursued by men who had neither genius nor culture. But now the merchant must throw his feelers out to every zone and shore, must maintain conversance with the courts and markets, the wars and negotiations, the resources and alliances of every nation, and must be able to translate every flash of intelligence borne on the speaking wires into the dialect of the exchange. Yet more, he must be endowed with keen foresight; for his success will often depend on his deductions from slight, or ambiguous, or complicated premises. Nor in such a case can he, like an adroit politician, save his reputation by being obscure and oracular; but his predictions are uttered in a form in which none can misread them, or fail to compare them with their issue.

Thomas Handasyd Perkins holds a pioneer's place with reference to the mercantile profession as it now is in New England. Brought up under the old *régime*, he was the founder

and for many years the leading mind of the new. There was no little of heroism in his early career; for, in repeated instances, he followed no precedent, but trusted his fortunes to the sole, and as it proved unerring, instinct of his own mercantile genius, exploring new directions of enterprise, opening untried avenues of intercourse, and mining fresh veins of hidden wealth.

He was born in Boston in 1764. His father was a merchant, and his mother, who survived her husband for thirty-six years, continued his business with eminent skill, prudence, and success, at the same time discharging all a mother's duties for her numerous family, and filling a large and honored place in connection with the charitable associations of her native town. He was prepared for college under the tuition of Rev. Dr. Shute of Hingham; but, preferring a more active life, he was placed in the counting-room of the Messrs. Shattuck, then among the principal merchants of Boston, and remained with them till he was of age. Shortly afterward, he entered into partnership with his elder brother, in St. Domingo; but finding the climate uncongenial, he soon returned to Boston, and for some time attended to the business of the house in the United States. In 1789, his attention was first turned to the East Indies, and he undertook, as supercargo, a voyage to Batavia and Canton. His memoranda of his residence in Java form an important portion of Mr. Cary's Memoir, and, in the paucity of information of that date with reference to the island and its inhabitants, they have even a high historical value. His business and that of the firm of J. & T. H. Perkins, formed after the St. Domingo insurrection in 1792, had thenceforward China and the northwest coast of America for their most important and lucrative directions; and the brothers eventually established a house at Canton. But their operations extended also to almost every quarter of the world then open to American commerce.

In 1794 Mr. Perkins took passage for Bordeaux, with a cargo of provisions, in a ship belonging to his own firm and that of S. Higginson & Co., of which his younger brother was a member. He was in France during some of the most exciting and sanguinary scenes of the French Revolution, and,

having sold most of his cargo to the government, was obliged to reside for several months in Paris, in the endeavor to secure payment from the appropriate bureau. He witnessed the execution of Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser during the ascendency of "The Mountain," and of five judges and ten jurymen who had aided him in the mock-legal forms by which multitudes of innocent victims had been murdered. While here, he was enabled to perform for the Marquis de La Fayette an important service, the details of which are related as follows in an autobiographical sketch prepared for his family: —

"Mr. Monroe, the minister of the United States, told me that he wished a service to be rendered by some one, and felt great interest that I should give my aid to it. The object was that I should aid in sending Mr. George Washington La Fayette to the United States. His mother, the Marchioness La Fayette, was then in Paris with her daughters, and Mr. Frestal, their tutor. Mr. Monroe gave me a letter to her; and I found her lodged in the third story, in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec. She explained her object to me, which was to get her son sent to the United States, to prevent him from being drawn by the conscription into the army. He was then fourteen years of age. The proposal she made to me was, that I should apply to the Convention for permission to procure a passport for her son to go to America, for the purpose of his being educated in a counting-house. As the Marquis was in bad odor in France, it was deemed necessary to sink the real name of the party, and to apply to the Committee of Safety for a passport for G. W. Motier, this being a name of his family which he had a right to assume. Madame La Fayette was intimately acquainted with Boissy d'Anglas, the president of the committee, and one of the old aristocracy of France; and from him she had assurance, that, if the application were made by an American, it would be favorably received. The Marquis was at the time prisoner in the castle of Olmutz, in Austria; and the object of Madame was to go to him with her daughters, and solace him in his deplorable confinement, where his health was suffering.

"The application to the committee was complied with; and my friend Mr. Russell, who took an active part in aiding in the plan, accompanied George La Fayette to Havre, where was an American ship in which I had an interest, commanded by Capt. Thomas Sturgis, brother to Mr. R. Sturgis, who married my eldest sister. To him I gave letters, requesting that Mr. La Fayette might have a passage in the ship, which

was freely accorded. Mr. Russell and myself paid the expense of the journey and the passage; and Mr. La Fayette arrived in Boston, where he was cordially received by my family, and passed some time there. He afterwards went to Mount Vernon, and lived in the family of General Washington, until, in the following year, he returned to Europe, when he entered the Revolutionary army.

"He served with reputation; but, as the name was not a favorite one with the existing leaders, he was kept in the background by the influence of General Bonaparte; and retired, after a year or two of service, to private life. He is yet living (1846), and has been a member of the House of Deputies since the fall of Bonaparte.

"Madame La Fayette went to Austria, and remained with her husband to the time of his liberation. Immediately after his being set at liberty, he wrote me a letter, dated at Olmutz, thanking me for the share I had taken in enabling his wife to visit him in his distress, and declaring that I had been the means of saving his life by the means used in restoring his family to him. This letter is now in the possession of Mrs. Bates, of London, to whom I gave it as an interesting article for her portfolio." — pp. 57 – 59.

During Mr. Perkins's detention on the Continent, he made a tour through the interior of France, and the principal cities of Holland. On his return to Paris, he was present at the important trial described in the following extract from his diary, bearing date June 16, 1795: —

"We are informed this day that the trial of the eight deputies of the National Convention, who were decreed of accusation by their colleagues, as promoters of the disturbances of the 1st of Prairial, is to come on before the Military Commission. This court has been established since the Revolutionary Tribunal was abolished. It is neither more nor less than a court-martial, and is composed of eight officers of rank. They have had the trial of all those persons who have been arrested as concerned in the attempt against the Convention, many of whom they have sent to expiate their crime at the guillotine.

"The name of the Revolutionary Tribunal has been detested throughout this country; for it has condemned all the martyrs who have suffered in the cause of liberty through the influence of Robespierre; and, indeed, all who suffered by the guillotine had their mock trial at this bar. The last trials before this tribunal were those of its former judges, jurors, and attorney-general; who were tried for the crimes they had committed while in office, and condemned to die for their unheard-of cruelties by the same machine to which they had condemned thousands.

This was esteemed the most just thing that was ever done by this tribunal; and with it ended its existence, a short time previous to the insurrection of the *faubourgs*. As there was no criminal court established, the Military Commission was created, for the purpose of trying those concerned in that affair. It is held in the house of an emigrant, which can hold but few persons. We found a large body of people waiting, and very much feared we should not gain admittance; but Mr. Russell, having an ambassador's ticket of entrance to the National Assembly, obtained permission for us to enter. We were introduced into the room where the court sat, which was capable of holding about sixty or seventy spectators. The names of the members who were accused were Bourbotte, Rhull, Romme, Goujon, Du Roy, Forestier, Dusquesnoy, Soubrany, and Peyssard. Rhull, unable to undergo a trial which he supposed would be but a prelude to his death on the scaffold, put an end to his existence the day before yesterday. When we entered, we found Bourbotte before the court. He was seated in the centre of that part of the room occupied by the court, and was guarded on each side by a soldier, who held a drawn sword in his hand. The judges were dressed in their regimentals. Three or four of them showed by their uniform that they were general officers; and seemed, from their conduct, to have some fellow-feeling for the unfortunate men who were arraigned before them. There were eight sentinels in the room; and everything looked martial. There was also a body of troops in the court-yard below. Bourbotte is a very handsome, well-made man, of about thirty-five years of age. He was accused of being one of the members of the Convention, who, on the night of the 1st of Prairial (or 22d of May last), made some of the motions upon which certain decrees were passed by the few members who remained in the hall of the Convention. One of his motions is said to have been for the immediate arrest of the members of the Committee of Public Safety and General Surety. He denies this; but there is a person who has proved that he was in one of the tribunes, and that he himself heard him make the motion, and second others equally *anti-modéré*. He was asked by the president of the court-martial if he had any observations to make upon the evidence of the person who had been giving his deposition; and answered, that he had nothing more to say than he had before said in answer to the interrogations which had been put to him. Everything that is deposed by a witness, or answered in defence by the prisoner, is taken down by a secretary, as the one or the other speaks; so that the prisoner speaks as many words as he supposes the secretary can remember, who writes them down, and then goes on with all he has to say. When the prisoner has finished, it is read to him, that he may

agree to its being what he uttered; after which, he signs it, as confirmation of its validity. I should have supposed, that, uttering in this way perhaps half a sentence at a time, one would lose the thread of the defence, and would labor under a great disadvantage. This, however, was not the case in any instance this day, that I remember, as respected those on trial. The witnesses appeared much less cool and collected than those whom they accused, and made several mistakes in keeping the thread of their testimony. The prisoner had his snuff-box, which he carelessly twirled betwixt his thumb and finger, occasionally taking from it a pinch of snuff. He showed not the smallest signs of fear; although he must be sensible, and undoubtedly is so, that in three or four days the thread of his existence will be cut. The evidence is very full against him, and nothing can save him.

"The witness deposed, among other things, that he heard the prisoner say that he had just come from a coffee-house in the neighborhood, and that he had taken there several glasses of wine; and, from the warmth of his expressions, he (the witness) supposed him to be intoxicated. The prisoner smiled, but answered nothing.

"Forestier is an old man, and the charges against him are light; and I am of opinion that he will not be found guilty.

"The witness who was examined respecting Du Roy, Romme, and Goujon, testified that he saw three of the members (describing them according to their dress and appearance) very warmly taking a part in the Convention in forming the decrees which were made on that memorable night. The prisoners were severally called in; and the witness said they were the persons he alluded to. They observed, that, in such a situation as the witness was in, and in the tumults of that night, it could not be possible for him to be certain of the identity of their persons. This idea seemed to me to be rational enough; but the rest of the audience smiled at the idea. They all answered, upon being asked if they had any further defence to make, that their answers to the interrogatories put by the court were their defence; and they said not much to the witnesses who were examined.

"These members are all of what is called the Mountain party in the Convention. This is another name for Jacobin; and therefore all Paris is against them, since the Convention (that is to say, the *Modérés*) have got the day. How it would have been had the *faubourgs* got the upper hand, there is no knowing. Goujon is quite a young man. One of the witnesses deposed that he heard him speak with a great deal of warmth on the night of the 1st; on hearing which, Goujon asked, with a smile of indignation, what member of sensibility there was who would not show warmth on such a night as that. He seems a very intelligent

young man, of about twenty-six or twenty-eight. If his fate is to be a guillotine, Mr. Russell and I are of opinion he will meet it like a man. Indeed, they all show an astonishing degree of coolness and reconciliation to the fate that awaits them, particularly Bourbotte, who, as he left the room, bowed and smiled upon several persons, who were, I suppose, some of his acquaintance. There is one thing respecting this trial which I cannot think quite right. When these men were decreed of accusation, and ordered to be tried by the Military Commission, they called upon several members of the Convention as witnesses in their favor. The court referred the propriety of calling the members of that body, who had been their accusers, as witnesses; and the Convention, after discussing the point, agreed that the court were competent to determine everything of that kind, and passed to the order of the day. The fact is, the members were not called! Had there been a question of calling any of the members of that body, who accused the prisoners, in behalf of the government, it would not have been right; but that they should deny this privilege to the accused, seems to me extraordinary. The judge informed us, at about half past three, that the court would be opened again the next day at twelve o'clock. As I was going out, the officer who conducted us to the chamber told me, that, if I wished to see them receive sentence, I must come by eleven o'clock to-morrow. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of the people how this business will terminate; and I dare say they would not be insured from the axe of the law for ninety-nine per cent. Romme appeared to me to be the only one who had fear marked upon his countenance. He is very obnoxious to the reigning party; and they will rejoice at his fate, should it be execution on the Place de la Révolution. If possible, I shall go to the commission to-morrow." — pp. 165 – 171.

On leaving France, Mr. Perkins visited London, and spent several weeks in England; but the facilities of travel, though superior to those on the Continent, were not such as to invite extensive journeying; the roads were infested by highwaymen; and he confined himself to the southern part of the island. He still continued the diary from which we have already quoted, and put on record many details, which enable the reader to estimate the changes that have occurred during the sixty most eventful and most progressive years of modern history. Did our limits permit, we should be glad to quote the narrative of his visit to Newgate, which had for several years been the model prison of the time, and bore many then recent tokens of the humane philanthropy of Howard.

The journal and reminiscences connected with this voyage and European residence occupy about half of the volume under review, and they constitute a narrative of rare interest and value. The writer's position as an acknowledged, yet deferred, and therefore somewhat privileged creditor, of the then existing government of France, and the favor with which he was regarded as an American, secured for him a near view of passing events and their prominent actors; while his keen powers of observation, his calm good sense and stable principles, assure us of the literal authenticity of his rendering of facts, and of the genuineness of the moral sentiments expressed in connection with them.

The European journal is followed in the Memoir by a narrative in his own words, which could never have been read with more interest than now that the filial piety of our generation is busy in rescuing from oblivion all attainable memorials of him, whose common paternity remains almost the only recognized bond of our national union.

"The circumstance of my interference in sending young La Fayette to this country was the cause of one of the most interesting events of my life. It was known to General Washington, through the father or son, or both, that I had been active in effecting the removal of the young man to this country; and, from the great partiality he had for the Marquis, he was pleased to regard the actors in a favorable light.

"In the summer of 1796, I visited the city of Washington, which was decided upon as the future seat of government, though Congress still sat at Philadelphia. While I was there, General Washington passed some days at the new seat of government. He lodged at the house of Mr. Peters, who married a Miss Custis, granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. At a ball given by Mrs. Peters, to which I was invited, I was introduced to the General by Colonel Lear, his private secretary, and was graciously received, and invited to visit Mount Vernon, and pass some time there. This was not to be declined; and, a few days after, I went, as invited, to pay my respects to the man I cherished in my mind beyond any earthly being. There was no company there except Mr. Thomas Porter, formerly of Boston, who then lived at Alexandria, with whom I was intimately acquainted, and who was a great favorite at Mount Vernon. He took me to the residence of General Washington, and returned after dinner to his own residence.

"It is well known that the General was not in the habit of talking on political subjects with any but those connected with him in the government. Indeed, he was what may be called a silent man, except when necessity called upon him to be otherwise. He conversed with me on internal improvements; and observed to me, that I should probably live to see an internal communication, by canals and rivers, from Georgia to Massachusetts. The State of Maine had not then been separated from the old Bay State. He little thought, at that time or ever, of the railroads which now span the country. General Washington, it is understood, was the first projector of the Dismal Swamp Canal, between Chesapeake Bay and Albemarle Sound, in North Carolina, at that time a great undertaking, as well as the lockage of the Little Falls of the Potomac. As was before remarked, I was the only guest at Mount Vernon at the time spoken of. Mrs. Washington, and her granddaughter, Miss Nelly Custis, with the General, were the only inmates of the parlor.

"The situation of Mount Vernon is known to every one to be of surpassing beauty. It stands on the banks of the Potomac, but much elevated above the river, and affords an extensive view of this beautiful piece of water and of the opposite shore. At the back of the house, overlooking the river, is a wide piazza, which was the general resort in the afternoon. On one occasion, when sitting there with the family, a toad passed near to where I sat conversing with General Washington; which led him to ask me if I had ever observed this reptile swallow a fire-fly. Upon my answering in the negative, he told me that he had; and that, from the thinness of the skin of the toad, he had seen the light of the fire-fly after it had been swallowed. This was a new, and to me a surprising, fact in natural history.

"I need not remark how deeply I was interested in every word which fell from the lips of this great man. I found Mrs. Washington to be an extremely pleasant and unaffected lady, rather silent; but this was made up for by the facetious and pleasant young lady, Miss Custis, who afterwards married Major Lewis, a nephew of the General, and who is yet living. During the day, the General was either in his study, or in the saddle, overlooking the cultivation of his farm.

"I shall never forget a circumstance which took place on the first evening I lodged at Mount Vernon. As I have said before, it was in July, when the day trenched far upon the evening, and at seven or eight o'clock we were taking our tea; not long after which, the ladies retired. Knowing the habit of the General, when not prevented by business, to retire early, at about nine o'clock I made a movement in my chair; which led the General to ask me if I wished to retire to my

chamber. Upon my answering in the affirmative, observing there was no servant in the room, he took one of the candles from the table, leading the way to the great staircase; then gave me the candle, and pointed out to me the door at the head of the stairs as my sleeping-room. Think of this!

"In the room in which I laid myself down — for I do not think I slept at all, so much was I occupied with the occurrences of the day — was a portrait of La Fayette the elder, and, hanging over the fireplace, the *key of the Bastile*, which, I believe, retain the same places to this day. On the afternoon of the second day after I arrived, I took my leave of Mount Vernon, more gratified than I can express.

"In the autumn of the year of my visit, Mr. Stuart (Gilbert) painted the full-length portrait of the General, which is much the best likeness I have ever seen of him. The bust I have, also by Stuart, is a *facsimile* of the original. The portrait of Mrs. Washington, also by Stuart, now in the Athenæum, is an excellent likeness of that excellent lady. I remember her amiable expression of countenance, and courteous, unaffected manner, as well at this time as half a century since.

"The President, having inquired of me if I had visited the Great Falls of the Potomac, and being answered in the negative, observed to me, that I ought not to leave that part of the country without visiting them. I made the excursion, though pressed for time, and to my great satisfaction.

"I consider the visit to Mount Vernon as one of the most interesting of my life. It was the only opportunity which I should have ever had of conversing familiarly with this great and good man. Two years after my visit, he died, at his residence, of croup. It is stated that he was not well treated for the disorder, and that with more skill his life might have been preserved; though I doubt if his happiness would have been preserved to him, had his life been spared. Detraction and calumny had assailed him.

"The new city of Washington, when I was there, had but few houses. The Capitol was not built for many years afterwards; and when Congress first sat there, it occupied, I think, a building erected by means of a tontine speculation, got up by a Mr. Blodget, who went from Massachusetts, and was well known as a great projector of speculations of one sort and another." — pp. 197 – 201.

During the closing years of the last century and the earlier part of the present, Mr. Perkins was principally occupied in establishing and extending those branches of foreign commerce with which his name and family are so closely asso-

ciated in the general mind. The happy results to individual fortune and to the mercantile interests of New England, that may be directly or indirectly traced to the voyage of 1789, to which we have already referred, it would be impossible to overrate, and the estimate that would seem the most fabulous might be the least so. During the difficulties that preceded the war of 1812, his house still maintained its lucrative commerce with China, and at the same time engaged largely in the shipment of provisions to Spain and Portugal. In order to complete the pecuniary arrangements connected with this peninsular trade, Mr. Perkins took passage for London in the summer of 1811, and remained in England till the following spring. He then visited Paris, by the way of Morlaix, where he was detained for three weeks as a person devoted to the English interest, and therefore hostile and dangerous to the French government. While he was at Morlaix occurred the touching incident, to which reference was made in a former number by one of our contributors, but which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting, as modestly and gracefully told by himself in a letter to his wife. The statement by Mr. Cary which follows the letter is proof positive that the generous lodger not only started the subscription, but left no risk or doubt as to its completion.

"'The family in which I lived was one of the most respectable in Morlaix, in point of property, previous to the Revolution. Like many others, it was reduced to very narrow means by the then existing state of things, as their wealth consisted principally in vessels, which either perished at the wharves, or were taken by the powers which then ruled, and were totally lost to Monsieur Beau, who was their proprietor. Having been the agent for the lead mines for a long time, this was a resource to him; and although the stipend arising from this was a moderate one, yet it served to feed his wife and children, who were some six or seven in number. M. Beau died a few years since, and left his widow without any resource for the support of her family. Being a woman of a good deal of character, the company to whom the mines belong concluded to continue the agency in the hands of Mrs. Beau, who, with the aid of her youngest son, has carried on the purchases and sales to this time. The two eldest sons got clerkships in the tobacco manufactory, and a daughter was married; so that but one daughter and one son were upon the shoulders of the old lady. Their means

were, to be sure, small; but their wants were few; and, although their whole income was not more than six hundred dollars per annum, the son who aided his mother in the lead-mine agency had made a matrimonial engagement; and, not believing that "Love would fly out of the window, though Poverty looked in at the door," a day was designated for the marriage; and I was invited as a guest at the meeting of the family, which was to take place in the evening. The marriage ceremony took place in the morning, at the parish church; and at about ten o'clock I was introduced to the bride, whom I found to be, as I had heard her represented, a beautiful woman of about twenty, with a very prepossessing countenance, which, it was universally acknowledged, was a perfect index of her amiable mind. She seemed perfectly happy; and nothing but joy was visible in every countenance in the family. All was happiness and gayety and laugh and frolic. Mark the sad change. At twelve o'clock, the bridegroom received notice that he had been drawn in the conscription; and that on *Sunday* he must be at Campège, a distance of thirty leagues. This was on Thursday. In such cases, entreaty is vain, and never resorted to, because always ineffectual. To go to the army was to *go*, to return when the exigencies of the state no longer required his services. The whole family was in a state little short of distraction when I left the town, which was early on the next morning. The lowest price at which a substitute could be procured was three thousand francs; and the family could not command half the money in all its branches. The peculiar situation of this family seemed to paralyze the whole town, and led to an exertion which is seldom made, and which proved effectual in preventing this young man from being torn from the embraces of his charming wife and amiable mother. I have the satisfaction of having put the thing in train, and shall always consider the opportunity as one of the most gratifying which ever presented itself to me. After my arrival in Paris, I received a letter, saying that my example had been followed, and that it had produced the effect desired. This is an anecdote, or rather this part of it, for your own private ear; and you will not, of course, show this letter.'

"Some years afterwards, he was again at Morlaix; and, as a proof of the affection and respect with which the remembrance of him was cherished, he found that the room which he had occupied at the time of this occurrence had been kept in the precise order in which he left it, no article having been removed from its place." — pp. 216–218.

In 1822, Mr. Perkins sustained a severe bereavement in the death of his elder brother and partner, whose life had been one

of eminent purity, probity, and benevolence, and whose name is imperishably associated with the Boston Athenæum by a munificent endowment in his lifetime, and with our University by an equally liberal bequest, — the foundation of the chair of which Professor Peirce is the present incumbent. Mr. Perkins for sixteen years after this event maintained his place as senior partner in the firm, which had owed its distinction and success so largely to his energy.

"After his retirement from commerce," writes Mr. Cary, "Col. Perkins found sufficient occupation in the management of his property; in various matters of a public nature which interested him; and in the cultivation of trees, and particularly of fruits and flowers, on his estate at Brookline. He was remarkable for his love of nature; and, in travelling, sometimes went far out of his way to examine a beautiful tree or to enjoy an interesting view. Occasionally he made a voyage to Europe, renewing his observations on the changes and improvements that were to be seen there. He had crossed the Atlantic many times besides the instances that have been referred to, always keeping a diary, which he filled with the incidents that occurred, with the results of his inquiries, and with remarks worthy of an intelligent traveller, and sending home works of art, some of which were bestowed as gifts. He took a lively interest in the progress and welfare of American artists; kindly aiding some who desired to improve by studying the great models in Europe, and liberally purchasing the works of those who deserved encouragement." — pp. 243, 244.

His bodily constitution seems to have been elastic rather than firm. Often reduced to alarming debility, he rose again to vigorous health with the excitement and pleasure of a journey, or the mere preparation for a voyage. When nearly ninety years of age, and much bowed by infirmity, he visited Washington on business; and, grieved to learn that labor on the monument to the memory of Washington was likely to be suspended for lack of funds, he on his return engaged with earnest alacrity in measures adapted to revive a fresh interest in the work, and was the efficient cause of a large subscription toward that enterprise in Boston and its vicinity. He had for many years been deprived of the use of one of his eyes by cataract, and early in 1853 he was threatened with total blindness by the rapid progress of the same disease in the eye that had remained sound. Under these circumstances he re-

solved to submit to an operation on the organ that had so long been obscured; and the cataract was so successfully broken up, that he was able to the day of his death to read and write, though not with his wonted ease. His mind retained to the last, not only its clearness and firmness, but its fresh interest in whatever claimed regard, and its large scope of cognizance and thought. He died after an illness of a single day, on the 11th of January, 1854, in the ninetieth year of his age.

What we have said indicates the high place which we are inclined to concede to Mr. Perkins as a man of talent, — we might almost say of genius; for the intuitive and constructive faculties which confer this latter title may be embodied in a voyage equally as in a romance, — may suggest a mercantile adventure as veritably as an epic poem, — may pervade a career of traffic no less than a life of learned ease or learned toil. In the subject of the memoir before us we perceive powers which would have made him a distinguished man in any walk of life. His prosperity was not fortuitous, but in the strictest sense of the word he was the *artificer* of his own fortune, which was the cumulative type and exponent of the depth of his insight and the keenness of his foresight. His success was inevitable, unless he had thrown away his opportunities by indolence, or crippled his ability by vice. His crowning merit was his generous use of what he could hardly have failed to win. Almost every public institution and charity of this city bears record of him as among its most liberal, and, it may be said with emphasis, its most timely benefactors. It was his wont not to cast his contribution in the full flow of the golden stream; but the outset of an enterprise, or some crisis of peculiar need, was the occasion of his bounty, which was also generally bestowed on terms which made it self-multiplying by constraining the liberality of others. Thus the donation of his mansion-house on Pearl Street to the Asylum for the Blind was accompanied with the judicious condition that fifty thousand dollars should be contributed by the public at large, — an endowment without which his own munificence, noble as it was, would have just sufficed to keep the institution poised between death and life. But his charity, never osten-

tatious, and publicly proclaimed only when it might stimulate generous emulation in others, was freely yet warily bestowed in less conspicuous ways. He was especially fond of aiding the industry and enterprise of deserving young men in his own profession, and was always ready to help with a strong hand those who manifested the capacity and will to help themselves.

Mr. Cary has fulfilled his charge as a biographer with the skill, taste, and judgment for which his name is a sufficient guaranty. He found the materials for the most part ready to his hand in Mr. Perkins's letters and journals, yet needing a connecting thread of continuous narrative, which he has gracefully supplied. The volume is beautiful in its typography and mechanical execution, and it certainly was fitting that this memorial of one who played so important a part in the business and the philanthropy of his time should first appear in a form which might distinguish it from the books that are expected to "perish with the using." But it is a biography which ought to be in the hands of every young merchant and merchant's clerk in the country. It presents in many important aspects a model character, — not only one that deserves to be, but one that can be, imitated. We therefore hope to see it republished in a lighter and less costly form, in which we are sure that it will find its way and accomplish its work in many circles in which the present edition will have little currency.

The sketch which Mr. Cary subsequently expanded into the Memoir under review, forms the first of Mr. Hunt's series of "Lives of American Merchants." The volume already issued contains twenty "Lives," with an "Introductory Essay" by George R. Russell, LL. D., of Boston, on "The Calling of the Merchant, its History and its Influence." The "Lives" are all of them written *con amore*, evidently in every instance with a strong appreciation of the claims of the subject on the public knowledge and general regard. Among the writers are several whose names are representative names in our national literature. We have not space for the analysis of the volume, which we had intended to give. We find that we could do it no justice, unless we characterized each separate biography;

for if any were made the subject of comment, there is not one which would deserve to go unnoticed. We will therefore only say, that we are acquainted with no series of American or modern biographies that can be perused with as vivid interest as this will command with American readers, nor yet with any that better deserves to take its place by the side of those series which time and common consent have rendered classical.

ART. XII. — 1. *Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, performed in the Years* 1852, 1853, *and* 1854, *by Order of the Government of the United States, under the Command of Commodore W. C. Perry, U. S. N. Compiled from the Original Notes and Journals of Commodore Perry, at his request, and under his supervision, by* FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D. With numerous illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 8vo.

2. *Message of the President of the United States, transmitting a Report of the Secretary of the Navy, with the Correspondence, &c. relative to Japan.* Senate Executive Documents. 1854 – 55. No. 34.

3. *Message of the President, &c., with Documents serving to illustrate the Existing Relations between the United States and Japan.* Senate Executive Documents. 1851 – 52. No. 59.

4. *The Japan Expedition. Japan and Around the World.* By T. W. SPALDING. With eight illustrations in tint. New York: Redfield. 1855.

5. *Japan as it was and is.* By RICHARD HILDRETH, Author of "History of the United States," etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855.

ON the eastern coast of Asia, there is a country of about the size of Italy, of something of its long, boot-like shape, kicking with its toe one or two southern Sicilies, from which it is separated by straits, which have doubtless — for what has not?

— their Scylla and Charybdis. A range of other Apennines is the backbone of this eastern Italy. Its name is Niphon, which means "the origin of the sun," or "the east," which name, in the various forms of Niphon, Zipon, Zipango, and Cipango, was known to our ancestors for some centuries, and now, for a long time, has slid into *Japan*. The analogy of this group of islands to the Italian peninsula, with Sicily, is not the mere resemblance of outline. Half down the shore is the capital city of the whole, the Japanese Rome, to which the governors of various provinces annually make procession with their tributary presents; for the political constitution of the realm is that of an empire, where one state has won a supremacy over a number of others, formerly its rivals. The government at Yedo rules Japan, as Rome once ruled Italy, when the Alban, Etruscan, and other states had successively yielded to its sway; or as each separate sovereign in Italy, and each individual patriot, hopes this day that his own province may at some time rule Italy again.

It is the fashion to say that this Japan is an unknown land. For a century and a half, indeed ever since one sovereign got the control of the whole chain of islands, until Commodore Perry's recent treaty, it has been the policy of the Japanese emperors to restrict, very severely, the communication between their own and other lands. It is therefore true, that very few persons have gone to Japan; but it does not follow, that Europe and America are as ignorant of Japan as the proverbial expressions to which we have alluded would imply. There is a series of accounts of Japan, on the whole more lucid than ordinary books of travels are, beginning with Mendez Pinto's time; for it is a little curious that our first definite knowledge of Cipango is derived from the travels of this prince of liars, as he has been generally called. He has really been harshly treated, if in every regard his narratives bear test as well as do his descriptions of Japan. The great missionary Xavier planted the Catholic religion there, visiting the country with Pinto. A flourishing trade sprang up, in which English, Dutch, Portuguese, and Jesuits vied with one another. We have accounts of the country in those days, from Jesuit missionaries, and from travellers of each of the nations we have

named. We do not speak harshly, if we say that they all quarrelled with one another, and intrigued against one another with the various parties in Japan. Such study as we have given to the merits of the decree which finally expelled all foreigners leads us, not indeed to say that they were all rightly served, but to acknowledge that the measure was forced upon a government still insecure, by the imprudent and even outrageous behavior of Europeans of every name. It was, indeed, a great misfortune that the form of Christianity which had been planted there was so destitute of the eternal elements of our religion that it tempted the government to try to crush it, and then succumbed at once to the attempt when made; for had this Japanese people united to the other peculiar elements of character which have been forming them an adequate religious culture, there seems no reason why they should not stand now among the most highly civilized people in the world.

As it is, they have some things to teach us, and they have never been so secluded but that they have been apt to learn. There is not another nation in the world, of thirty millions of people, which has existed for a century and a half without serious sedition, rebellion, or civil war. In the art of government, then, or of administration, we may have something to learn from a nation which has such good reason for clinging to the matchlocks and halberds which with us, alas! were long ago superseded. The Japan of the fourteenth century was probably quite in advance of the Europe of the same time. The Japanese are not a people jealous of innovation. That character belongs rather to the Chinese, whom they despise. They have made steady advance, ever since the fourteenth century. Without a religion, it could not be expected that they should do more than they have done. It remains to be seen whether the twentieth century will not find them abreast of Europe again. The two forms of civilization will never be alike; but there will be no difficulty in comparing them, in the training which they give to the manliness and real character of the people.

Under the auspices of an expedition sent out, as we are proud to remember, by our own government, the world's

knowledge of Japan has just now been doubled, and the world's respect for Japan will increase in proportion. We have before us the early sheets of the government narrative, we have the official volume of Captain Perry's despatches, Mr. Spalding's spirited sketches of his observations there, published in violation of the directions of the government, Mr. Bayard Taylor's letters, published with permission, and several briefer narratives of this successful expedition. From these authorities we can now speak quite definitely of the degree of civilization of Japan, and of the relations which, under the new arrangements, it will assume in the great confederacy of nations. We have some little glimpse of the policy of its rulers. We have the most entertaining narratives of the customs of this strange people, where black teeth are a beauty, where war is a relic of barbarism, where the left hand is a place of honor, and where death is the reward of a politician who moves an unsuccessful bill in the councils, or of the emperor who vetoes a successful one.

It is probably true that this great expedition has not yet received the credit which it deserves. It was set on foot by an administration which was scattered to the winds before it returned. It has been worth the while of no party or press to make much of the praises of Mr. Fillmore, of Mr. Webster, of Mr. Everett, or of Captain Perry, to whom it owed its origin, its outfit, and its consummation. The administration which succeeded Mr. Fillmore's withdrew the force intended for it, not in time to defeat the project, but just in time to forfeit all credit for its success. Such reasons, when joined to the passion for exciting novelty close at hand, are enough to show why the funeral of Bill Poole, or the fillibustering operations in the Gulf of Mexico, should have awakened more display of interest among the people of this country, than has the opening, by peaceful diplomacy, of the Italy of the East to the intercourse of the world, — a transaction which gives us access to a nation of thirty millions of people, highly cultivated in the arts and in letters, though infants in the moral sciences and in war. This apparent indifference, however, is of course but temporary. The passage of time will set it all right, and the opening of the Japanese ports will be regarded as one of the most honorable triumphs of our age.

After infinite delays, — for so is our government served, — Captain Perry sailed for Japan, in the Mississippi steamship, without consorts, on the 24th of November, 1852. Having awaited, in China, the arrival of the rest of his squadron, he was able to sail for Lew Chew, with the Mississippi and Susquehanna steam-frigates, on the 24th of May. With the government of those islands he entered into satisfactory negotiations. On the 9th of June, with two of his ships, he sailed for the Bonin Islands, a little group, discovered by Captain Coffin, in the Transit, an American whaler, in 1823, lying eastward of Yedo, about five hundred miles distant from it. Here Captain Perry made some preparations for a coal station, and returned to Lew Chew. With his two steamers, and two sailing vessels, he then proceeded to the Bay of Yedo, which they entered on the 8th of July. Negotiations at once began with the Japanese officers. Captain Perry maintained his station in the bay; the Japanese were compelled to desist from their accustomed surveillance of foreign vessels; a prince of the highest rank was appointed to receive President Fillmore's letter; and on the 14th of July the Commodore landed, with a party of four hundred men, and, in great state, delivered it to this functionary. The document was kindly received, and friendly communications were at once opened with the natives. The stay of the squadron in the bay, however, was short. Having delivered his credentials and letter, and surveyed the bay with his boats, the Commodore gave notice that he should return for an answer in the spring, and, after nine days, departed.

The remainder of the summer was spent in visits and surveys in the Bonin Islands, Lew Chew, and China. In January, 1854, the squadron, now somewhat enlarged, sailed again for the Japanese Islands. Just as he sailed, Captain Perry received orders from home, detaching one of his three steamers. He proceeded, however, to Lew Chew, where the squadron rendezvoused, and arrived in Yedo Bay, this time with eight vessels, on the 13th of February. Meanwhile the Emperor of Japan had died. The altered policy of the government was evinced by the absence of almost all the warlike preparations of the year before. Batteries were destroyed,

which had then been begun. And so favorable was the impression made by Captain Perry's firmness and good sense, that a treaty of intercourse was negotiated, presents of value interchanged between the governments, the most cordial relations established between the Japanese and American officers, and on the 4th of April, the treaty, as ratified by the Japanese government, was sent to America, for ratification by our President and Senate. The Commodore then visited the ports of Simoda and Hakodadi, which had been opened to the Americans by treaty, made arrangements for trade at these points, touched again at Lew Chew, made a compact with the government of that island, and returned to America.

It is impossible for us to go at all into the details of the curious and really wonderful history of an expedition which accomplished so much in so short a time. It proved that the Japanese were entirely unwilling to enter into arrangements which should suffer Americans to form in Japan permanent homes, or indeed such commercial relations as they have with other nations. They have, however, consented to a treaty which permits our whalemen and other trading-vessels to touch there for supplies, and our steamers for coal, and has secured a certain beginning of trade between America and Japan. The following passages describe what was attempted, and what was effected.

"In fact, not an article of the treaty was made but upon the most serious deliberation by the Japanese. In answer to a question from Captain Adams in the very first stages of the negotiation, they replied: 'The Japanese are unlike the Chinese; they are averse to change; and when they make a compact of any kind they intend it shall endure for a thousand years. For this reason it will be best to deliberate and examine well the facilities for trade and the suitableness of the port before any one is determined on.' Probably nothing but the exercise of the most perfect truthfulness and patience would ever have succeeded in making with them a treaty at all; and from the language of one of their communications, it is obvious that, with characteristic caution, they meant that their present action should be but a *beginning* of intercourse, which might or might not be afterward made more extensive according to the results of what they deemed the experiment. Thus they say: 'As our ideas of things and what we each like are still very dissimilar, as are also our notions of the prices or worth of things, this makes it in-

dispensable that we both first make a mutual trial and examination.' This shows the spirit in which they negotiated. . . . . .

"There is observable throughout, the predominating influence of the national prejudice against the permanent introduction of foreigners among them. The word 'reside' is but once used in the whole treaty, and that in the eleventh article relative to consuls. The details of conferences, already given, show how anxiously they sought to avoid having consuls at all. Indeed, Commodore Perry says, 'I could only induce the commissioners to agree to this article, by endeavoring to convince them that it would save the Japanese government much trouble, if an American agent were to *reside* at one or both of the ports opened by the treaty, to whom complaints might be made of any malepractice of the United States' citizens who might visit the Japanese dominions.' They want no *permanent* foreign residents among them, official or unofficial. This was shown most unequivocally in the remark already recorded in one of the conferences: '*We do not want any women to come and remain at Simoda.*' Simoda was one of the ports open for trade with us; they knew that our people had wives and daughters, and that a man's family were ordinarily resident with him in his permanent abode, and that if the head of the family lived in Simoda as a Japanese would live, there would certainly be women who would 'come and remain at Simoda.' But more than this. It will be remembered that the Commodore had submitted to them our treaty with China, and they had held it under consideration for a week, at the end of which time they said: 'As to opening a trade, such as is now carried on by China with your country, we certainly cannot yet bring it about. The Chinese have long had intercourse with Western nations, while we have had dealings at Nagasaki with only the people of Holland and China.' Now what was 'such a trade' as we carried on with China? The Japanese read in our treaty that five ports were open to us, that permission was given 'to the citizens of the United States to frequent' them; and further, '*to reside with their families and trade there.*' This they deliberately declined assenting to when they refused to make a treaty similar to that with China. They surely would not afterward knowingly insert it in any treaty they might make with us. The only *permanent* residence to which they gave assent, and that most reluctantly, was the residence of a consul. *Temporary* residence was allowed to our shipwrecked citizens, as well as to those who went to Simoda or Hakodadi on commercial business. They are allowed to land, to walk where they please within certain limits, to enter shops and temples without restriction, to purchase in the shops, and have the articles sent to the proper public office duly marked, where they will pay for

them, to resort to public houses or inns that are to be built for their refreshment, 'when on shore' at Simoda and Hakodadi; and until built, a temple, at each place, is assigned 'as a resting-place for persons in their walks.' They may accept invitations to partake of the hospitality of any of the Japanese; but they are not permitted to enter 'military establishments or private houses *without leave*.' Without leave, our citizens cannot enter them within the territories of any nation with which we have a treaty. In short, the whole treaty shows that the purpose of the Japanese was to try the experiment of intercourse with us before they made it as extensive or as intimate as it is between us and the Chinese. It was all they would do at the time, and much, very much, was obtained on the part of our negotiator in procuring a concession even to this extent.

"But, as he knew that our success would be but the forerunner of that of other powers, and as he believed that new relations of trade once commenced, not only with ourselves, but with England, France, Holland, and Russia, could not, in the progress of events, fail effectually and for ever not only to break up the old restrictive policy, and open Japan to the world, but must also lead gradually to liberal commercial treaties; he wisely, in the ninth article, without 'consultation or delay,' secured to the United States and their citizens all privileges and advantages which Japan might hereafter 'grant to any other nation or nations.'" — *Narrative*, pp. 450 – 452.

Without attempting any detail which shall give the reader an idea of the narrative of this expedition, we have rather to show what light it throws upon the character of the Japanese, and what may be hoped from the Christian conduct of the intercourse now begun between the countries.

Let the reader disabuse himself, as quickly as he can, of the notion that this is a nation of barbarians. It is true that their soldiers carried matchlocks, while even one of our chaplains drew his sword on a crowd of natives; but we may balance this evidence of our superiority against such an experience as that of the American officers whom the Japanese boats took on board their own vessels, one stormy day. Their boats and their sculling were so much superior to our boats and our rowing, that these gentlemen arrived at their ships dry, while their comrades, in the squadron's boats, were wet to the skin. The narrative dwells, with a little conceit, on the contrast between the entertainment which the Japanese Com-

missioners gave the American gentlemen, and the American exhibition of the telegraph and the railroad. "It was a happy contrast, which a higher civilization presented, to the disgusting display on the part of the Japanese officials." The Japanese display had been a disgusting display of brute force, as beastly, though not so protracted, as an English prize-fight. The dignity of the comparison with our "higher civilization" is, however, somewhat abated, when we find that the entertainment provided for the Japanese gentlemen by our officers, which comes in real contrast to the entertainment they had provided, is, — not, of course, the government presents, which, if any comparison is to be made, should be compared with the elegant imperial presents to us, — but that — alas for high civilization! — the Japanese gentlemen "were entertained by an exhibition of negro minstrelsy, got up by some of the sailors, who, blacking their faces, and dressing themselves in character, enacted their parts with a humor which would have gained them unbounded applause from a New York audience, even at Christy's."

We have already intimated that the civilization of Japan lacks all the elements which it would have derived from religion. Its officers are false, and its government is a government of spies. But we have no right to call that a barbarous nation, which gives a wide-spread education to its people; which has translated for its schools the works of Lalande and other French mathematicians; which pays such attention to the health of its people that the fishing port of Simoda has a better system of sewerage than either New York or Washington, and keeps such a watch over their deportment that a squadron may lie for months in the Bay of Yedo, without a trace of the disgraceful licentiousness in the intercourse of the seamen with the shore which would accompany its visit to any "civilized nation."

Another misapprehension should be corrected, which exists in the popular impression regarding Japan. There is a supposition that the Japanese are as averse to change as the Chinese, and that they have a like bigoted enthusiasm for old customs. This impression springs, perhaps, from the popular idea that they belong to the Chinese subdivision of the hu-

man species. This idea is, probably, entirely unfounded. In language, in the method of writing, and in personal appearance, there is so great a diversity as to make it quite certain that the two nations belong to widely parted races. The other impression, derived from this, that they always adhere with a tenacious obstinacy to their ancient customs, has as little foundation. There is, no doubt, a very curious conservative element in the constitution of their government, but we know of no nation which has ever shown itself more eager to learn the arts of another nation than the Japanese are now. Nor is this a new trait with them. Their progress in astronomy indicates their willingness to be taught. When Thunberg, the naturalist, was at Yedo, in 1772, there visited him two astronomers. They turned the talk on the calculation of eclipses, and admitted that they were often whole minutes out of the way in foretelling them, and sometimes hours. They asked Thunberg for help; but poor Thunberg, who knew as much of the matter as the gentle reader of these pages probably does, had to excuse himself. Thirty-four years afterwards, Doeff, the chief factor at Nagasaki, made a visit at Yedo, and the chief astronomer called on him. In the mean while they had studied and translated Lalande's Astronomy, calculated eclipses with great precision, and knew much more of the matter than Doeff did. This was not to Doeff's discredit. But Golownin, a Russian surveying officer, a prisoner among them, five years later, greatly disgusted a Japanese man of science, who called on him to ask how to find the longitude by a lunar observation. Golownin had no tables, and the *savant*, who understood the use of the sextant, so far as the simple observation for latitude went, left him in indignation. The astronomer royal afterwards visited Golownin, and assured him that the Japanese calculated eclipses with precision.

It appears from Golownin and later authorities, that they have imported, by the agency of the Dutch, the best mathematical works of Europe, some of which are now published in the Japanese language. They also have such mathematical instruments as they have had occasion to make use of. Golownin says that the globe representing the world, which one of his friends had, was as good as any in Europe.

Constant illustrations of their eagerness to learn appeared in their intercourse with the American squadron. We may adduce the sad story of Isagi Kooda, and Kwansuchi Manji, two Japanese gentlemen, who attempted to come to America with the squadron. When the squadron was at Simoda, after the treaty was made, these two young men succeeded in speaking privately with some American officers on shore, and slipped into the breast of Mr. Spalding a folded paper. This proved to be a letter expressing their eagerness to visit America. The language is really touching in its earnestness. "We have read in books, and learned a little by hearsay, what are the customs and education in Europe and America, and we have been for many years desirous of going over the 'five great continents'; but the laws of our country on all maritime points are very strict; for foreigners to come into the country, and for natives to go abroad, are both immutably forbidden. Our wish to visit other regions has consequently only 'gone to and fro, in our breasts, in continual agitation,' as when one's breathing is impeded, or his walking cramped." The letter proceeded to beg that they might be taken to America, in one of the ships of the squadron, the arrival of which in Japan had awakened all their hopes. Thus they would be able to visit all "the five continents," and to do this they were ready to serve in any way on board of the ships. "For doubtless it is," said the letter, "that, when a lame man sees others walking, he wishes to walk too; but how shall the pedestrian gratify his desires when he sees another riding? We have all our lives been going hither to you, unable to get more than thirty degrees east and west, or twenty-five degrees north and south. But now, when we see how you sail on the tempests, and cleave the huge billows, going, lightning speed, thousands and myriads of miles, skirting along the five great continents, can it not be likened to the lame finding a plan for walking, and the pedestrian seeing the mode by which he can ride?" The letter closed by an earnest request that their wishes might be kept entirely secret from the government, though they said they were sure that, on their return from their travels, their countrymen would never think it worth while "to investigate bygone doings." Another note enclosed in this stated that they had in vain attempted to come on board while the

squadron lay near Yedo, and that they had come to Simoda in the hope of better success.

These notes were not immediately translated. The same night, before they had been read, the officer of the mid-watch on the Mississippi was hailed from a boat at two o'clock in the morning, and the two Japanese gentlemen came on board, their hands blistered with rowing. Each was entitled, as a man of rank, to wear two swords, but they let their boat go adrift, with three of their four swords on board, in the hope that their countrymen would believe they were drowned; for these swords are heirlooms, and a Japanese gentleman parts with them only in the last extremity. They at once expressed their desire to travel, and their hope that they might be allowed to come to the United States with the squadron. But the Commodore was obliged to tell them, that he could not take them without the permission of their government. Indeed, it would have been a violation of one of the fundamental laws of the empire, with which he had just entered into friendly relations. They were greatly disturbed at this answer, and declared that, if they returned to land, they should lose their heads. A long discussion ensued, in which our countrymen were obliged, kindly but firmly, to insist on setting them on shore. They descended the gangway, piteously deploring their fate, and were landed by one of the ship's boats at a point where it was hoped they would be unobserved, and might find their own boat when she drifted on shore. The reasons for this necessary harshness on the part of Commodore Perry appear sound. The opportunity to bring two intelligent Japanese to America must have been very tempting. But he would have violated the imperial laws by doing so; nay, he might have fallen into a trap set to test him, as some of his officers believed this transaction to be.

The next day the Japanese authorities made inquiries on board the ships as to the two seekers for learning; but no answer was given which should commit these gentlemen. Some days later, however, a party of American officers recognized the unfortunate young men, imprisoned in one of the cages which are fixed up, like small pounds, for criminals. They had been pursued and arrested. They bore their misfortune with composure, and were greatly pleased with the visit of

the officers; and one of them wrote on a piece of board which was handed to them this farewell message: —

"When a hero fails in his purpose, his acts are then regarded as those of a villain and a robber. In public have we been seized and pinioned and caged for many days. The village elders and head men treat us disdainfully, their oppressions being grievous indeed. Therefore, looking up while yet we have nothing wherewith to reproach ourselves, it must now be seen whether a hero will prove himself to be one indeed. Regarding the liberty of going through the sixty states as not enough for our desires, we wished to make the circuit of the five great continents. This was our heart's wish for a long time. Suddenly our plans are defeated and we find ourselves in a half-sized house, where eating, resting, sitting, and sleeping are difficult. How can we find our exit from this place? Weeping, we seem as fools; laughing, as rogues. Alas for us! silent we can only be.

"Isagi Kóóda,
Kwansuchi Manji."

The Commodore at once sent on shore to inquire regarding the men; but his messenger found that they had been conveyed to Yedo in obedience to an order from the capital. There seems reason to fear that they lost their lives as the penalty for their desire to learn. But the authorities assured the Commodore that he need not apprehend a serious termination. Is not this little romance of real life enough to rescue the nation from the reputation of resting brutishly satisfied with its own acquisitions?

The Japanese show their interest in the rest of the world by their passion for acquiring its languages. They have great skill in the acquisition of language, and they made constant demands for English grammars and dictionaries. To this day, every visitor is surrounded by persons who ask the English names of familiar objects, and write them down at once. Indeed, they are a nation of reporters, as they certainly are a nation of readers. For it is hardly probable that even among ourselves does cheap literature extend more widely. As long ago as Golownin's captivity,* he found that even the sentinels on guard read aloud almost continually.

* See North American Review, Vol. I. p. 61.

With these intimations of the nature of the civilization of Japan, which will, we hope, induce our readers to think of the expedition as something more than a curious visit to a barbarian court, we must leave to them further inquiries into this branch of our subject. Golownin, who was long imprisoned in Japan, thought it, early in this century, one of the most highly civilized nations in the world. We are disposed to think that Captain Perry and his officers took the same impression. It is gratifying to find passages, in which Japan is spoken of as having national rights, similar to those claimed by the nations of Christendom. An instance of this occurs in the recognition of the right of sovereignty, in Japan, over the Bonin group of islands, where Captain Perry hoped to establish a coal depot, and where one probably will be established, when steam-navigation is regularly attempted across the Pacific. We confess that we should have been glad to see this recognition of equality carried into all the details of the arrangements made by the expedition. Mr. Spalding records it as a joke, that a young officer, very curious about our arms, should have put into one of his letters to the Americans the entreaty, "Give me the recipe for percussion-caps." The government narrative takes no notice of this request. Now we confess, that it seems to us as reasonable as if one of our gentlemen should have asked how the Japanese made their matchless porcelain, or requested a "recipe" for the celebrated process of japanning. We may observe, by the way, that the Japanese are aware of the superiority of modern locks to matchlocks, and that it is only a deficiency of flints in the geological formation of their country which has delayed the introduction of flint-locks in their army, little use for an army though they have. They showed, of course, at all times, great curiosity as to the introduction, or the manufacture, of percussion-caps or wafers. Now it may very well be that there was not an officer in the expedition who could give them "the recipe for making percussion-caps." In that case, the refusal was as pardonable as Dr. Thunberg's refusal to show them how to calculate eclipses. But if the information could have been given, we do not hesitate to say that it would have been wise to give it. We were treating with Japan, as

with an equal power. We had no desire to acquire her territory; we had no expectation of being at war with her. We conceive, therefore, that just the same courtesy which permits European officers to visit our arsenals, and to take drawings of their machinery, would have been well applied in extending the knowledge of this or any other warlike invention. It would have been a distinct evidence of the spirit with which the negotiations were conducted. We are willing to add, that we trust Japan may acquire that skill in the use of European arms which shall protect her seaports from the insults of lawless seamen, and her territory from the covetousness of any foreign power. We trust that some early expedition may take out the "recipe for percussion-caps."

In what we have said of the degree of Japanese civilization, we do not deny that it is a very one-sided form of national culture. We have alluded to the immense deficiency of that religious spirit, which alone gives man or nation true courage, desire for improvement, and the eagerness to elevate the unfortunate, — the spirit, indeed, whose essential elements are faith, hope, and love. More than this, however, we must confess that the civilization of Japan is tainted by its long maintained insular policy. Just as a college is sure to run down, which "breeds in and in," and appoints its professors only from the knot of its recent graduates or its resident fellows, so does a nation show the evil of that system of culture which never rotates crops, but takes, year after year, the same declining harvest from the exhausted soil. Mr. Bancroft Davis, at a public dinner in London, asked the Englishmen who heard him, if England herself, in the insulation of the Napoleon war, did not suffer from her separation from Europe. "The Englishman of 1815," said he, "was a different man from the Englishman of 1851, in the breadth of his ideas"; and we believe that his audience fully assented to the proposition. Now take, as a convenient illustration, the inability of the British officers in the Crimea to carry their wounded in any better way than the wounded were carried in after the battle of Minden, and it will be easy to see how flat, tame, and unprofitable is the highest refinement even of the highly refined civilization of Japan. It needs strength,

vivacity, originality, heart; for it needs to cross the breed, not of men, perhaps, but of manners, letters, and arts.

One of the most curious results of the expedition was its decided confirmation of an idea which had begun to transpire before, that there exists in Japan a sort of Young Japan party, well disposed to extend intercourse with foreign powers. The official recognition of this fact is in the following curious words from the princes' acknowledgment of the President's letter: —

"It has been many times intimated that business relating to foreign countries cannot be transacted here in Uraga, but at Nagasaki; nevertheless, as it has been observed that the Admiral, in his quality of Ambassador of the President, would feel himself insulted by a refusal to receive the letter at this place, *the justice of which has been acknowledged*, the above-mentioned letter is hereby received, *in opposition to the Japanese law*."

The following passage also distinctly admits a concession to the "spirit of the age." It is in the formal reply to the President's letter.

"It is quite impossible to give satisfactory answers, at once, to all the proposals of your government, as it is most positively forbidden by the laws of our imperial ancestors; but for us to continue attached to the ancient laws seems to misunderstand *the spirit of the age*."

Now it has been intimated by Siebold, that the Emperor whom Captain Perry found in office was eager to increase the restrictions on foreign trade, and under his administration the Dutch trade had fallen off. This fact suggests an inquiry, or suspicion, which we do not find, however, in any of the books before us, as to the change of administration between Perry's first and second visits. For, according to the blind accounts we have of the constitution of Japan, there exists a pretty summary veto on the Siogoon, or Emperor. He appears to be, like the governors of some of our States, a sort of upper clerk to his council. If he disapprove one of their decisions, it is referred to a committee, consisting of the three next heirs to the throne. If they confirm his disapproval, the member of the council who moved the provision thus rejected is killed! In some instances, all those who voted with him

are killed also. If, however, these three princes agree with the council, and disagree with the Emperor in his veto, the Emperor is dethroned, and the next heir takes his seat. It will be observed that there is a decided temptation to the three princes to disagree with the Emperor, if indeed the seat on such a throne is deemed a prize. The system, if applied in our politics, would work thus, in the case, for instance, of President Pierce's recent veto of the St. Clair and Mississippi improvement bills. This veto would be referred to the three heirs apparent, — shall we say to Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Fremont, and Mr. Fillmore? If these gentlemen confirmed his views, the member of the Senate who moved those bills, and perhaps all of both houses who voted for them, would be killed. But if the council of three disapproved the veto, President Pierce would be set aside, and the pretender highest in rank of the three (whichever that may be) must enter the White House.

Now, if this account of the Japanese constitution be correct, and it is that given in Dr. Hawks's narrative, (though we confess we doubt if it do not originate in some myth or misconception,) it suggests a suspicion as to the nature of the death of the late Siogoon of Japan. It appears that he was jealously opposed to foreign trade. Commodore Perry sends to him the President's letter, and retires while he waits for an answer. Coming for his answer, he finds that this anti-foreigner Siogoon is dead, after a reign of only eleven years, and that another Siogoon reigns in his stead, whose government destroys the hostile fortifications erected by his predecessor, displays no troops, acknowledges that the "spirit of the age" requires a change of the policy of the fathers, and negotiates a treaty of amity and intercourse. We beg pardon of the new Siogoon if we are wrong, but we do suspect that the old one was deposed on account of his "alien laws," as wise Siogoons in other countries have been, and that this new Siogoon came in, perhaps, on the very policy which has opened Japan to the visits of our seamen.

It scarcely falls within our province to say what are the advantages which Japan will receive from the gradual opening of intercourse with other nations, or how far the civiliza-

tion of European type may gain anything from the introduction of this Eastern stranger into society.

First of all, the great question of the introduction of Christianity there, — infinite in its relations indeed, — presents complications of peculiar interest and difficulty. A curious illustration of the difficulty is presented in Dr. Hawks's volume, in the answer of the Lew-Chewans to the English Bishop of Victoria: — "Our gentry are without natural capacity; and although they have attended exclusively to Confucianism, they have as yet been unable to arrive at perfection in it. If they should now, also, have to study, in addition, the religion of the Lord of Heaven (Christianity), such an attempt would surpass our ability, and the heart does not incline to it." Our impression is, that the Japanese passion for reading, and willingness to learn from abroad, may form the means of introducing Christian life by Christian literature; — not by such baby tracts as disgust the intelligent natives of India, but by the literature which is the comfort of the strong men of Christendom.

In the matter of commercial relations, the well-known excellence of many of the Japanese manufactures at once excited hopes of mercantile adventure there, which have thus far proved unfounded. In the early trade of the Portuguese and Dutch with Japan, the Japanese were in a condition to export the precious metals largely. But it has long since proved that the balance of trade was so turned that they were eager to receive gold and silver, and, indeed, a most stringent law forbids the exportation of coin. It seems certain that the product of their mines has diminished, while the amount of these metals in the rest of the world has largely increased. The recent exports from Japan in the Dutch vessels have been chiefly camphor and copper, the latter furnished by the government, Mr. Hildreth tells us, much below the current price. Besides these, the Dutch imports from Japan are chiefly Japanese manufactures. The copper is famous for its purity. The lacquered ware is superior to anything made in the East. Silks are manufactured in every variety. The Japanese paper serves with them many uses to which we put cloth, — paper umbrellas, and oiled paper rain cloaks, for instance, prove

quite serviceable, and paper pocket-handkerchiefs are the only variety known. Their best porcelain is the best in the world.

Those persons, however, who supposed that under the new treaty a large exchange of productions was to spring up immediately, were mistaken. The Japanese thus far have put a high price on their articles, sold them to foreigners at a government bazaar, and demanded money almost exclusively in return. Dr. Hawks's book defends the treaty with entire success against the intimation that it ought to have provided for more open trade. As we have said, Commodore Perry attempted a treaty of commerce, but the imperial negotiators steadily declined. He did what he could, therefore, and a great deal more than there was any reason to hope that he could do. He negotiated a treaty which secures intercourse, refreshment for vessels in need, and, to a limited extent, trade.

The restriction of trade to the purchase by money of the articles which we require, is not more onerous than the practical restriction of the same sort under which all Chinese trade sprang into being. Indeed, as our ports nearest Japan are those of California, the exchange of gold against Japanese commodities might be regarded as a direct barter of products, — if the Japanese price of that metal permitted, — rather than a purchase by us with money. In the way of this trade, however, an obstacle has sprung up hitherto, resulting from the different ratios of gold, silver, and copper here and in Japan, and from the artificial value of Japanese coin. This is treated of at a good deal of length in the books before us. It seems to be thought more difficult to be surmounted than it appears to us. For as we regard it, it is one of those incidents of trade which will, so soon as the necessity is perceived, readily adjust itself.

Commodore Perry appointed two pursers to study out this knotty matter of the rates at which our dollars and eagles should pass against the Japanese cattys, taels, mace, and candareens, and to negotiate with the Japanese commissioners. They negotiated, but arrived at no result which satisfied them, — the Japanese insisting on taking our coins by weight, at the rate for which they sold uncoined bullion at the government mines, or which they paid at their mint for bullion to

coin. They said, naturally enough, that our stamp was nothing to them. Now their own coin, perhaps from its scarcity, or by force of government edicts, and probably by reason also of its superior purity, has a much higher value for the same weight than their bullion has. A quantity of silver bullion, as compared with the same weight of coin, is worth only about one third of the coin. The precise ratio is 1 to 2.87. Gold bullion compared with a like weight of gold coin rates as 1 to 1.29. Here was the first apparent disadvantage under which our coin labored. The Japanese weighed it as bullion, and gave it only the value as compared with their own coin which their own bullion — probably of very low purity — bore. Some American coins were sent to Yedo to be assayed; but the squadron did not remain long enough for any result of that assay to be obtained.

The chief difficulty in this matter, however, springs from the fact, which neither party appears to have borne sufficiently in mind, that the relative values of copper, silver, and gold in Japan and America are wholly different. This is a diversity which no negotiation can adjust. It will be adjusted only as the influx of different metals adjusts it. We shall, of course, use in trade the metal which we can use the easiest. There is no need, therefore, of attempting forcibly to adjust the ratio of the others, even if we could do it. In making the comparison of coins, the pursers and the nine Japanese commissioners hit on the *kas* or *cash* as the standard, — a coin made of copper and iron. The hundred-cash-piece is, indeed, the Japanese standard, so far as they have any. The pursers appear to have supposed that the *cash* had the same value as the *cash* of China, which it resembles and with which they were familiar. The Japanese gentlemen then weighed a gold dollar, and said, "This is worth 836 *cash*." The pursers calculated, and found that this was scarcely half the worth of a silver dollar, only 52.25 per cent of it, and were struck with horror at the profanation. The commissioners said again, "Your silver dollar is worth 1600 *cash*." This is just the same value as the Japanese silver inchebu, and the pursers could see that the inchebu was only a third the size of the dollar. But the commissioners here said that the dollar was to them as bullion, and must take the government price of bullion.

The pursers say that "the injustice of this arrangement was shown." But the Japanese commissioners did not relent for that. Doubtless they had instances enough at home of the difficulties of an arrangement which gives silver and gold a fictitious value when minted; and the additional complication caused from the fact that *cash* made of copper and iron are more valuable with them than with us, in comparison with silver, could not have helped their progress towards adjustment.* The matter ended with their resolution to receive the silver dollar at 1,600 *cash*, and the gold dollar at 836 *cash*, — an arrangement which of course throws gold out of present use with them. It must be remembered that the government agents take this coin at the government bazaars at these rates. They pay the producers of the commodities sold in their own currency. The coin probably goes to the Japanese mint to be melted over again.

Mr. Hildreth, who seems disposed to look unkindly on the expedition of Captain Perry, speaks of the result of this negotiation as one in which the Japanese "won the day." Mr. Spalding says, "The result was anything but satisfactory." Dr. Hawks, who is eager to represent everything as *couleur de rose*, says that the "Japanese readily assented" to this arrangement, when in fact they forced it on the Americans. Constant complaints have been made regarding it since.

We see no cause for these complaints, and no difficulty in the transaction. It is nothing to us whether the Japanese change a silver dollar into 1,600 *cash* or 1,700. We do not want *cash* of that sort; we want Japanese manufactures. If it prove that the relative rates of copper, silver, and gold are such that copper currency rates higher with them than it does with us, all we have to do is to provide ourselves in Chinese ports with copper coin for purposes of trade. If it prove that, even at the unusual valuation of copper, silver, and gold against one another in Japan, we can buy camphor and coal at a profit with our silver coin, the use the Japanese government make of that coin is nothing to us; we shall spend it,

* The Japanese export copper to advantage. The alloy with iron is probably such as to make the coin more valuable than copper alone. The Japanese supply of iron is not large. The coin is well executed, and clearly moulded, not stamped.

regardless what becomes of it. We would suggest to the Californians who have private mints, where they stamp gold, not with the government stamp, but with their own, that it would facilitate the introduction of silver into this trade, if they were to enter on the manufacture of pieces of the purity, size, and shape of the Japanese inchebu. These pieces would be received by weight, it is true, but that would be a gain, probably, on the use of silver dollars for the same purpose. The use of gold, at its present value in Japan, — only $8\frac{1}{2}$ times the value of silver, — is, of course, out of the question on our side; but this fact suggests at once, that the purchase of gold bullion or gold ornaments for our silver, or better, if possible, for our copper, will become a lucrative branch of this new trade, just so far as the government will permit it.

If the pursers did not mistake when they supposed that of silver bullion worth 2,250 *cash*, the Japanese coin money worth 6,400 *cash*, and of gold bullion worth 19,000 *cash*, they coin money worth 23,750 *cash*, — and the authorities all agree in this remarkable statement, — the government of Japan has done that which Western governments have almost always failed in, and which the writers in the so-called science of Political Economy say is impossible. It is not impossible; for the paper currency of our Revolution, intrinsically worthless, derived some value — now more, now less — from the stamp upon it, and the fact that government received it. The "Relief Notes" of the last fifteen years in Pennsylvania have held almost the value on their faces, though paper irredeemable, because Pennsylvania had no other legal paper currency below five dollars, and these were taken by government at par. In both these cases the money could not be exported. In Japan, till now, it could not be exported. The government still forbids its exportation; but we begin to see specimens of it, and the export will probably interfere with the remarkable provisions which have so held up its value in circulation. Probably great care has been taken to keep down the amount coined; and the severity of the Japanese law has, we must suppose, completely checked counterfeiting.

Of the authors whose books on Japan are before us, we have already intimated that Mr. Hildreth does not speak with en-

thusiasm of the expedition. He thinks that Mr. Everett's draft of a letter to the Emperor was stolen from Mr. Webster's earlier draft, and in one point, where the resemblance is very faint, from the still earlier letter of Louis XIV., and that it was not in Japanese taste. As it answered its purpose, it seems to have been in taste that served. As it was written eighteen months after Mr. Webster's, it might well add some allusions, which, when he wrote, could not be made. Any one who reads the two letters will see that Mr. Everett's is not a mere expansion of Mr. Webster's, — that it may, indeed, be doubted whether he had that before him. Mr. Webster seems to have conceived of the Emperor as a potentate of less intelligence than Mr. Everett thought him. We may add, by the way, that the fling which Mr. Hildreth makes when he says, "Mr. Webster's letter is not in the edition of his writings edited by Mr. Everett," is singularly unfair. Mr. Webster himself withheld all his diplomatic correspondence which had not been published, and at the time those volumes were printed, this letter had not been published by the government. Mr. Hildreth thinks that the daguerreotype views will be the principal addition which the expedition gives to our information about Japan. The result proves, fortunately, more important. Mr. Spalding conceives that the Commodore took airs on himself, and was too fond of show and parade. He ridicules the processions and formality with which the parties landed. The newspapers of this country, in general, as we have intimated, have expressed, in different forms, dissatisfaction that an immense trade was not at once secured by the opening of the ports, and, in particular, that the Commodore did not make a treaty of commerce.

We allude to these hints and charges, because it is probably due to them that Dr. Hawks's narrative, of which we have already expressed our high appreciation,* sometimes takes a tone of national congratulation, or of eulogy on his hero, which we have regretted. The expedition needs no defence in the official narrative. It defends itself. Commodore Perry needs no praise in that narrative. His work speaks for him. The

* North American Review, Vol. LXXXII. p. 559.

sneers at his assumption of dignity are preposterous, in face of the manly statements which he makes to the Secretary of his well-considered reasons for it; and the success of his policy will be sufficient to secure him always against the innuendoes of those who think they could have done better what he has done completely. When the laudation passes beyond the Commodore to extol the character of the American people, it seems to us not in good taste for a government publication. It is the people who publish it.* It scarcely becomes them to blow their own trumpets. In the midst of such occasional congratulation, it is a little mortifying to find Commodore Perry telling the Lew Chew people, very coolly, that the "Americans are people of few words, but they always mean what they say." After this declaration, we looked with some dread at the list of presents to Japan, lest a set of the Congressional Globe should be sent them, — as it was, we believe, to the Emperor of China. Few words, alas! Nor does the narrative come off quite clearly as to the Americans' "meaning what they say." It was only a few days before, that the Japanese commissioners asked how large a retinue would accompany Captain Perry on shore, and were told that "it is the custom of the United States, when an officer of high rank bears a communication from the President to the sovereign of another country, for him to go with such an attendance as is respectful to the power to which he is sent." Did they mean just what they said here? And did the Japanese gentlemen, well read, perhaps, in Western history, know that no American ambassador ever had a retinue of five men before? The American *customs* figured much more respectably when the squadron first arrived at Uraga. A cordon of boats was formed around the ships. The Japanese functionary who first boarded was asked what this meant. He said that it was Japanese custom. He was told that it was American

* McDonald, a young man born at Astoria, and only twenty-four years old, was taken prisoner by the Japanese in 1848. His captors asked him the rank of Commander Glynn of our navy, — bidding him name "the order of succession from the highest chief." And this Oregon boy promptly answered that the highest chief was *the people*. But this the Japanese, he says, "could not comprehend." — Senate Document, 1852, p. 57.

custom to tolerate no such thing, and if the boats were not gone in fifteen minutes they would be fired into. The boats were at once sent to shore. Here was an instance where the Americans did mean what they said, and their hosts knew it.

We have been, in a few instances, sorry that Captain Perry's professional engagements had not permitted him to bring forth this whole narrative himself, in the manly English, and with the vigorous and eloquent common sense, which give so much dignity to his despatches. But we can easily see that he could not have used the despatches and reports of his inferior officers with quite the freedom of Dr. Hawks; and as we have already said in our last number, this gentleman has brought to his great work a variety of accomplishments, and an enthusiasm for the subject, which make him the very editor we should have selected, if the chief was not to be his own editor. A few inconsistencies slip from a pen which is at work digesting a mass of varied accounts; but when this is the pen of a landsman descanting on sea affairs, the wonder is only that they are so few. It should be understood, that all the journals of the various officers were submitted to him, and that the result in this splendid volume is drawn, not from one record only, but from all the memoirs and despatches of the cruise.

We must speak with care on so delicate a subject as ethnological affinities, particularly in discussing a work by Dr. Hawks; but we ask for a reconsideration of the statement, probably copied from some officer's journal, that there is no affinity between the Lew Chew, Malay, and Tagalla languages. The learned and successful effort of Bopp to show the connection between the Malayan-Polynesian tongues and the Indo-European, is assisted so often by his introduction of Taghalian roots, and the hints given by Taghalian comparisons, that we cannot believe his illustrations from those sources are erroneous.* We look, indeed, to the study of the Japanese language for a good deal of new light on the remarkable questions which are called out by the occasional resem-

* See Bopp, Ueber die Verwandtschaft der Malayisch-Polynesischen Sprachen mit den Indisch-Europaïscher. Berlin. 1841.

blances between the Sanscrit, the Taghalian, and the Malayan-Polynesian languages. Where Japan does belong, in the distribution of the nations, it seems as yet very hard to say. But it is almost impossible that her language should not throw some light on the languages of Polynesia, and possibly on some of those of the northwest coast of America.

The expedition, of which the successful result is traced in these volumes, fulfils, we may say, a desire which has long lingered in the minds of many of our citizens, and of course of our public men. It would seem almost as if there were an omen for America in the design with which Columbus sailed, which, as Dr. Hawks reminds us, was the discovery of Cipango. Mr. Hildreth informs us that La Salle, the discoverer of the Mississippi, left France with a view to an overland western passage to China and Japan. Thus early were the fortunes of our Western continent linked with this eastern outpost of the Eastern, which takes the name of "the cradle of the sun." In our own generation, the opening of Japan was a favorite notion with John Quincy Adams. Some of our readers may remember the ingenious, and, we may say, vehement address, in which he urged the right, and even the duty, of Christian nations to open the ports of Japan, and the duty of Japan to assent, on the ground that no nation has a right more than any man has to withdraw its private contribution to the welfare of the whole. As early as 1832, authority was given to Mr. Edmund Roberts, by our government, to attempt a negotiation, with the assistance of the Peacock man-of-war. No use, however, was made of this authority. In 1837 an American mercantile house at Macao fitted out the Morrison, with the view of returning some shipwrecked Japanese to their country, in the hope that a communication might thus be opened. But she was fired into, and forbidden to land them. Mr. Alexander H. Everett, when he went on his mission to China, had strong hopes of the possibility of a successful negotiation. He was intrusted with powers for such a negotiation, which he afterwards transferred to Commodore Biddle, who attempted it in the Columbus in 1846. Commodore Biddle's visit to Yedo was unfortunate. A Japanese soldier threw him down into his boat, as he was entering a Japanese

junk, to receive the Emperor's letter to the President. The answer was in offensive language, declining all intercourse, and bidding the ship depart. Every apology was offered to Commodore Biddle for the insult to him, and he left the offender to the mercy of his own government. It proved, however, afterwards, that the Japanese officers took lofty airs on themselves regarding this transaction, and it was made to detract greatly among them from the credit of our country. Mr. Everett's death at Macao the next year prevented his following up the effort, as he was disposed to do, if opportunity offered. Early in 1849, however, Commodore Geisinger at Macao heard of some shipwrecked American seamen at Nagasaki, and sent Commander Glynn in the Preble to bring them off. His spirited treatment of the Japanese functionaries succeeded, and undoubtedly did much to raise the credit of our government with theirs. Among the seamen whom he took off was Ranald McDonald, the Oregonian republican, whose description of sovereignty we have quoted. This young man had landed voluntarily at Japan for the adventurous purpose of seeing the country. He deserves mention, therefore, among our different plenipotentiaries.

The visit of Commander Glynn prepared the way for the expedition which has now succeeded. It was a favorite object with Mr. Webster, and the first act of Mr. Everett's official life as his successor was to draft the official letter of Mr. Fillmore to the Emperor. In closing our review, we are bound to say, that, with the single exception of the delay in the preparation of the vessels, the expedition seems to us to reflect singular credit upon the country, and upon the officers concerned. The outfit was very carefully devised, the officers were well selected, the ships generally accomplished all that they were expected to do, and an honorable liberality seems to have presided over the details. The presents to the Emperor were judiciously chosen. The supply of coal in China was such, that Captain Perry was able to relieve both English and French squadrons in stress of need. The interpreting force was intelligent; and though no corps of *savans* encumbered the fleet, the scientific observations were valuable and to the point. Of the services of the Commodore we have

tried to give our impression. They were mild in the manner, they were effective in the issue. His judgment was severely tried, but in every particular of importance it served him with singular correctness; and in reading his compact and vigorous despatches, we have been surprised to see the amount of attention he was able to bestow upon various subjects of high importance, which required study and careful thought before he could arrive at his decision. For all that appears, he was admirably seconded. With the single exception of Mr. Bayard Taylor, who joined him at Canton for the first visit to Yedo, no civilians were on board. Mr. Taylor wrote out some valuable notes on Lew Chew and Japan, part of which are incorporated in this volume, while part are in his own Eastern travels. All the rest of the work of the expedition is distinctly due to the navy, and great credit does it reflect on the commander and his officers.

We must not leave this subject without saying that Dr. Hawks's book, besides its narrative, contains an admirable sketch of the history, productions, religion, and civil condition of Japan. Mr. Hildreth has, with diligence and spirit, given a digested history of the empire, — so far as it is made known by different travellers and many native works, — and a very careful sketch of all the leading European works on Japan, to the present time. His book is a valuable compendium of the knowledge the European world had of the country before Captain Perry's expedition; and he has investigated with great care some of the most curious questions of its history, literature, and manners. Mr. Spalding's is a lively sketch of the expedition, which occasionally supplies an anecdote not in the larger work, but which did its whole duty when it fed the appetite of a public eager for that work to appear.

Art. XIII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *At Home and Abroad: or, Things and Thoughts in America and Europe.* By Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856.

Many who had become acquainted with the late Madame Ossoli through the "Memoirs" edited by her friends, experienced something of disappointment in the first volume of her published works.* Not that the book was deficient in interest or in merit; but it was not the kind of interest nor the kind of merit which the biography had led them to expect. It failed to reproduce the impression of genius which that work had created. They could not identify the heroine with the author. The present volume, we think, will go far to relieve that disappointment, and to justify the portraiture of the Memoirs; partly because it is actually a better book, and contains more interesting matter and more decided traces of genius than the other; partly because it is more subjective, and, being a record of personal experiences, brings us into nearer contact with the author. If it does not entertain the reader with extraordinary creations, it introduces him to a highly cultivated, deep-thinking, large-hearted woman. In both the volumes, but especially in this last, the woman eclipses and absorbs the writer. And let Margaret's friends, in the absence of any work which, in their opinion, worthily represents her, content themselves with the thought that this, after all, was her true mission, — to manifest the woman, not to enact the author; that authorship could never have been more than an incident and an episode in her life.

Those who knew her in early youth, who witnessed her extraordinary intellectual developments, who experienced her wonderful power in conversation, and who cast the horoscope of the woman from the brilliant promise of the girl, predicted for her a distinguished literary career. They saw in her a future D'Arblay or De Stael. The death of her father, leaving a large family with small means, and the consequent necessity of exertion in ways more profitable than authorship, together with the loss of her health, postponed indefinitely the fulfilment of this hope. But perhaps the hope itself was without foundation. For ourselves, we incline to the belief that in no circumstances, by no favor of fortune, would Margaret have produced a work which

* Woman in the Nineteenth Century, and Kindred Papers, relating to the Sphere, Condition, and Duties of Woman.

should have worthily expressed her genius. With all her mental wealth and rare faculty, we doubt whether she possessed the organic power, the concentration and singleness of purpose, necessary for such an undertaking. Her mind was critical, not constructive; impulsive, not laborious. Her strength lay rather in oracular judgments, in felicitous statements and improvisations, than in patient elaboration. True, she has written much and well. Her critical essays, and especially her papers on Goethe, in the Dial, are unsurpassed in their kind. But all that she has written is fragmentary; nothing epic, nothing that possesses formal excellence, no one complete work.

But whatever literature may have lost in the missed career of the authoress, humanity has gained in the moral growth of the woman, whose latter years attained to so pure a philanthropy, and whose generous sympathy with all want and suffering, and zealous advocacy of freedom and right, are so conspicuous in these writings.

The volume before us brings into strange proximity and contrast the New World and the Old. The first part comprises the better portion of "Summer on the Lakes," published in 1844. The remainder is occupied with sketches of the author's European travels, and with letters from Rome from 1847 to 1850. So we have, at one end, the world of the Far West, with its infant republics starting up in the wilderness, and the vanishing forms of savage life which those republics are fast displacing; at the other end, the hoary honors and mouldering frame of an old civilization, which the genius of liberty in those days was vainly endeavoring to rehabilitate.

The year 1848 will long be remembered as a year of civil convulsions, as impotent in their conclusion as they were portentous in their origin. A political earthquake rocked Europe from Denmark to Sicily, and from Hungary to Spain. Thrones tottered, kingdoms heaved; but all to no purpose. The earthquake passed, the kingdoms settled, the thrones righted. The nations that had stood one instant erect stooped down again to their former position, and refitted their necks to the ancient yoke. The tide of revolution which had suddenly burst from the yawning earth, as suddenly receded. It had served only to water the tree of Despotism, which it vainly strove to undermine.

No portion of Europe was more agitated by these convulsions than Italy. No nation embraced more enthusiastically the deceitful promise of emancipation which they inspired, than the Italians; and among the Italians, none more so than the Romans. Pius IX. had ascended the papal throne ostensibly as a reformer. Some demonstrations of a liberal character which marked the first year of his administration, and the import of which was greatly exaggerated at the time, had inspired

his subjects with boundless hope. They saw in him the successor of the first Gregories. To what extent the good Father might have carried his innovations, had no power more formidable than that of the Roman princes opposed itself to his designs, it is impossible to say. For our own part, we believe him to have been, at the time, sincere in his liberalism, and honest in his sympathy with the people. But these tendencies were rather the result of good nature, than earnest purposes based in strong convictions, and equal to great struggles. A glance at the face of the man revealed at once his goodness and his incompetence. A kindlier heart never beat beneath the stole; but a weaker head never mounted the tiara.

The plot thickened; the crisis came; the Pope was called to decide for himself and his people the question of participation in the great Italian movement, — whether he would take up arms against the enemies of his country, and whether he would accept the position offered him of sovereign of Italy. In this exigency he was found utterly wanting to his country and his time. He was no Benedict VIII., to marshal his subjects against the foe, and repel the foreign invader. With many explanations and apologies, he declined the part assigned him. "He had never thought of the results which might follow his actions; he had intended only local reforms; he regretted the misuse which had been made of his name," &c., &c.

Then the palms which he had won in the first year of his pontificate were made whips to scourge him. He had shrunk from the point of Austrian censure only to fall back on the sharper reproaches of his countrymen. The populace still cherished, though with more of compassion than respect, the spiritual Father, but the element of papal sovereignty dropped thenceforth for ever from the calculations of the patriots of Italy. The word Pope became a mere ecclesiastical expression, divested of all political significance. And soon the successor of the Apostles escaped from the Quirinal in charge of a woman, and fled into the arms of King Bomba.

Rome became a republic once more, and in that character proved herself not wholly unworthy the traditionary fame inherited from the days of the Scipios. But brief time was allowed her in which to vindicate her ancient lineage. On the 4th of July of the following year the French took possession of the city. The birthday of the greatest of modern republics witnessed the extinction of this late offspring of the greatest of the ancient. Rome succumbed to the fratricidal sword which should have been wielded in her defence. While France endures, the curse of that transaction will cleave to her name.

All this Madame Ossoli witnessed, and reported in letters written on

the spot. These letters constitute a large portion of this volume, and to most readers will constitute its chief interest. The writer's position as wife of one of the patriots,* gave her a nearer view of the course of affairs, than was possible, perhaps, to any other foreigner. Accordingly, this portion of the book possesses great historical importance. It presents the best photographs, probably, now in existence, of some of the scenes of the Roman Revolution. Whoever shall undertake the future history of that tragedy will find here some of the most valuable materials for such a work; among them, important contemporary documents, such as the addresses of Mazzini and others, manifestos of Pius IX., declarations of the Roman Constituent Assembly, and correspondence of that body with Oudinot and Lesseps.

That a child of New England should be the principal contemporary authority in this history, is a fresh illustration of the commonplace that "truth is stranger than fiction." Little did the school-girl dream, while studying in her *Viri Romæ* the account of the first recorded revolution in Rome, that she would be the chronicler of, and personally implicated in, the last.

Beside the historical interest of the Roman portion, the book has great literary value, as the note-book of an intelligent traveller, who had eyes to see as well as a heart to feel whatever was most noteworthy in men and things. It contains some admirable sketches, among which we recall the account of Carlyle's conversation as the best description we have seen of that remarkable phenomenon.

We are indebted to Mr. Fuller for the care and judgment with which he has performed his task, and shall welcome another volume of his sister's writings collected by his faithful hand.

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2. — *Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada.* By the Hon. Amelia M. Murray. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856.

This volume consists of thirty letters, written at intervals during fifteen months. Miss Murray was a maid of honor to Queen Victoria, and is reported to have shown herself a lady of some benevolence towards the poor of her own country. From these letters of hers it is evident chiefly that she is very active, very fond of botany and drawing, and very quick and confident in the formation of her opinions. And indeed great allowance must be made by her readers for the rapid

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* The Marquis Ossoli was Captain of the Civic Guard.

manner in which she generalizes, or else she will seem to be too fickle for notice. Thus, at one time she finds in Americans so much good humor and propriety, and such an absence of vulgarity and forwardness, as astonishes and charms her; while at another time it seems to her that the Americans mistake rudeness for republicanism, and incivility for independence. In less than a fortnight after having landed upon this continent, she makes up her mind as to the climate of Massachusetts. She judges it by the first twelve days of August, upon the sea-shore, and decides that it is charming, and that the next generation will discover its merits. She is very singular in some of her experiences and opinions, such as that the sun does not "beam so furiously" in this region as it does in England, — that ladies must dress extravagantly while travelling, in order to be treated with common civility, — that there was nothing like consistency visible to her anywhere in the United States except at Indianapolis, — that, whatever the mornings may be, the nights in America are always cool, — and that Whig denotes narrow-minded, bigoted republicanism, and Democrat designates enlightened, consistent principle. Also, she thinks that Americans might learn from the English energy in action and simplicity in manner; and she severely censures the people of the United States, because among them persons are estimated by the satin on their backs or the dollars in their pockets, whereas in England each individual is appreciated according to his intrinsic qualities.

She writes: "The Know-Nothings, the Abolitionists, and the Mormonites are in my opinion consequent upon the mammonite, extravagant pretensions and habits which are really fashionable among pseudo-republicans." This is a very puzzling sentence, and it is the more perplexing the more it is considered. However, there may possibly be in Miss Murray some extraordinary faculty of social and political perception; for when at Washington she says: "There are Know-Nothings, even feminine ones, among the residents in this hotel. I can easily discover them by their crude, unintelligent style of conversation."

On the women of America she is very severe and very frequent with her invectives. Even the politicians provoke her less than the ladies; yet she says that, in England, nothing of political profligacy can be raked up to equal the doings of a large proportion of the gentlemen at Washington. She reports that American women resemble self-indulgent Asiatics rather than energetic Anglo-Saxons, — that for ten minutes in England, an hour in America is spent in dressing, — that at the North, the young women plaster their hair and wear silks fit for their grandmothers, and the middle-aged spend hours in vain attempts at concealing the ravages of time. And at the South, on this subject,

she expresses herself in words unpleasant to repeat. But though Miss Murray thinks that American ladies are very faulty, very luxurious, very extravagant, and very indolent, yet she is not insensible to their having something to contend with in regard to servants. And to her mind this domestic inconvenience accounts for that tendency to polygamy, which she avers to be inherent in a republic, and which is manifesting itself among the Americans, by the way of Mormonism.

As to slavery Miss Murray is very simple and decided in her opinions. But probably neither at the North nor at the South will readers value her judgment on this subject, because of her rashness and error about other much easier matters. She has no sympathy with abolitionism, nor with any theory of emancipation, however gradual. Nor apparently over all the Southern States is there one thing which she could wish altered for the better, even for a single slave. Again and again she asserts that she would rather be a slave than any free negro she ever saw, or than any white servant in New England. That Miss Murray could write thus, argues for the condition of those slaves she did see, better than many worthy, zealous persons would readily believe. No doubt, she generalizes much too fast, and indeed absurdly fast sometimes; but still what she notes as facts of her observation, we feel certain, may be trusted as true statements. And so we cannot but believe that she saw slaves looking happier than the happiest English servants, slaves with plenty of ready money, and slaves who refused to be made free. Many of her opinions contradict our previous persuasions; and there are some of them which do not accredit themselves by any manner of reasonableness, — such as that only giddy and profligate negroes ever attempt liberty by running away, — that on becoming free, negroes always deteriorate in regard to morals and religion, — that, if good results from slavery, God cares very little for the means by which it accrues, — and that there is more irreligion and vice in one town of the Northern States or of England, than there is in all the towns, counties, and States of the South put together.

These letters by Miss Murray are full of anecdotes which she heard on steamboats and in hotels, and some of the opinions on which she most strongly insists evidently were derived from other persons; so that, for the authority of her statements, it is rather unfortunate that towards the end of her volume she has to explain, "that the Americans must not be depended upon for information as to facts regarding their own country, particularly not for any facts of natural science," as she says that they are not sufficiently aware of the importance of such things.

In order to the publication of these letters, it is said that Miss Mur-

ray made a large pecuniary sacrifice. This is a very singular circumstance; because throughout all this volume there is nothing whatever to argue in her the existence of the martyr-spirit, — no sign of enthusiasm, no aspiration of an earnest nature, hardly a thought of even the least religiousness, and almost nothing whatever of philanthropy. And, indeed, there is more in the character of Miss Murray than is exhibited in her letters; and she herself must be much superior to her book.

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3. — 1. *Sinai and Palestine, in Connection with their History.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M. A., Canon of Canterbury. With Maps and Plates. London: John Murray. 1856. 8vo. pp. 591.
2. *Notes of Travel in Egypt, the Holy Land, Turkey, and Greece.* By Benjamin Dorr, D. D., Rector of Christ Church. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 396.

In the two volumes of recent travels in the East which are placed at the head of this notice, the points of resemblance are few, and the points of contrast are many. The authors of both are clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, — the one the son of an English bishop, the other the successor to the pastorate of an American bishop. The publication of both works has been delayed long enough to give ample time for revision, condensation, and thorough treatment of the subjects proposed. Mr. Stanley's work is an evidence of the value of this delay. It is in every respect superior to any recent work upon the Holy Land, for acuteness of observation, discriminating criticism, sober enthusiasm, and perfect good sense. Its plan is as original and judicious as its execution is felicitous and unpretending. It unites the freshness of a personal narrative to the thoroughness of a comprehensive study, combines the sure erudition of Robinson with the reverent reflection of Chateaubriand, and avoids the extremes of scepticism and credulity, into one or the other of which writers about the Holy Land and the Holy Places are so liable to run. Mr. Stanley does not feel bound, as a good Churchman, to vindicate the genuineness of the sacred localities, or to follow Dr. Williams in his pious task of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre from the Vandal reasonings of American Dissenters. Yet he does not doubt carelessly, but gives always good reason for his doubts. From the fine Preface, which modestly apologizes for a new experiment on a theme so old, to the learned Appendix, which classifies, analyzes, and interprets the common terms of the Hebrew Scriptures, there is not a page of the volume without some pleasant entertainment or some profitable suggestion. With a single exception, the *maps* are accurate, and

are a great aid in the understanding of the arguments. There are next to no mistakes of fact. Geography was never more admirably brought to the illustration of history. We trust that the American republication will clothe the work in a form as elegant as the luxurious English octavo.

Dr. Dorr also apologizes for the publication of his volume, and intimates that only the urgent wishes of his congregation would have brought it forth. It is a pity that he did not resist these wishes more firmly. As a specimen of book-making, his "Travels" are not deserving of high praise. The style is loose and inaccurate, the matter is mostly borrowed from guide-books, and the personal adventures are neither interesting nor well told. Unlike Mr. Stanley, Dr. Dorr is very docile to tradition, and believes quite readily and without waiting for reasons. He has no more doubt that the Church of the Sepulchre was the site of Calvary, than that St. Paul's Bay near the island of Malta was the site of the Apostle's shipwreck. His journeyings seem to have been intentionally hasty, yet attended with many vexatious delays; and neither of the exact "contracts," of which he gives translations, appears to have relieved him from nervous anxiety or frequent impositions. We are constantly reminded of Mr. Peter Magnus, the celebrated traveller who accompanies Mr. Pickwick on the Ipswich coach. The observations of the volume are often amusing in their simplicity. Dr. Dorr speaks of it as remarkable, that not "even a lichen or a moss" is to be found on the shores of the Dead Sea. Naturalists do not look for such productions in such a torrid region. He conjectures that Christ's next appearance on earth will be somewhere near the Mount of the Ascension. The sight of a Cairo courier reminds him, very curiously, of "Job ix. 25." He tells us of "Tarsus," that it is supposed to be the "Tarshish of Scripture," and that it was "once the *rival* of Athens and Alexandria." The sight of a couple of owls at the Parthenon is recorded as "most unexpected and gratifying." Dr. Dorr, we may add, *did* Athens in a single day, saw in that time "all that is to be seen," including the ruins and the American Mission. We need not dwell longer on a book of this kind.

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4. — *Colomba.* By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Translated from the French. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 310.

CORSICA and the Vendetta have been made familiar to us through the admirable work of Gregorovius, noticed a year ago in our pages. The sparkling and graceful story of Prosper Mérimée is a new illustra-

tion of what was there told so well. As a work of art, the story is very charming. The characters are distinctly drawn, and there is variety of scene and rapidity of movement enough to give the whole a dramatic effect. In the vivacity of their stories, it must be confessed that the French excel the writers of other nations, even where moral purity is sadly lacking. Prosper Mérimée and Edmond About, however, are writers of a different class from Eugene Sue and Alexander Dumas. Such tales as "Colomba" and "Tolla" may be read without a blush by the most modest woman. There is an intense reality about them, and no straining for effect by any meretricious contrivance. Who the translator is we are not informed, but it is clearly one who knows how to deal with the niceties of the French tongue. There is no language which it is so easy to translate poorly, and so hard to translate well, as the French.

The volume is printed in that exquisite old English style which several of our more fastidious publishers have chosen of late. We are glad, however, to notice that all the peculiarities of that style are not reproduced, especially the antique form of the "double s," which resembled "f" so nearly.

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5. — *History of Plymouth Plantation.* By WILLIAM BRADFORD, the second Governor of the Colony. Now first printed from the Original Manuscript, for the Massachusetts Historical Society. Published at the Charge of the Appleton Fund. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 476.

THIS History, which commences with the emigration of the Puritans to Holland, and terminates abruptly in 1646, was written by the very man who was best qualified for the task. A Puritan from his boyhood, an exile at eighteen, a passenger in the Mayflower, for thirty-one years Governor of the Colony, and confessedly a man of equal intelligence and probity, — in a community, too, so restricted that no adult member could have been unknown to the chief magistrate, and no event could have transpired without his cognizance, — he may be trusted implicitly in his entire narrative, and its bulk and minuteness furnish the measure of its value. It was used by Morton, Prince, Hubbard, and Hutchinson, but for nearly ninety years it vanished from sight, and was supposed to be irrecoverably lost. Early in the year 1855, Rev. John S. Barry showed Mr. Deane, the editor of the volume before us, "A History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford," printed in 1846. In the text of this History oc-

curred certain passages, cited by Morton and Prince from Bradford, and accredited by the author to a "MS. History of the Plantation of Plymouth, &c., in the Fulham Library." Mr. Barry and Mr. Deane concurred in the conclusion, that this Fulham manuscript could be no other than the long-lost History. Fulham is the summer residence of the Bishop of London, and through his courtesy the manuscript was put into the hands of an agent of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It was readily identified as Bradford's autograph. The chirography corresponded with that of a letter known to be in his hand. On one of the blank leaves was found the following memorandum: "This book was rit by goefner William Bradford, and gifen to his son mager William Bradford, and by him to his son mager John Bradford, rit by me Samuel Bradford, Mach 20, 1705." On another leaf was a note under Prince's signature, relating the mode in which the book came into his possession. The evidence is thus complete as to its genuineness. Its details are minute, and its dates are carefully indicated. Its contents embrace every incident of real or reputed importance connected with the voyage from Holland, the landing in New England, and the early fortunes of the colonists. It is printed with literal exactness, and our confidence in the printed text is enhanced by a *fac-simile* of a portion of the first chapter, in a hand singularly fair and legible. The publication has been made in a form and style worthy of its importance. While it is a rare *bonne bouche* for the antiquary, it will be read with strong and grateful interest by all who trace their descent, their liberties, or their spiritual lineage to the Pilgrim stock.

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6. — *Memoirs of* RICHARD CUMBERLAND, *written by himself. Containing an Account of his Life and Writings, interspersed with Anecdotes and Characters of several of the most Distinguished Persons of his Time, with whom he had Intercourse and Connection.* With Illustrative Notes. By HENRY FLANDERS. Philadelphia: Parry and McMillan. 1856. 8vo. pp. 397.

CUMBERLAND occupied, as many of our readers are well aware, a somewhat distinguished position as a dramatic writer in the last century, was for many years a faithful official of the British Cabinet, and subsequently undertook, with equal integrity of purpose, lack of diplomatic tact, and failure of the contemplated results, an important mission to the Spanish court. He was a man of rigid virtue and high principle, but of inordinate self-esteem and irritable temper. His life was chiefly

spent among persons of distinguished rank and of eminent literary reputation, and his harmless vanity led him to make the most of such of his acquaintance as his readers would wish to know. He was the grandson of Richard Bentley, the private secretary of Lord Halifax, the friend of Garrick, the antagonist of Bishop Lowth in a personal controversy, the associate, on more or less intimate terms, of Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Goldsmith. His personal biography has many points of attraction, and in his domestic relations as a son, husband, and father, he wins our profound, respectful, and almost loving interest. But the chief charm of the work consists in the conversations and characteristic anecdotes of his illustrious contemporaries. The Memoirs were written in 1804; the author died in 1811, in his seventy-ninth year. Mr. Flanders has bestowed on the present edition a large amount of editorial labor, and has laid the American public under great obligations for one of the most amusing, fascinating, and instructive books of the current year.

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7. — *Daniel Boone, and the Hunters of Kentucky.* By W. H. Bogart. New York: Miller, Orton, and Mulligan. 1856. 16mo. pp. 464.

Mr. Bogart has made his self-imposed task a labor of love. To him Daniel Boone is not merely the reckless adventurer and pioneer, but the patriot and the sage. He certainly displayed the gentler, no less than the hardier, traits of the true hero; and his virtues would have made him the ornament of civilized society, had not his exposures and privations inured him to the rudeness of a border life, and made its wild sports, rough encounters, and thick-sown perils a necessity of his nature. Other biographers have given us a portraiture of his exterior and surroundings; Mr. Bogart has commended his moral traits to our esteem and reverence, and has shown us in the founder of that great empire of the Southwest one in whose substantial worth posterity may cherish an honest pride. The work, in point of literary execution, does ample credit to the author's skill and taste. Appended to it is a highly interesting series of biographies of the early hero-hunters of Kentucky.

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8. — *Contributions to Literature, Descriptive, Critical, Humorous, Biographical, Philosophical, and Poetical.* By Samuel Gilman, D. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 564.

A wide range indeed for a single volume, and he who can win high

praise in each and all of these departments of literature can have few equals, and no superior. In none of them does Dr. Gilman fall below mediocrity; in some of them he holds a foremost rank among American writers. As a metaphysician, he manifests an acuteness, subtilty, vigor, and compass of thought, which show that, had he made the philosophy of mind his specialty, he might easily have given his name to a school, and left his mark upon the age. At the other extremity of the scale, as a humorist, he displays at least equal power. His "Memoirs of a New England Village Choir" has rarely been surpassed in vivid sketching, and portrays a department of rural life, which in the last generation seemed the depository of all that was weak, pretentious, whimsical, and grotesque among village swains and maidens. His memoir of "Rev. Stephen Peabody and Lady" blends humor and pathos, fact and fancy, faithful outline drawing and rich poetic coloring, in such equal and rare proportions, as have rendered it, in the esteem of not a few, and those no mean judges, a master-work of its kind. His poems are most of them of the sort "made to order," elicited by special occasions; and while they may fall short of the highest merit, they fulfilled their respective missions with appropriateness, dignity, and grace. The entire volume is a pleasing and grateful memorial of one who had left a cherished name in his birth-region, and has prepared for himself a still dearer and more precious record in the city of his adoption, by assiduous pastoral fidelity, eminent civic virtue, commanding intellectual and literary influence, and the most loving care for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the depressed and enslaved.

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9. — 1. *Thoughts on the Origin, Character, and Interpretation of Scriptural Prophecy, in Seven Discourses, delivered in the Chapel of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church.* By Samuel H. Turner, D. D., Professor of Biblical Learning and the Interpretation of Scripture in the Seminary, and of the Hebrew Language and Literature in Columbia College. New York: Thomas N. Stanford. 1856. 12mo. pp. 219.

2. *The Epistle to the Ephesians, in Greek and English, with an Analysis and Exegetical Commentary.* By Samuel H. Turner, D. D. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 198.

We have on a former occasion expressed our high sense of Dr. Turner's ability, learning, and critical sagacity. He combines the two desiderata of independent thought and profound religious reverence, of which the former is just beginning to betray itself in the Biblical schol-

arship of the English Church, while the absence of the latter renders a large part of the critical erudition of Germany worse than nugatory. The subjects of the books above named are beyond the due scope of a literary journal, and we shall therefore enter into no analysis of their contents, or of the opinions embodied and defended in them. In the first, Dr. Turner adopts virtually the old theory of "a double sense" of prophecy; but substitutes for the crude and self-refuting formulæ in which it has been commonly set forth, a statement which satisfies faith and reason equally. The prophetical visions were made up for the most part of symbols. But a symbol is not necessarily confined to one interpretation; nor need it mean the same thing everywhere and always. On the other hand, symbolical representations are in their very nature variable in their meaning, and capable of progressive development. Thus, if symbols were divinely chosen for the purpose of revelation, it is conceivable that a choice may have been made of such as would with the progress of thought necessarily bear in later ages a fuller and deeper significance than they had in the minds to which they were originally presented. This, in brief, is the ground maintained by Dr. Turner, and on this rests a system of prophetical interpretation, adapted, as we think, equally to repel the shock of outside scepticism and to fortify the believing mind against involuntary doubt.

The work on the Epistle to the Ephesians contains an introduction, in which the general questions connected with that writing — particularly its original destination, whether to the Ephesians or to the churches of Asia Minor collectively — are learnedly and candidly discussed; an analysis which brings out with great clearness and beauty the Apostle's train of thought; and a commentary so thorough as to leave unused no materials that could possibly serve the purpose of elucidating the text. The author shows a familiar conversance with all collateral and auxiliary sources of illustration; judicial exactness and impartiality in the weighing of arguments; and a mind so profoundly imbued with St. Paul's style of thought and modes of feeling, that he seems not infrequently to apprehend the Apostle's meaning by the sympathy of his own spiritual nature, though in such cases he always verifies his intuition by reasoning. He has not given a new translation of the Epistle, but by freely departing in his English text, whenever he sees good cause, from the divisions and the punctuation of the standard text, he often attaches a new significance to the words of the common version.

10. — 1. *Utah and the Mormons. The History, Government, Doctrines, Customs, and Prospects of the Latter-Day Saints. From Personal Observation during a Six Months' Residence at Great Salt Lake City.* By Benjamin G. Ferris, late Secretary of Utah Territory. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 24mo. pp. 347.

2. *The Mormons at Home; with some Incidents of Travel from Missouri to California, 1852 – 53. In a Series of Letters.* By Mrs. B. G. Ferris. New York: Dix & Edwards. 1856. 24mo. pp. 299.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferris occupied a position in which they could not but see, if not all aspects, at least the most favorable aspects, of Mormon institutions, life, and character. They do not confine themselves to generalities, but record with entire freedom names and specific facts; and Mr. Ferris's book has been published long enough to have been proved unworthy of credence, if indeed it be so. We wish that these books could be circulated in a cheap form among the classes of persons most liable to be seduced by Mormon emissaries. They would not only preclude the proselytism of all who retained aught of virtue, self-respect, or decency; we doubt whether even the most vicious would consent to incur the consequences of legalized depravity, which, in penury and wretchedness for all except the few officials, are making a nearer approach than has been often witnessed to an adequate earthly retribution. We question whether there is a single male member of the Mormon community who is possessed of both common sense and common honesty. The leaders are bold, bad men, nursing a leash of vices at a time, and leaving it in doubt whether mendacity, avarice, licentiousness, or profaneness should be deemed the prominent characteristic. Their shrewdness is perhaps overrated; for when they act as missionaries, they have too large sea-room in the ocean of ignorance and falsehood to run the risk of collision with known truth, and when they get their victims into their pandemonium, it is an easy matter to prevent their escape, and to pillage, enslave, and debauch them. The rank and file are many of them no doubt actual dupes of the so-called religion, and find in licensed sensuality their only comfort under poverty, extortion, and oppression. There is probably a still larger amount of fanatical delusion among the women; but they are miserable beyond description, some of them tortured by a surviving moral nature which makes them aware of the vileness in which they are unwilling accomplices, all of them involved in the interminable strife incident to polygamy. Mr. Ferris's book is a calm, methodical *exposé* of the actual condition of society, drawn up with the precision of an official report, and sustained

so far as it can be by documentary evidence. Mrs. Ferris's letters are off-hand sketches, drawn from the life, as graceful as their subjects will suffer them to be, and often rising into the eloquence of a modest matron's burning indignation at the wrongs, outrages, and woes inflicted, less by superstition than by foul hypocrisy, upon her own sex.

11.—1. *Poems.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 16mo. pp. 284.

2. *The Heroes: or, Greek Fairy Tales for my Children.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 24mo. pp. 320.

THE chief of these poems is "The Saint's Tragedy," founded on the piety, sacrifices, and sufferings of St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, and running, for the most part, closely parallel with the monkish chronicles of which she is the heroine. It abounds in passages of striking beauty, and, while there is but little room for the invention of character or incident, great skill and pure taste are manifested in the translation of narrow Romish sentiment into the language of universal Christian consciousness.

The mythological tales, written, as the author says, for his own children, are told in an easy and attractive style, denuded of whatever might be of a corrupting or doubtful tendency, and so adapted to the easy comprehension of young persons, that they might render the leading names and incidents of Grecian fable familiar, at as early an age as a child is likely to encounter the names, or to see or hear allusions made to the incidents.

12.— *The West Church and its Ministers. Fiftieth Anniversary of the Ordination of Charles Lowell, D. D.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 242.

ON the 1st of January, 1806, Rev. Charles Lowell was ordained pastor (fourth of the series) of the West Church in Boston. It would be hard to say, (and in this community there is no need of saying,) how impressive he was in discourse, how fervent in the public offices of devotion, how incessant in pastoral service, how weighty in counsel, how tender in the ministries of consolation, how near to the hearts of his entire congregation, till infirmity compelled him to withdraw from active duty; and what sentiments of profoundest reverence and love followed him to his retirement, and have been transmitted to a rising gen-

eration that know little of him but by "tradition of the elders." On the second Sunday of the present year, after long and weary illness, he appeared again in his place, and, with the rich intonations of that well-remembered voice, read a brief and appropriate discourse, which was accompanied by a pre-arranged order of services adapted to the occasion, and followed by an eloquent anniversary sermon by the junior pastor, Rev. C. A. Bartol. Mr. Bartol rightly deemed this epoch of commemoration a fit time to commence a series of biographical discourses on Dr. Lowell's predecessors; — Hooper, who, after being instrumental in gathering the church, sought refuge from the stern and sad theology of his day in the then less stringent creed and milder discipline of the English Establishment; Mayhew, the leading liberalist of his time, the strenuous, invincible champion of civil and religious freedom, in whose engraved portrait his laurel-wreathed pen surmounts an archiepiscopal mitre; and Howard, who witnessed the scattering of his congregation, and the conversion of his church into a barrack, became himself an exile, and on the return of peace gathered the remnant of his flock, and nourished them from weakness to a high standard of vigor and prosperity. These biographies, and other sermons and documents suggested by, and connected with, the anniversary that we have described, make up, with Dr. Lowell's address, the volume before us. Mr. Bartol's discourses display his wonted quaintness, beauty, and power of thought, imagery, and style. The biographical sermons are less memoirs than sketches of character. His subjects were rich, and he has done them ample justice. His sermon on Mayhew is especially noteworthy, as an adequate, whole-hearted, and noble tribute to the memory of a truly great man, and as a specimen, rarely equalled and almost never surpassed, of forceful, yet delicate and discriminating characterization. We earnestly hope that we may persuade him at some future time to be *pro hac vice* his own reviewer, and to give us such a paper as he only can write, on the worth and services of Mayhew as a Christian patriot.

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13. — *The Roman Exile.* By Guglielmo Gajani, Professor of Civil and Canon Law, and Representative of the People in the Roman Constituent Assemby, in the Year 1849. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 450.

This book suggests high hope for Italy. The author — a man of keen moral sense, and strong religious faith — represents himself as in these regards in full communion with "Young Italy"; and if this be

so, there must be a latent force underlying the entire social state and the complex political fabric of the peninsula, which needs only concentration and maturity to throw off the yoke of priestcraft and tyranny. The work before us is the author's life-story, so replete with touching incident and adventure, so redolent of generous humanity and tender piety, so charged with the outbursting fires of impatient patriotism, and withal told with a *naïveté* so sweet and simple, that none can read it without emotion. The exile's pen is working mightily for his enthralled land, and such writers are bespeaking for their country the helpful sympathy of all Protestant Christendom in the final struggle, whenever its hour may strike.

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14. — *The Earnest Man; or the Character and Labors of Adoniram Judson.* By Mrs. H. C. Conant. 16mo. pp. 498.

This memoir was prepared in accordance with the dying request of Mrs. Judson, who had intended herself to perform the same office for the Christian public. It is designed, not to supersede Dr. Wayland's "Life of Judson," but to furnish for wider circulation a less bulky and less costly work than his. Dr. Judson was not only a successful missionary, but one of the great men of our century; and he would, in any secular profession, have stood not one whit below the first. Mrs. Conant has done her work genially and happily. We rejoice in its completion; for Dr. Judson's name and character ought to be made the common property of his native, as they will one day be the chief glory of his adopted country.

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15. — *Lectures Read to the Seniors in Harvard College.* By Edward T. Channing, late Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 298.

Professor Channing (we speak deliberately and warily) accomplished more for the purity, simplicity, and grace of American literature than any man that has ever lived, — much by these lectures, incalculably more by his criticism of College themes, so intolerant of verbiage, so severe in its canons of taste, so jealous of the adequacy of expression to thought, so merciless to meretricious ornament, mixed metaphors, and mock-eloquence, so patient in the development of genuine ability, so generous in the indulgence of a diversity of gifts, if they only were gifts, and not mannerisms. This volume has come to hand too

late for a review in the present number of our journal. We give it now only our grateful recognition, and forbear further notice of it, that we may leave the field open for the esteemed contributor — his friend and pupil — who has it in charge for our October issue.

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16. — *A Journey through the Seaboard Slave States.* By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. New York: Dix and Edwards. 1856.

THIS valuable book was published just before our last issue; but we do not hesitate to speak of it, even at so late a date as this, because it is a first-class authority, and will prove to be of permanent interest. It is really amazing how little is known by the public, either North or South, of the facts relating to the system of slavery. A great mass of disconnected incidents is constantly before us; but for very obvious reasons, the most important facts and statistics regarding the operation of the system are scarcely ever put in print, and indeed they are not known, in a comprehensive way, even by Southern statesmen. We say that this is for obvious reasons. Those reasons are simply these. Southern legislatures carry so far their apprehension lest other people should interfere with slavery, that they do not collect or publish any sort of statistics which illustrate its operation. It is, again, an agricultural institution, and therefore not to be observed by hasty travellers, or by any travellers who merely pass along the great lines of travel. And, we must add, the professed Abolitionist, acting with perfect consistency on the simple principle that it is wrong for man to enslave man, is willing to acknowledge a certain indifference as to the details of his enslavement. It is without any shade of censure that we say, that we have found this class of observers less informed as to the practical details of the system of slavery than any other.

We name a single illustration of this ignorance, with some slight hope of getting a solution to a curious question. The statement was once made, in Paris, by teachers in the University, — where a good many colored persons from the West Indies are educated, — that no person of pure black blood had ever been trained in the mathematics to go beyond the fundamental processes of arithmetic. It is well known that no such statement can be made with regard to mulattoes. In attempting to test its accuracy with regard to the pure black race, we have consulted, perhaps, a hundred persons, in Southern and Northern States, planters on the one hand, ultra-Abolitionists on the other, and men of all intermediate shades of opinion. And not only was our question

never answered, but we never met a man who could suggest a way in which any such question could be answered. For the gentlemen best informed at the South can only give a few anecdotes of the race that serves them, such as have come under their own personal observation, and have scarcely better opportunity than we of studying on a large scale the general considerations which are suggested by every inquiry as to the capacity of races.

Mr. Olmsted undertakes to solve some of these questions, by seeing with his own eyes the operation of the Southern systems. A practical farmer, with very ready habits of observation, as his book of English travel shows, well read in the history of the States he passes through, he travelled from Washington, slowly, and availed himself of excellent opportunities of examining the systems of farming, that is to say, the social systems, of those States. These systems, it must be remembered, differ widely from one another. The tobacco and wheat culture of Virginia, the rosin and turpentine manufacture of North Carolina, the rice crop of South Carolina and Georgia, the sugar crop of Louisiana, each presents the system of slavery in a different light. Each requires hands to be bought and sold, bred, nurtured, trained, and kept, in its own way. The planter in Virginia knows scarcely more, by his own experience, what slavery is in Louisiana, than he knows of the working of a steam-engine in the Cornwall mines.

Addressing himself to his duty, with just the desirable combination of qualifications for it, Mr. Olmsted has made of his book of travels a standard compend of valuable information. He is a Northern man, and he has what are called Northern principles; but, we doubt not, his book will soon be greatly valued at the South, for the same reason as at the North. It seems to us singularly fair. It cannot, of course, be wholly free from travellers' mistakes, but we have not detected any; and it should be understood, that it is no mere traveller's sketch-book, but that it contains studies on the labor and history of the Southern States, which are evidently the results of very careful investigation. To all those persons, therefore, who look upon the Slavery question as a problem, requiring a practical solution, this book comes in as a stepping-stone, which will lift that discussion to a range decidedly higher than it has ever held before.

It is understood that Mr. Olmsted continued his journey from Louisiana, as far as Texas, and that he returned through the Slave States which are not on the seaboard. We hope that another volume may give us the results of his studies and observations in them. The whole range of travel, as thus gone over, involves as much novelty as travel in any part of the world.

Note to Article VIII. of the April Number.

In the list of American Genealogies independently published, we placed "Shippen, Thomas Balch, Philadelphia, 1855." There has been no such independent publication; but in the preface to a series of "Letters and Papers relating chiefly to the Provincial History of Pennsylvania," edited by Mr. Balch, occur genealogical notices of the families whose members contributed to the correspondence, and, first and chief, of the Shippen family. The work, we are sorry to say, was privately printed, and has been accessible to few except the editor's personal friends. Its contents are not only historically important, but in a high degree interesting, and the editorial preface of nearly one hundred and forty pages is a rich compend of personal history and anecdote, — a group of genealogical trees, strange to say, not protruding bare branches and twigs, but leaf-covered and fruit-laden.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Schoolmaster at Home. Errors in Speaking and Writing corrected; a few Words on the Letters H and R; with Familiar Synonymes, and Words of Similar Sound distinguished. London: James Cornish. 1855.

The History of England from the Accession of James the Second. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. With a full Index. Vols. I.–IV. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1856.

Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. Translated by J. G. Lockhart, Esq. A new, revised Edition, with a Biographical Notice. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, & Hall. 1856.

The Same. A new Edition, revised, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1856.

Sermons for the People. By F. D. Huntington, D. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 468.

Letters and Papers relating chiefly to the Provincial History of Pennsylvania, with some Notices of the Writers. Philadelphia. 1855. 24mo. pp. cxxxviii., 312.

Thirteenth Annual Report of the Managers of the State Lunatic Asylum, at Utica. Albany. 1856.

Circular and Catalogue of the Law School of the University of Albany for the Year 1855–6. Albany: Joel Munsell. 1856.

True Friendship. A Discourse on the Death of Rev. John O. Choules, D. D. By William Hague, D. D. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856.

Peace, the Gift, the Injunction, of our Holy Redeemer: the Paramount Obligation of Immediate Peace. A Sermon preached on Wednesday, March 21, 1855, at the Chapel, Canal Walk, Southampton, by Edmund Kell, M. A., F. S. A. Fourth Edition. London: E. T. Whitfield. 1855.

The Cyclopædia of American Literature, by Evert A. Duyckinck and George L. Duyckinck. A Review. From the New York Herald of February 13, 1856. New York. 1856.

Report of the Committee of the Town of Groton, appointed in November, 1855, to consider the Expediency of Establishing a High School. Boston. 1856.

Minutes of the Sabbath School Teachers' Convention, connected with the Boston North Baptist Association, held with the Chelsea Baptist Church,

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXIII.

OCTOBER, 1856.

ART. I. — *Lutèce. Lettres sur la Vie Politique, Artistique, et Sociale de la France.* Par HENRI HEINE.

THIS book has but little to do with Heine the poet, Heine the fantasist, — with the Heine of the *Neue Gedichte*, the *Buch der Lieder*, the *Romanzero*, whose words go so well together with Schubert's music. Yet without this book you have but half of Heine, — you have the singer only, you have nothing of the man. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, (if not even in the hundredth,) it will be found that a man's destinies complete his talent; and that whilst one part of all he produces springs from an interior source, the rest is derived from without. Now, Heine being granted, with his impressible character, his sarcastic humor, and the rudeness of his German nature, the *exterior* cause of his talent lies in one word, — France. If France had not existed, Voltaire would have invented it; but not so the nephew of the Jew banker of Hamburg. If France had not existed, Heine would not have been Heine; and we might have had a few very beautiful lyrics, worthy of a place even between those of Schiller and of Goethe, but of the strange, powerful, unlovable, and (in his way) complete individual, whose least word preoccupied Germany for years, and who only the other day left off dying by inches upon his "mattress-grave" in the Rue d'Amster-

dam, — of him we should without France have known nothing. Consequently the *real* Heinrich Heine must be sought for far more beneath the shade of the column of the Place Vendome, than beneath that of the Linden-Allée of Berlin, and to give an accurate notion of the gradual *infiltration* of the French spirit into this Teutonic poet-polemist, no work can at all equal the one now before us, — *Lutèce*.

Lutèce is not, as some critics have thought proper to call it, a "daguerreotype" of the political and social scenes exhibited by France under the reign of Louis Philippe; for a daguerreotype is the mere reflection of an object, which object borrows nothing from the surface that reflects it, — whereas the picture in question owes half its value to the medium through which it becomes manifest. *Lutèce* is France, — nay, France very faithfully mirrored; but it is France mirrored in Heine, and your attention is enchained to the object reflected and to the reflecting medium at once. If it were not Heine that spoke them, you would, however true, find much less to interest you in the words that are spoken, and many of the judgments acquire their sole importance from the quality of the judge.

More than twelve years have gone by since the latest of these letters was written; fifteen or sixteen have elapsed since, in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, the first of them appeared; and there is a species of solemn curiosity in their attraction. They are as it were a prophecy of the past. As you refer to the date, you cannot help recurring also to the fact that this "conjurer Merlin," as he somewhere styles himself, was walking about among ordinary people with this magic mirror always before him, and clearly seeing what to you and your purblind brethren was invisible. What guessed our countrymen and countrywomen, when they were presented to Louis Philippe in the Hall of Marshals at the Tuileries, of the tottering foundations of the whole governmental edifice? Or, when they flocked to Colonel Thorn's aristocratic *fêtes*, and thought how fine a thing was an "old noblesse," — provided, like danger, it no longer was and only had been! — what guessed they of the fire that smouldered beneath the soil, and was soon to burst forth in flames, whirling away, in a cloud of smoke and

soot, king, throne, aristocratic *fêtes*, "old noblesse," Colonel Thorn, and all? *They* said nothing, neither did the Parisians, who were divided into two classes: those inflated with satisfaction and those inflated with disgust, — the optimists and the pessimists, — those to whose minds nothing could go better, and those to whose minds nothing could go worse, for to the latter stability was the direst evil of all. All saw nothing, and yet here was a man rubbing elbows with them upon the Boulevards who discerned the black point upon the horizon, — saw far — years far away into the future; and, giving shape to his dreams, sent them, "nothing extenuated," to Germany, where they lived out their day, were read, commented upon, and not profited by. And there they are now, staring us in the face, solemnly curious, as we said before, and only to be designated as a Prophecy of the Past!

When Heine first came to Paris, the ground was still hot under his feet, so that what lava had been thrown up by the eruption of 1830 he was in time to study and appreciate. In a very short time the soil was made to look so uncommonly smooth, the fissures were so closed up, the dust and ashes so swept away, that a more than casual observer might easily have been deceived, and have really adopted the credence, that "an impossible *régime* had merely been replaced by the best of all possible governments," and that all was for ever for the best. But the exiled author of the *Reisebilder* came in time to see the beginning. He watched the "putting in order" of the whole, and built his apprehensions of the future upon his experience of the past. He is there before the rising of the curtain, and sees the actors dress. So, it may be said, did the French people themselves; but the French people forget everything, and are incapable to-day of remembering what were yesterday's events. "Forgiveness," says Heine, speaking of them, "is a ready virtue in the French, because it is a form of forgetfulness. Lucky, perhaps! for if they did not forget so easily, they would infallibly all fall to cutting one another's throats; for scarce a man exists here [in Paris] who has not some cause of mortal hatred towards another, if he did but remember it!"

It was, therefore, of no use to the French nation that it

should have witnessed the beginnings of its affairs and of its men; it had already forgotten both, and took men and things for what they looked like at the moment. But Heine, with his German tenacity, lost no impression he had once received, and deduced the present from the past, and the future from both, aided therein as much by his memory as by his poetic instinct.

If ever human affairs resembled a colossal game at whist with a *dummy*, they were the affairs of France during the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign. "Dummy" was the nation, and was alternately the partner of Guizot, of Thiers, and of the king, when he played against both; but the entire epoch is explicable only from the point of view of the perpetual struggle for supremacy between the king and the Chamber of Deputies on the one hand, and on the other between Thiers and Guizot *in* that Chamber.

"M. Guizot or M. Thiers!" exclaims Heine in one of his early letters. "Small enough is the political importance of the question as to which of the two the king likes most, or *least*. He will *make use* of one or of the other, according as he wants either this one or that; and he will only do so *then*, neither sooner nor later. I really cannot affirm which of these two statesmen is the most agreeable or disagreeable to him. I believe he has a strong distaste for both, and that from professional jealousy, esteeming himself more of a minister than either, and dreading the possibility of a greater degree of political capacity being attributed to these two personages than to himself. It has sometimes been said that Guizot suits him better than Thiers, because he enjoys a certain unpopularity that is far from displeasing to the king. But then, again, Guizot's puritanical semblances, his ever-watchful pride, his dogmatic, doctoral tone, and his harsh Calvinistic outside, assuredly do not fascinate Louis Philippe. In Thiers he has the contrary of all this,—an easy air that is close upon levity, an uncurbed boldness of temper, and caprices of sincerity and frankness, almost offensive to his own tortuous and hermetically sealed up nature. So that, after all, M. Thiers's qualities are not very likely to charm his Majesty. But above and beyond all must be considered the king's love of talking! He willingly lends himself to gossip that nothing can stay or stop, which is the more astonishing, since generally those who dissimulate habitually are taciturn, and avoid wasting their words. Consequently, Guizot cannot fail of being vexatious to him, for his

habit is to launch forth into dissertations, and, when he has proved his *thesis*, to listen to the king's answer in silent coldness; nay, going even so far sometimes as to *encourage* his royal interlocutor by an approving nod or sign, as though he had before him a schoolboy, who deserved praise for the correct recital of his task. With M. Thiers, however, Louis Philippe is perhaps still less at his ease, for here is a man who does not let him speak at all, hurried away as he is in the whirlpool of his own talk! M. Thiers's phrases flow on unceasingly, like the wine from a cask that has been unbunged; but the wine is exquisite, no doubt. Whilst Thiers is busy talking, no man alive can edge in a word, and the only chance is, as I have been assured, to surprise him when he is shaving. When the razor's point is at his throat, he holds his tongue and listens to other men." — pp. 16, 17 (Feb. 25, 1840).

No one, we should be inclined to say, of all the gravest historians and political portrait-painters of France, has so admirably delineated the two men in whose persons Political France was incarnate during the monarchy of July, and whose antagonism may be said to be the history of its vicissitudes and of its fall. The reason is, perhaps, that Heine was himself not a politician, and put no spirit of party, no passion, into his judgments. Heine is an artist and a poet, and on his study of statesmen brings to bear all his poet's power of divination, and all the appreciative spirit of the artist; but there is no predetermined bias: he is critical, essentially so, never passionate, whether for or against. This would not be the case if Thiers and Guizot were German politicians, or if they were artists. If, instead of playing upon the three hundred and odd Deputies of the Palais Bourbon, they had exercised themselves upon piano-forte or violin, you would soon see the difference in Heinrich Heine, and how he would soar into enthusiasm for the one, or sink the other down into a bottomless pit of confusion. But, politicians merely, and in a foreign country, — what was there in them to disturb the equilibrium of his intellect? Nothing. He saw clearly, dispassionately, disinterestedly, and, as we again say, he has left of French statesmen about the most valuable likenesses we know. This justice of the appreciative sense, this truth in criticism, distinguishes Heine nowhere save when he

touches upon France and Frenchmen; and when he touches upon these, it distinguishes no one as it does him. One slight instance will serve as a proof. One of the best accredited popular convictions was that of the venality and corruption of M. Thiers. The French mind was made up as to the types of the two men who divided the opinion of the country: Guizot was a pedagogue, and Thiers was a prodigal; but to attempt to gainsay or even modify the public notion touching the weakness of the latter in regard to money, was a thing the "enlightened public" would not stand. It knew what it was saying and what it was about, and it was a sheer piece of impertinence to contradict it upon this point. M. Guizot was unpleasant, but M. Thiers was unprincipled. "Everybody" said so, "everybody" had proofs of the thing; it was notorious, and it was as easy in 1840 to say or even think the contrary, as it would have been in 1640 to conceive that two thousand individuals should be transported from Paris to Versailles in half an hour by the force of a tea-kettle. Nevertheless, at this very date we find Heine doing justice to the man whom somebody called a "Mirabeau-mouche," and, if not raising his voice, drawing his pen in favor of an opinion which has since become so general in France, that no one recollects the period when he had it not and resolutely refused to have it. There was no courage in what Heine did in all this, but there was considerable discernment. Heine never was brave, but he was perspicacious. There was no courage, because in the first place his letters were, among many others, anonymous in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, and unread by any one in France. But if there was no courage in the matter, there was no corruption; for he gained nothing by what he did not avow even to those who were benefited by it. We must not quite forget either under what circumstances Heine wrote these letters to the most conservative and most intensely *German* organ of all the German press. From 1840 to 1848 the object of all Germany's strongest hate was precisely M. Thiers, who was regarded from the Rhine to the Spree as the reviver of the old Bonapartist and foreign policy, — as the man whose chief desire was to attach his name to the re-conquest of the Franco-

Rhenish frontier. Thiers was the representative of the excessive, of the *ultra-national* spirit in France, at the identical moment when the form affected by that spirit was thought beyond the Rhine to be an offensive and a menacing one for Germany, and when amongst Germans the same shape was assumed by Patriotism that had already been assumed in 1813. At this period of effervescence it was that the author of the *Reisebilder* undertook the assuredly not easy task of being impartial and just to the head of the cabinet formed on the 1st of March, 1840.

"If Guizot is poor as a church-rat," he exclaims on one occasion, "his rival is every bit as poor, as I have told you over and over again. That History of the Empire he is writing, — rely upon it, he writes it with a view to the money it will bring him in, and that *he absolutely wants*. Well, after all, it is a glorious thing to think that the two men who have administered the entire fortune of France are two poor *mandarins*,* whose sole wealth is confined to their brains." — p. 233.

It would trouble Heine, or any one else, to award the same meed of praise to the administrators of the public fortune in France now-a-days, and whilst wallowing in riches acquired by all or any means, the "brains" of French statesmen since 1851 are probably the very last place where it would be worth while to look for wealth of any kind.

"It is a gross calumny to represent Thiers gambling at the *Bourse*," says our German narrator; "and it is a calumny almost as silly as it is infamous. No man obeys more than one great passion, and your ambitious souls are disdainful of money. But Thiers himself gives rise to all these inventions by his perpetual familiarity with adventurers of all sorts, who, when he suddenly turns his back upon them, abuse him much more grievously than do any of his political foes. In Heaven's name, why does he consort with such wretches? No one has a right to complain † of fleas, if he will lie down side by side with dirty dogs!"

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* This word is used, because throughout this letter Heine supposes the two statesmen in question to be Chinese mandarins, and ministers to the sovereign of the Celestial Empire.

† A remarkable instance of this was furnished by M. Thiers's behavior to the famous Dr. Véron, when he left no stone unturned to obtain the renewal of his contract with the government, as Director of the Grand Opera. M. Thiers (then

It is probably from a strong sense of the inconvenience of the companions and instruments of whom it would seem difficult for statesmen in France to keep clear, that, upon M. Thiers's retirement from office, to make way for his rival, Guizot, (October, 1840,) Heine exclaims: —

"What mud! what mud!! Now that he has left the Hotel of the Ministry in the Rue des Capucines and got back to his own house, Place Saint George, the first thing I advise Thiers to do is to *take a bath*. Once there, he may show himself to his friends as he really is, and people must end by confessing that there is no stain on his name, and that his hands have remained pure from any bribe." *

Our readers must not, however, fancy that, because Heine is just towards M. Thiers upon one point, he is unjust upon others, or that he repels what was in fact an unfounded and short-lived calumny from any excessive or voluntarily blind admiration. No. He sees the man as we believe he really was, and is, and the fact of his not joining in an accusation based upon nothing more than party spirit does not prevent him from perceiving the minutest openings for ridicule of the individual he defends.

"What is that you say?" ejaculates Heine, in a rage of con-

minister) was perfectly frank, and, we believe, opposed the following objections to "the Doctor": — "I can't and won't renew your *Privilege;* because you have made too much money by it already. With the reputation my enemies have thought proper to give me, I should be looked upon as the accomplice of your luck. I positively *will not* give you the continuation of the managership of the Opera." M. Thiers, being one of the rare political men who in France *dare* to utter the word "*No!*" kept his word, and drew down upon himself the determined dislike of the lively Doctor, who, some persons say, wrote his *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris* only to be revenged upon the minister who would not meet all his expectations.

* There is now no obstacle to the general persuasion that M. Thiers was in reality, as far as regarded himself, not corrupt; but few men have perhaps held others to be less honest. It was difficult, too, that it should be otherwise, considering the men he had to deal with, as Heine justly remarks. One day, whilst he was Minister for Foreign Affairs, he opened the drawers of his bureau, and showed to the highest judicial functionary in the realm bank-notes, heaps of Napoleons, and rouleaux of five-franc pieces, adverting to that as being the portion of the secret service money he had to distribute right and left. The legal dignitary in question expressed some surprise at "even five-franc pieces being of use." M. Thiers smiled with bitter scornfulness. "Even five-franc pieces!" he echoed. "I assure you, that, with many of those I have to treat with, I often regret the absence of small change!"

tempt against the correspondent of some other German newspaper, — "what! '*un petit Napoleon*'! He, Thiers, a 'little Napoleon'! A little Gothic cathedral forsooth! it is the very *size* of the thing that astounds us! Take its colossal proportions from a cathedral," (Heine has eternally that of Cologne in his mind's eye, it haunts him,) "make a miniature of it, and what shall then impress us? The cleverness of M. Thiers — his *esprit* — surpasses the intelligence of all who are around him. In sharp-wittedness he has the upper hand of every one. His is the best head in France, though he says so himself who should not say it. Nay, during the ministerial crisis of last year, did not he declare to the king, that, however sharp his Majesty might think himself, there was in France some one sharper still, who was simply he himself, M. Thiers? Upon which, — 'No, no! M. Thiers,' replied Louis Philippe; 'if it were really so, you would not say it!' ..... How long will he endure? Has he not already almost worked himself out? See his head whitened before its time! Assuredly not a black hair is to be found upon it, and the *arrogance* of that health of his must be yielding fast. The very rapidity of his movements is of itself positively terrific, and makes one uneasy. However light and restless other Frenchmen may be, compared to Thiers they seem so many ponderous Germans."

Heine, as he says himself, is a furious Bonapartist, and upon this subject he will tolerate no pretension of M. Thiers, or M. Thiers's admirers. He will have no "diamond edition" of his hero, no Titan seen through the diminishing end of the glass, no imitation, no *contrefaçon* of the genuine Napoleon; and here he shows himself tender towards none of the affectations of his *protégé* (for, there is no denying it, M. Thiers *is* Heine's *protégé* throughout every page of this curious book). Part of his sympathy for what D'Israeli would probably call "the little man in the Place St. George," as he called Sir Robert Peel "the gentleman in Downing Street," comes from the circumstance of M. Thiers's undeniable Bonapartism; but when M. Thiers goes further than admiration, when he dreams himself into the gray coat and cocked hat of his heroic model, when he turns general and emperor, then Heine goes to work to "bring him down," and we gain thereby such sketches as the following: —

"Thiers is full of leanings towards Imperialism, and, as I told you last July, the idea of war makes the joy of his heart. Why, at this

very hour, the floor of his study is all covered with a geographical carpet of maps; and there he is himself, sprawling about it at full length, and busy digging black and green pins into the paper, for all the world as if he were Napoleon!" — p. 130.

But Heine does not always take this tone of pleasantry, and, scattered through the glittering spangles of his wit, you may often pick up bits of gold, pure, solid, and without alloy. In the midst of pictures the only aim of which seems to be the provocation of the reader's hilarity, you are arrested by sentences that evince the entire possession of the subject he is treating, and the profoundest knowledge of human nature, as well in general as in its particular manifestations. For instance, when describing M. Thiers, after the fall of his ministry in October, 1840, he observes:—

"He is, perhaps, a trifle graver, though the want of *real* gravity has never been his defect; he has plenty of it, but it lies hidden under appearances of levity." — p. 132.

Never was a truer word spoken; but to arrive at the affirmation of an opinion so repugnant to popular prejudice required no ordinary amount of conviction and of perspicacity of judgment. There is also a prodigious amount of *clairvoyance*, as the sequel has shown, in the following appreciation of M. Guizot.

"As for him," observes Heine, "the victory of the *Bourgeoisie* is in his mind secured, and he has put all his faculties into the service of this new power. . . . . He evinces all the qualities of the true *doctrinaire*, who never fails to find a doctrine by which he *proves* all he does. He knows too much, and is by far too intelligent, not to be a sceptic at bottom; but his scepticism is of a kind that is easily conciliated with the devotion he has to *his system*. Just now he is the faithful servant of the *Bourgeoisie*, and he will defend his idea to the last inexorably, and with the harshness of a Duke of Alva. He does not hesitate. He knows what he wants at the present hour. Why, even if he were to fall, his very *fall* would not *shake* him; he would shrug his shoulders, for after all *he is personally utterly indifferent to the thing he is fighting for*. Nay, if ever by strange hazard victory should tumble into the hands of the Republicans or Communists, I would strongly advise those excellent weak-witted individuals to get hold of Guizot for their minister, and make the utmost of his intelli-

gence and of his obstinacy; they may rely upon it that he will be better worth to them than confiding their fates to the purest and most virtuous citizen of their own sect. And I would just give the same advice to the *Henricinquistes*, in the case that they should, *par impossible*, be restored one day to power. Take Guizot, in God's name, for your minister, and the chances are that you will last three times twenty-four hours longer. I fancy I am not belying M. Guizot when I affirm that he would not require to do great violence to his internal opinions in order to come to the assistance of your wretched cause, and help you with his eloquence and his governing ability. Do you suppose he is not as indifferent to you as he is to the whole host of the cheese-mongers in whose behalf he is wasting such loads of energy and talent? — not as indifferent to you as he is to the '*system*' of the king that he is upholding with such stoical determination?"

Yes, alas! those words speak the truth, and very nearly the whole truth. More wanting in political conviction than it is credible a political man should be, — less impressed with the notion of the usefulness of Truth and the advantage of the Right than it is admissible a clever man should be, — M. Guizot rendered inevitable the downfall of the monarchy of July, (though he did not hasten it,) by the hard and narrow way in which he practised a system he neither cared for nor had invented, and by the cold-blooded determination with which he wedded himself to institutions in which he had no faith. But what Henri Heine did not appear to foresee was, that, if Guizot fell, the king must fall with him. He had, little by little, brought things to such a pass, that he could no longer be detached from the monarchical and parliamentary edifice, as it had grown to present itself to the eyes of the French nation.

"He does not know how to come down from the high mast of power," says Heine, speaking of Guizot. "Whilst Thiers, who is agile as a monkey in getting to the top of this greasy *Mât de Cocagne*, is still more ready to slip down from it again, and jump among the admiring crowd full of smiles, ease, and elasticity, Guizot neither climbs up nor comes down in the same way. He hoists himself up so heavily, and with such outrageous efforts of strength, that one unavoidably thinks of a bear scaling a wall to get at a honey-pot; but *when* he is at the top, he digs his strong paws vigorously in, and desperate is then the endeavor to get him down again. Perhaps he has not the

easy knack of descending possessed by his smart rival, and, once 'in,' it may require a positive commotion to get him 'out' of his high place."

This was just what it *did* require; and to shake down M. Guizot from the tree to whose topmost branches he had clambered, that earthquake, the Revolution of February, was not found to be too much. But then the tree fell with him, and, the minister overthrown, scarce anything remained to show where royalty had stood. But how could it be otherwise, if you watch attentively the beginnings? Oak-trees do not spring from cherry-stones, and no enterprise (not that even of attempting to fill with water a bottomless tub) is more utterly hopeless, than that which consists in expecting fruit other than its own to come from the seed you have sown. The one marked characteristic of the entire period known under the name of "The Government of July," namely, the period from 1830 to 1848, is want of conviction. It is universal. Every man and every thing is distinguished by it, and the one only point on which the faith of the whole nation rests is, that the whole nation believes in the possibility of doing without belief. Constitutionalists do not believe in Constitutions, nor Soldiers in Glory, nor Poets even in Poetry; the men who adapted Louis Philippe to the throne, and the throne to Louis Philippe, believe neither in Louis Philippe nor in the throne; and when they talk of "the best of all republics," they do not believe one word of all they are saying, neither does the king himself. The whole was a mistake; and the only reality to which it gave birth, and which destroyed and outlived it, was what is vulgarly called "*La Blague*," that ignoble term for which no other language has an equivalent, — that villanous symbol of France, who, as Heine too truly says, "is at this epoch of her history more aptly represented by Robert Macaire than by anything else."

It is not too much to say that the beginnings of the establishment of the July monarchy amply presaged all this. Let our readers but just take the trouble to ponder over the following reflections of an eyewitness: —

"Louis Philippe is a great king, though he is less like Ajax than Ulysses. Louis Philippe has by no means filched the crown of France,

like a pickpocket. Alas, no! he became king by the direst of necessities, — by the *disgrace* much more than by the *grace* of God, who placed upon his head a crown of thorns in a terrible hour of need. He has, without a doubt, been play-acting ever since. His intentions undoubtedly were *not* sincere towards his constituents, the heroes of July, but neither were theirs towards him. They looked upon him as a mere *marionnette*, and put him on a crimson chair, in the notion that they could easily push him off it again if he refused to obey the wires by which they held him, or if they took it into their heads to perform once more their old play of the Republic. But this time Junius Brutus was enacted by Royalty, and the Republicans began by being caught. Louis Philippe was cunning enough to assume the heaviest mask of simplicity, and to go walking through the streets of Paris with his sentimental umbrella under his arm, shaking to right and to left the ill-washed hands of citizens *Creti* and *Pleti*, smiling soft smiles, and apparently deeply moved. To be sure it *was* a strange part he played; and when I arrived in Paris just after the Revolution of July, I had more than one occasion for a hearty laugh. I shall always remember how, immediately upon my arrival, I hurried off to the *Palais Royal* to see Louis Philippe. The friend who guided and accompanied me said I had come rather too late for the real fun; for that the king now only came out at certain hours upon the Terrace, whereas till within the last week or so he had been always to be seen for five francs! 'For five francs?' I exclaimed. 'Do you mean that he actually —' My friend laughed. 'No!' said he, interrupting me; '*he* does not *show himself*, but he *is shown* for money'; and he proceeded to describe to me the process, which was as follows. A set of *claqueurs*, ticket-sellers at the theatres, and others of the same sort, had been in the habit of showing the king to foreigners for the sum of five francs; and they used to add, that for *ten* he might be seen raising his eyes to heaven, and putting his hand upon his heart as a pledge of the purity of his intentions; whilst for twenty he might be heard to sing the *Marseillaise!* For five francs this company of industrials used to raise murmurs and shouts of joyful applause under the king's windows, upon which his Majesty was wont to appear, and, after bowing graciously, retired to his apartments. For ten francs these rascallions made such a row, and went into such convulsions of rapture when the king came forth, that he could do no less than raise his eyes to heaven, and put his hand upon his heart, according to their programme. But many English sight-seers did in reality give twenty francs, and then the paroxysm of enthusiasm knew no bounds; the crowd cheered and roared, the king was 'had out'; but when he came,

his loyal subjects bellowed the *Marseillaise* with such discordant energy, that — probably to put an end to the infernal din — the king joined in the chorus, and gave the audience enough for their money, by raising his eyes to heaven, clapping his hand upon his heart, and singing the *Marseillaise* all in one!"

Now this was the form of popular effervescence immediately on the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne, and if not the only true, it was at all events the most prolific, source of public feeling in France. Insincerity grew to be the reigning characteristic of everything in a country where no one was in earnest, or could fancy his neighbor to be so. When upon this unsteady foundation M. Guizot, with his hard, heavy hand, — instead of a shed, a booth, or anything equally light and provisional, easy to be put up, and easy to be taken down, — persisted in building up a fabric of stone, of course it fell in, having nothing to rest upon, and of course it was swamped, seeing that the ground was marshy, treacherous, and hollow. M. Guizot knew the state of the case as well as any one else; but he had dogmatized so long, and, as he thought, so well, about "the exigencies of constitutional government," that, untruth not being instinctively repugnant to his mind, he had grown to admit the possibility of two parallel lines being able to enclose a space, of solidity being independent of substance, and of a number more of such fallacies, which made him dangerous exactly in proportion as he was ready to put his obstinate will into the service of his delusion.

Society at large, as well as the merely political portion of it, was infected by the deteriorating principle of unbelief. People did not believe in the Freedom for offending which they were supposed to have chased the elder Bourbons from France; nor did they, as we have seen, believe in the sincerity of the citizen-king they were averred to have chosen in his place. They believed in him neither as "king" nor as "citizen," nor did they believe they had chosen him. No one believed in virtue, or in the sacredness of family ties; they first denied that virtue *was*, and next, supposing it even to be, they denied that it was beautiful; they admitted nothing righteous and felt nothing pleasing in the gentle relationships resulting from hallowed bonds. The art and literature of

the epoch will bear ample testimony to this. The heroes of Victor Hugo, George Sand, and Alexandre Dumas will be our proofs. *Antony*, interesting *because* he had no legitimate birth or name; *Marion Delorme*, charming *because* she had been a courtesan; *Jacques* and his brethren, hateful merely *because* they are the lawful husbands of their wives;— these, with a hundred others, their inevitable consequences, are the proofs of the perverted social sense. "*La Blague!*" we repeat it, *there* is the sovereign of the hour, reigning from the very top to the very bottom of the entire social scale, and giving the whole nation but one employment and one desire, *to scoff*. Why, when Frederic le Maitre played *Robert Macaire*, did he give to his infamous hero the striking, the unmistakable semblance of the king? Was it because Louis Philippe was really a bad or a dishonest man? Not at all; he neither was so, nor did the country at that time (in 1831–32) pretend to think him so. But he was a type of existing society, — the completest, highest expression of what was in cant phrase called *la haute*. He was *le roi de la Blague*, and no one was in earnest with him, nor he with any one. That was why, during all the run of *Robert Macaire*, the two types became confounded, and why also, ten or twelve years later, when the king had got to fancy himself more assured, when he had got to be in earnest with himself, — *se prendre au sérieux*, as the French say, — and when Frederic then wanted to renew the same joke, and, in Balzac's play of *Vautrin* reappeared on the stage as like the king as pea to pea, the curtain was dropped, the actor obliged to change his costume, and the piece forbidden after the first night. But *Robert Macaire* remained the national type; and our German author is so intimately persuaded of this sad fact, that he discovers what he styles *Macairianisme* even in the popular chorography of France, which he declares to be nothing but the *pantomime* of it.

"The foreigner," says Heine, "who possesses a just idea of this fearful type, or even an approximate notion thereof, will then comprehend these indescribable dances, these *danced* (not acted) mockeries, that throw ridicule, not only upon the relationships between woman and man, but upon social relationships of all sorts, upon whatever is good or fair,

upon every kind of enthusiasm, upon patriotism and fidelity, upon probity, good faith, the holy bonds of family union, upon heroism, religion, — upon everything in short. I cannot help the unspeakable sadness that seizes me when I mark the Parisian people *amusing* themselves in their habitual resorts. Above all, when I happen to be a witness to the masquerading mania of the Carnival, which carries the frenzy of pleasure to a positively demoniacal extent. I declare that I was almost *terrified* the other night at one of the *fêtes* given at the *Opera Comique*. Of a certainty, Beelzebub presided over the orchestra, and whilst the music of his myrmidons tore the anguished ear, the *piercing* lights of the gas burned the tortured eye. Oh! surely this was the very valley of the lost ones, of which the old nursery tales tell; and the witches danced as in our legends of the *Brocken*, beautiful some of them in their viciousness, and adorned with the grace that never wholly leaves these she-demons of Frenchwomen. But how to describe the final *galop*, heralded in by the blare of its trumpets, — setting in movement the whole crowd of human creatures! The devilish row was at its height of madness; one would have thought that the ceiling would fall in, and that, by the rent in the roof, all the infernal assembly would fly off upon broomsticks, upon fire-tongs, upon pitchforks, upon huge wooden ladles, or upon men-faced goats or goat-faced men; and that, once mounted upon the vile instruments of locomotion of the witches' Sabbath, they would vanish with cries, shouts, and blasphemous vociferations."

Now it must not be forgotten that this but too natural impression of one of the most hideous scenes that can well be conceived, is produced upon a man whom fame describes as anything but "nice" in his morality, and of whose character neither prudish scruples nor scruples of any kind were a distinguishing element. Yet his disgust is neither mitigated nor mistakable, and its expression is worth chronicling; for this subject of a people's pleasures is never, in any country, an indifferent one. Enjoyment, like wine, induces the real, intimate nature to become manifest; and if the people of Paris were to be judged in their hours of amusement, the opinion formed of them, if severe, would probably be exceedingly just. The people of "July," 1830, if studied in their pleasures, might perhaps to an observer furnish already the clew to the people of February, 1848. A proof of the importance really inherent in these outward testimonials of the popular joy is

found in the importance attached to them by a philosopher of the species of Heine, nothing "nice," as we have already remarked, or overstrained as to delicacy. He is worth quoting upon this subject of the popular dances of Modern France, and we think our readers on this side of the Atlantic will not complain of our disinclination to abandon this portion of Heine's *Lutèce;* for he paints admirably much that has been neglected by other limners, taken for granted by national sketchers, not understood by foreigners, and yet is necessary to the complete appreciation of the race whose grandfathers were our allies.

Perhaps, if we were to look for a cause of the moral degradation of much too large a proportion of the French lower orders, — a degradation it is unfortunately impossible to deny, — we might discover it in the general prevalence of the darkest ignorance. We believe *want of education* to be the root of every evil in France; and as to the FACT of the want, it is not too much to say, that the thirty-five millions of inhabitants of the French empire — *less* (not *worse*) educated than the population of any other European country — are deficient in instruction in precisely the proportion in which they are capable of receiving it. Leaving on one side the population of the provinces, and confining ourselves to that of "the brain of France," Paris, we have no hesitation in saying, that, whilst the educational level there is decidedly lower than that of any other great European city, the merely intellectual level is naturally the very highest of all. The perceptive powers of the individual are, in all classes of the Parisian population (but *especially in the lowest class*), not only keener than in any other similar aggregation of human beings, but they are far earlier developed. It would, we should say, not be at all extravagant to maintain, that what a boy or girl of German or English or Italian or Spanish race is at fourteen, a Parisian child of either sex is at nine; consequently, what may be called the absorbent quality is wholly out of proportion with what is given it to absorb. It hungers, and then preys upon itself, producing an unmistakably unhealthy state.

The one leading characteristic of a French child, or adult, is distrust; the one irreparable disgrace is "to be taken in."

The only remedy for such a dire possibility is a preventive one, — *Disbelief.* Every man and woman grows up with the firm resolve *not to be duped*, and, to insure this end, refuses faith to every person and every thing, beginning with his or her own self. Of course, the desire to turn into ridicule what there is a determination not to respect, is one of the first temptations; the national wit aiding, *to scoff* becomes a habit of the intelligence, and *La Blague* is hailed as the sovereign power that guards against every deception. Now Heine is perhaps right. In their dances the people of Paris, more than even in their literature, glorify *La Blague*, and the world-famous *Cancan* is more directly the medium through which the scoffing Mephistophelian spirit becomes manifest, than even the most impious melodrama of the so-called *Boulevard du Crime.*

"The *cancan!*" exclaims Heine. "Now to describe it, let this be remembered: the inferior classes, whatever may be their ardor in imitating the great world, have never been able to submit to an imitation of its sulky, tiresome way of dancing. The dances of the people are full of life, — unhappily, they are sometimes *too lively;* and if I positively *must* describe the *cancan*, I can only do so by saying that it is a chorographic exercise which almost inevitably subjects the gentlemen and ladies who devote themselves to it to be seized by the *sergent de ville*, and requested to make themselves scarce! These few words will suffice to show that the *virtue*, without which old Vestris used to declare no man could be a first-rate dancer, is not necessarily requisite for the performance of the *cancan*, since that species of chorography forces the people of Paris, in their hours of wildest joy, to be incommoded by the armed intervention of the state."

Upon this humiliating obligation, the author of the *Reisebilder* most justly observes: —

"One of the public scandals and abuses that most shock a stranger is to see glum, sour-visaged agents of authority frowning at the popular pleasures, and mounting guard over dancing morality. Alas! to my sense, the public morals gain vastly little by accustoming the government to domineer over and bully so ostentatiously the amusements of the people; the forbidden fruit is far more attractive than any other, and the expedients devised by this naturally sharp and witty race for eluding the active censure of the police produce effects far worse than anything that could result from the explosion of the brutish, popular

instincts, if allowed to pass unnoticed. This close watchfulness of the pastimes of the lower class characterizes, however, supremely well the social state of France at the present day, and proves what are the limits within which the French nation has achieved the conquest of liberty."

This last remark is singularly well timed, and well applied, and brings us back to the idea we put forth at the commencement of these pages; namely, that the great merit of Henri Heine's *Lutèce* is not only that it is France very faithfully mirrored, but that it is "France mirrored in Heine."

In truth, the application of the judgments he records derives its chief importance from the quality of the individual who applies them. If Heine were other than what he is, his impressions would lose half their value; but it is because *he*, being what he is, is so impressed, that it is worth our while to study the effect thus made, and to remount to its cause. Here, on the one hand, we have a German born and bred, — a man whose very years have each been added one to the other under the constant pressure of petty tyranny, for whom the subserviency of one portion of the population to another was an old story, — yet who is offended by the inborn slavishness of nature preserved in France after two revolutions. On the other hand, this same man comes before us as a thinker, a philosopher, held to be singularly free from all prejudices, whether in the order of things human or divine, and whom the cynicism of France disgusts; who is shocked by the total godlessness, the incapacity of enthusiasm, the instinctive *disrespectfulness* of the generation, whole and entire. Here is, to our mind, the double interest of the work. It interests us from the facts it chronicles, and from the meaning attached to them by the chronicler. Besides this, too, it is a marvellously impartial work, and every page shows that no tenderness for any preconceived notion or for any party can induce the writer to sacrifice or even disguise the truth. Heine is stigmatized as a Republican by the Conservatives and Royalists, as a Jacobin and *Sans-culotte* by the Legitimists; yet he does justice to all, and some of the hardest knocks the Republicans ever received were dealt them by the author of *Atta Troll*. He sees all the defects of the governmental armor of Louis Philippe, all the anomalies and weaknesses, all the falseness

and sterility, of the so-called *régime* of July; yet he hesitates not to mark every favorable circumstance that occurs, and deals with incomparable fairness and good faith towards the king and towards the government, in which, nevertheless, he cannot bring himself to believe. Perhaps contemporary history has no pages more conscientious or more impressive than those consecrated by Heine to the death of the unfortunate Duc d'Orleans, and the sudden (and short-lived) change wrought by it in the popular feeling towards the king.

"The consternation of yesterday," he writes in July, 1842, "is not to be depicted, and the Parisians, by one sudden, unforeseen death, have acquired the instant knowledge of how uncertain are all the social institutions of this country, and of what danger may attend upon the slightest shock. If the Duc d'Orleans had been killed a few days earlier, Paris would not have returned two conservative Deputies for *twelve* opposition members, and have given, by the incalculable force of that act, an incalculable impetus to the social movement of the country. This frightful accident puts once more everything in question in the existing order of things, and it will be lucky if the settlement of the Regency in the event of the king's death can pass through the Deputies' Chamber without something disagreeable happening. This Regency debate will take up the *Chambre* entirely, and, alas! lend words to conflicting passions. And even should all go by smoothly, the least we can expect is an interregnum, always serious, but more particularly serious in a country whose institutions are shaky as they are in France. Alas for the king! They say he shows the most surprising strength of mind and resolution, although for several weeks past he has been unaccountably depressed, troubled even with vague presentiments of evil. If I am to believe what is told, he wrote lately to Thiers a letter full of ideas of death, but adverting to his *own* death,* not dreaming of that of his son. The poor Duc d'Orleans was really loved, — adored almost, — in all classes. The news of his death has fallen upon every one like a clap of thunder from an unclouded sky. Affliction is everywhere. Yesterday, at two o'clock, the low, vague murmur of a disaster was heard at the *Bourse*, where the funds went down three

* Heine (*Lutèce*, p. 21) tells the following curious anecdote: "The Duc d'Orleans has melancholy moments sometimes, during which he relates that his aunt, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, foretold to him a sudden and premature death, when she met the young prince, as he was on his road to Paris, whence she was flying, in July, 1830." This letter is dated February, 1840.

francs; but no one would credit the report. The prince did not in fact die till four o'clock, and till that hour the news of his death was contradicted by hundreds. At five o'clock, doubt was still obstinately entertained, but when at six a broad strip of white paper was pasted across every play-bill, to signify that each theatre was shut, the population, whole and entire, was forced to admit the horrible truth."

There is something extremely impressive in the manner in which Heine recounts the various effects produced by the untimely end of Ferdinand of Orleans upon various groups of society in France.

"Even the lower orders, even the populace, regret him; and it was a touching sight to see the workingmen, who were employed in taking down the scaffoldings for the illuminations of the July *fêtes*, lying about upon rafters and boards, and deploring the shocking fate of the unfortunate young prince. A true and deep shade of sadness sat upon all their faces, and the mute discouragement of such as spake no word was the most heart-rending eloquence of all. Yet amongst these very men who mourned for the fallen prince, were many who at the tavern or *estaminet* vaunted the ardor of their pure republicanism!"

And now, passing from the record of popular regret to that of regret in the higher ranks, we fall upon a page that is too characteristic to be left unnoticed. Let us mark the hours, as they pass upon that sad 13th of July. At two o'clock the prince is dashed from his carriage upon the pavement of Neuilly. Scarcely a quarter of an hour afterward, the men of money hear, divine, or create the evil news. The murmur is abroad, and a darkness gathers over Paris as the shade from the gigantic wing of a bird of ill omen. It is too horrible! Impossible! It is ardently denied. No one will believe it. Yet still the murmur grows, and the shade darkens, and five and six o'clock are struck from church-towers that are so soon to echo the death-knell. Fair women are borne laughing home from their drives in the Bois de Boulogne, not knowing that behind those very trees that have overshadowed them one has been destroyed whose destruction may presage that of nearly the whole land, and that the echo of their gayety might almost have mingled with the wail of the mother, the Hecuba of modern days! They reach their own homes, those laughing ladies, adorn their fairness with fresh

flowers, swathe their beauty with tissues of woven air, and again they are borne on, softly cushioned, through the streets where lamplight, and what was so lately sunlight, begin to struggle over the waning day. They rattle up to the doors of the Opera, their horses prance and foam, and will unwillingly be stayed. But what awaits them now?

"Ah!" says our poet, "when these fairly adorned dames came bounding from their carriages on to the *Perron* of the Grand Opera, and saw before their eyes the doors that were not to unclose, and heard with their affrighted ears the sad tale of what had happened upon that road called the *Chemin de la Révolte*, — ah! then indeed was there wail and lamenting amongst them all, and tears flowed from bright eyes, and naught was heard but sighs and sobs for the prince who, so young, so charming, had passed in one short hour from light to the darkness of death! Alas for the chivalrous heart! alas for the prince so intensely national, so French! Cut off in life's flower, so brave and so serene! Alas that he, like the Adonis of mythology, should have seen his generous, pure blood flow away in the death-stream amidst the flowers of the spring-time! Here is the lot of the fair upon earth!"

At this moment the chronicler, foreseeing all that such an event must bring with it of hypocrisy, of littleness, of conventionality, breaks off in the midst of his dirge, angrily exclaiming: —

"And now, who knows, at this very hour, perhaps, whilst the people of France are full of real woe, whilst fair women and free men are weeping over the dead prince, — who knows whether at this hour official grief is not getting all its onions under its nose, whether Folly is not busy putting black crape round her cap and bells, whether the tragic tomfoolery is not just going to begin? O the tearful twaddle that is impending! O the wishy-washy flood of insincerity and sentimentalism! For aught I know, M. Laffitte himself may, at this identical moment, be off to Neuilly, and, breathless with emotion and the journey, be engaged in pressing the king upon his heart, whilst the entire opposition is wiping its eyes and blowing its nose in chorus! I would not swear that Chateaubriand may not be already astride upon his melancholy Pegasus, upon his winged Rosinante, and soaring into clouds of sonorous condolence over the queen! O grimace and hollow-seeming all!"

Nor does Heine forget, even at so solemn an hour, the in-

evitable presence of *La Blague*, — the strident laugh, the hiss, the scoff of the Mephistophelian spirit lying in wait in one corner of the dark scene.

"One step, — alas! too true, — there *is* but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous! As I said, yesterday, upon the Boulevards, at the theatre doors, in every place of public resort, the deplorable certainty was acquired, and group after group of talkers and orators was formed and laid violent hands upon public attention. Those who never were listened to before seized this as an opportunity, and poured forth all the untalked talk that was pent up in and suffocating them, in the form of recital, with God only knows what amplifications. Did not I hear one man, close to the entrance of the *Variétés*, declaiming, in allusion to the circumstance, the speech of Théramene in *Phedre*: '*Il était sur son char*,' etc. !!!" *

In this circumstance Heine is full of real impartiality with regard to the king, and Louis Philippe's sincere distress and dignified bearing were never better appreciated.

"The king's firmness commands every one's respect. In this supreme adversity he shows himself really heroic. Broken-hearted, his intelligence remains invincible, and he works hard, day and night. His importance was never so deeply felt, for it is probable the peace of the world hangs upon his life. Bear up against thy weakness and thy wounds, unhappy king! Aged hero of peace, struggle on, struggle on! . . . . . The king's misery has altered his nature for a time. His sufferings have made him silent, — him who loved so much to speak! The speech from the throne, the work of his own pen only, is simple to the last degree, and says what *must* be said alone. Louis Philippe mourns his son with an austerity almost republican. The reception at the Tuileries the other day was, in its silence, so deeply gloomy, that it had an almost supernatural aspect; mute, one thousand persons, and more, passed before the mute king, who, in his speechless sorrow, looked at them and bowed. The *Requiem* at Nôtre Dame is countermanded; for the royal father says he will have no music at his son's funeral, for that music recalls too nearly days of representation and re-

* This alludes to Racine's tragedy of *Phedre*, at the end of which, Théramene, the confidant of Hyppolytus, recounts in a long speech the death of the young prince to his father Theseus. This speech, entitled *Le récit de Théramene*, and beginning, "*Il était sur son char*," is known by heart probably by thirty out of the thirty-five millions of inhabitants of France, and was the standing butt for the shafts of ridicule of all the young *Romantic* school during their war against the "classics."

joicing. It was rumored that Louis Philippe would take his grandson, the Comte de Paris, by the hand, and lead him to the Chamber of Deputies during the ceremony of the speech from the throne. A touching sight assuredly! But the king avoids all 'sights' and 'shows,' — the grief at his heart is too deep-seated, the whole is too *real;* there is no place for any scenic effect."

This was true; it was even the one great characteristic of the moment throughout the country. The shock was so sudden, the event so sad, the impression produced (perhaps from its very unexpectedness) so deep, that the French nation was for the moment in earnest, and ready instinctively to believe in itself and in others. Heine thinks this came from the natural kindliness of the race.

"The national good-heartedness shows itself particularly with regard to Louis Philippe," he writes; "and his worst enemies even manifest most touchingly the interest wherewith his misfortune inspires them. I would almost venture to say that the king is positively popular. As I was looking yesterday before Nôtre Dame at the preparations for the funeral, and listening to the conversations of the populace around me, I heard, amongst others, the following *naïve* remark: 'The king might now walk about Paris on foot, without any fear; nobody would try to shoot him'!!!! (There is popularity for you!) The death of the Duc d'Orleans has regained for his father hearts that were the farthest estranged, and the conjugal tie between the king and the country has been consecrated anew by the great evil that has befallen both. But how long will this honeymoon of mourning, this black honeymoon, last?"

That was of a truth the question fit to be asked, and for once it strikes us that Henri Heine — affected as he necessarily was in the poetical part of himself by a disaster in which no portion of the poetic element failed — saw less sharply than he was wont to discern the political bearings of the event. It was perfectly true that the country, *for a moment*, mourned with the king, but the real reason of its mourning was one that in fact militated against the possibility of Louis Philippe's genuine popularity. The Duc d'Orleans had been *the hope* of the nation. Whilst he lived, his father was but a temporary inconvenience, even in the eyes of those who liked him least. His "ways," which all, save the mere, small, closely-packed

conservative majority cordially hated, were impatiently borne, yet constituted after all but "*un mauvais moment à passer*," as the French say, and for the future the prince royal was looked to with real confidence and real hope. Some there are, — nay, we might almost say many, — who said at the time, and who still persist in saying, that, had the Duc d'Orleans lived, the nation would have been cruelly disappointed; that the prince had all his father's defects, and less than the veteran king's ability; that he wanted the king's experience, and made up for it by no greater truthfulness or sincerity. This may or may not be true: it suffices that the nation generally did not believe it, and based upon the character it believed to be that of the heir to the throne hopes and previsions, ardent in proportion to the dissatisfaction afforded by the throne's actual possessor to all such sentiments. The natural consequence, of course, was, that the Duc d'Orleans's death broke the tie by which Louis Philippe's pretended skilfulness and the nation's patience were bound together. The nation might and did commiserate, — it might, and did, lose sight of the sovereign in the bereaved father; but this was momentary; and from the hour the prince royal was no more, the nation had lost the reason of its indulgence. That no longer existed, in the anticipation of which the country at large had consented to forego the pursuit of what it held to be its legitimate desires. There was in the near future no hope, in virtue whereof the present was to be resignedly borne. When the sable hangings were taken down from Nôtre Dame, and the tribute of *individual* kind-heartedness had been paid to personal and family bereavement, *then* the "black honey-moon," as Heine calls it, was over; and on the morrow the French nation was prepared to be exacting and troublesome, and to stand out upon its "rights." The 13th of July, 1842, opened the prologue of that drama of dispute and of political *tiraillement* of which the last scene was on the 24th of February, 1848; and this it is which we much wonder that our sagacious chronicler did not perceive.

Something else he discerned, which it may probably be safely asserted no one but himself, in the days he wrote in, even dreamed of; and this was the approaching downfall of

the *Bourgeoisie*, and its possible sacrifice to the domination of the military element represented by the army. This is extremely curious and interesting, because, at the period to which we allude, nothing could have been further from the views and notions of Frenchmen in general. Louis Philippe's advent to power was supposed to be pre-eminently the work of the so-called "*capacités*" of France; his reign was thought to represent the reign of intellect, (which in fact it did not to one quarter the degree imagined,) and it was an almost universal habit to regard the army as *intellectually* inferior to the otherwise cultivated classes. If we had time or space to open a parenthesis upon this subject, it might not be hard to prove that here again a great error of judgment was committed. The pen may be said to have superseded the sword under Louis Philippe's government, because those who wielded the former were more noisy, more overbearing, more *fanfaron*, than are habitually the most terrible swashbucklers; but the reign of Louis Philippe was not on that account the reign of intelligence, and the pen did not rule with the king's consent, for no man, perhaps, had a stronger dislike (in which his ministers for the last seven or eight years largely partook) for the scribblers who thought that office and "place" were the positive and imprescriptible birthright of their quills. In that sense it is possible that the present emperor scarcely carries his distaste for professional writers, and for individuals who cold-bloodedly start in life resolved to find their fortune at the bottom of an ink-bottle, to a greater extent than Louis Philippe did; but nevertheless it is not to be denied, that what is often falsely termed "public opinion" maintained the superiority of quill-men over drill-sergeants. The epaulette was at a discount, and it was commonly held that one of the proofs of the country's undeniable political progress lay in the fact of her having escaped from the *prestige* of military glory, and from the belief in the plumed, spurred, and helmeted heroes of the empire. These were banished to chimney-boards in road-side inns. Even M. Scribe found that in the *Vaudeville* and the *Opera Comique* they no longer "took," and gave them up in disgust. *Les Colonels* were gone by, even at the *Gymnase*, and this in spite of

M. Thiers and the return of the Emperor's coffin from St. Helena. Yet at this very moment Heine (in January, 1842) writes: —

"What is to become of this country? . . . . . What is to be done against this ever-increasing individualism, this *particularism*, this extinction of all *esprit de corps*, that brings on the moral death of nations? The money-worship has brought this state of things about. But will it or can it last? or will an event of all-superseding force, a stroke of chance, or a great public disaster, reunite together men's minds and hearts in France? No nation is abandoned of Heaven; and when a nation slumbers from fatigue or indolence, Heaven prepares its future awakeners, who, hidden in some remote, dark corner are biding their time, and awaiting the hour of the general uprising. Where now are the awakeners watching? I have often asked this in a whisper, and the answer, mysteriously given, is, 'The army!' And I hear it said around me, 'Here in the army is still a strong feeling of patriotism and nationality; here under the tricolored flag have taken refuge those generous instincts that the reigning industrialism repulses and turns into ridicule; here is still to be found civic virtue, the valorous love of honor and high deeds, and the faculty of ardent enthusiasm; and whilst everywhere else predominate discord and social decomposition, the healthiest life breathes here still, and the sternest authority meets with obedience; here is discipline, here is at least a unity, — an armed one.' I have even heard it hinted, that a by no means impossible event would be the overthrow of the present reigning *Bourgeoisie* by the army, which would thus enact once more a second 18th Brumaire in presence of a second *Directoire*." (This is written, do not let us forget, in 1842!) "So after all, then, the burden of the song would be, Sabre-Government; and humanity and society would be once again treated to all the bustle made by glory, with its eternal *Te Deums*, with the foul-smelling tallow of its illuminations, with its big gold-epauletted heroes, and its permanent cannon-fire." — pp. 228, 229.

Were we not justified in saying that Heine's *Lutèce* was a "prophecy of the past"?

But Heine only foresaw here the ridiculous part of "Sabre-Government," as he terms it. He supposed that the sword, if appealed to against the corruption of the *Bourgeoisie* and the industrial spirit, would exercise a purifying influence. He did not advert to the possible fact of identity of corrup-

tion in both army and *Bourgeoisie;* he did not see, in the dim advance of years, the "gold-epauletted heroes" as greedy for gain as the traders in gold themselves. He did not image forth to himself a state of society in which the sword should be the mere instrument of oppression, in which brute force should supersede intelligence, but in which the worship of probity and honor should not be offered up more ardently by the *Maréchal de France* than by the stock-jobbers. Heine thought of the army as the refuge of honesty, and did not dream of a period when dishonesty should be everywhere. This, however, is a detail. The curious part of the whole matter is, that, in the lazy flood of fat security that was little by little mollifying France at the time our German poet made his observations on the country, he should have been able to admit the possibility of a time coming when the then apparently most obsolete of all forms of government — military rule — would be required as a counterpoise and cure for the gangrene that was gradually setting in.

"Every twenty years (or even less)," says a great intellectual authority in France, "you have fresh representatives of momentary power; they do not attain to the dignity of an aristocracy, but for the time being they constitute Public Importance." This is so true, that any foreigner coming to Paris after an absence of some years and a change of government, would fancy himself in a country quite different from the one he knew before. Instead of dukes, he would find bankers; instead of generals, declaimers; instead of poets, political economists. There, where he might have left M. de Richelieu, M. de Serre, or M. de Montmorency, high in their fellow-countrymen's esteem, he would return to find that they were "inadmissible," "*rococo* in the extreme," "wholly unbusiness-like," and "foolish," — types only whereby to appreciate the utter stupidity of those whom they had governed. He would in all safety allow himself to admire the "practical capacities" that had succeeded in the task of directing what Heine calls "that vulgar shop, the state"; for these had been borne upon the current of popular favor to their position, by the main force of their superiority. But lo! some years later, Public Importance, after being personified in

Thiers, Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, De Broglie, De Remusat, or Molé, allows itself to be again vested in men without consideration or fame, in men to whose names *no distinction* attaches, and whose title to power seems to be that they are socially and intellectually nothing. An American who should at this moment, for instance, visit Paris, would, if he did not dive down somewhat beneath the surface, wonder where had disappeared what he heard of once as the notabilities of France. Or if he were just starting into life, and were too young to have heard much of the political history of the last quarter of a century, he would take for the notabilities of France men like Messrs. Fould, Baroche, Morny, Troplong, etc., would be liable to form but a mediocre notion of the integrity or intelligence of a leading nation of Europe, and would inevitably ask himself what could be men's ideas of "master-minds," if they found any such to admire and extol in France. Those that *are* belong to a kind that affords small hold to the esteem of the upright or intellectual, and of those that *were* there is literally no trace. Of the mere talents of the latter as writers, historians, philosophers, and critics, — commentators, in short, upon others' deeds, — there never was greater proof than at this hour; for they all have written, or are writing, books that will last while the literary monuments of France endure. But of these men themselves, not as commentators, but actors, — doers of deeds, — we repeat it, there is absolutely no trace. From this point of view, therefore, Heine's *Lutèce* is not merely a curious or interesting, it is an invaluable work; a faithful record of the lives of those men who during eighteen years personified Public Importance in France, — a true picture of the society that was the reigning society of that time, and is now no more, but is broken up, dispersed, its component elements scattered here and there.

For those who had known and observed the France described by Henri Heine, *Lutèce* is a charming, and, in many respects, a touching remembrancer of what is by-gone; for those who were strangers to the whole, it is an abundant source of information, to be relied on like ocular testimony. Heine's book gives you (unlike most pictures) the reality of

detail and the truth of general effect. After reading it attentively, you not only possess with precision certain facts, but you see them framed, as it were, in the smaller incidents of every-day life that surrounded them, and made, so to say, the decoration of the scene. You follow society in its goings and comings, watching who moves it, and also how it is moved. You pass your mornings at the *Chambre des Députés*, and your evenings in the *coulisses* of the Grand Opera, amongst the full-blown, bloomless, long-established, famous, fashionable *chieftainesses* of the *corps de ballet*, whom our author so wittily and truly styles "*La Pairie de la Danse*"; and you learn here indirectly, and by an apparently frivolous application, to recognize one of the principles that governed and helped to ruin France,—the distrust and dislike of youth; one of the immense mistakes of the *régime* of July, which contributed to banish from it all lofty and generous impulse, and to mark it in the eyes of the world more with the seal of cunning and sordidness than even with that of corruption. Guided by the poet of the *Reisebilder*, you pass from the statesman's study to the artist's studio; from the concert-room, where Franz Liszt exhibits his hair and his talent on the piano-forte to an audience in contortions of enthusiasm, and utterly incapable in fact of distinguishing whether he plays well or ill, to the race-course of Chantilly, where men risk their fortunes upon a thing they neither do well nor are amused by. You *live* in Paris, with the men and women of the day, who, living, surround you and initiate you into the secrets of their existence. You have clearly impressed upon your sense all the truth, and all the falseness, of the period, copied exactly by the chronicler.

We have perhaps far too lengthily tried to give our readers on this side the Atlantic a notion of what *Lutèce* really is; but we would seriously advise such of them as are curious of what has been arrogantly styled "*le plus beau royaume après celui du ciel*," to read the book. They will find that we have not said too much of it, and that it perpetuates an historical epoch, the traces of which are being more and more every day effaced from the political and social surface of France.

Art. II. — *Appletons' Cyclopædia of Biography: embracing a Series of Original Memoirs of the most distinguished Persons of all Times, written for this Work by Sir Archibald Alison, D. C. L., William Baird, M. D., F. L. S., Sir David Brewster, F. R. S., James Bryce, A. M., F. G. S., John Hill Burton, Professor Creasy, A. M., Professor Eadie, D. D., LL. D., Professor Ferguson, A. M., Professor Gordon, F. R. S. E., James Hedderwick, John A. Heraud, Robert Jameson, D. D., Charles Knight, James Manson, James M'Connechy, Professor Nichol, LL. D., Elihu Rich, Professor Spalding, M. A., Professor Thomson, M. D., F. R. S., Ralph N. Wornum.* American Edition, edited by Francis Hawks, D. D., LL. D. With numerous Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. pp. 1058.

This book — an enlarged reprint from the English work — draws in the train of its announcement, we perceive, numerous testimonies of the newspaper press, presupposing for the sentence given all the time, pains, and careful comparison usual in such cases. It were not delicate, possibly, in some things to make light of the judges who have preceded us in the same cause, and whose decisions we had a presentiment on the very threshold must be reversed; but a bulky reference-book of any kind, involving an endless multiplicity of particulars, is an exception surely, if any there be, to that rule. It will not do to issue grave and confident decrees from a bird's-eye glance over a field of survey like this.

But though our present criticism will take a somewhat wider range than the book chosen for our text, we confess to a *penchant*, strong and of some date, for the very class of books in question, — a humor which has found vent in various classifications, and in tabular lists, intended to set forth the merits, in this point or that, of the several biographical collections, recent or remote, relatively to one another and to positive perfection. We do not readily think of any one else so inoculated with the same taste, or willing to yield so much time to its indulgence. But be sure, reader, to construe this frankness aright. If so much manuscript be taken for granted

as significant of overt acts in intention, forestalled by such labors as the present, thus solving the mood in which, more than ourselves could wish, the succeeding strictures have been penned, the answer is both ready and sincere. All this admitted waste of pen and ink has been but the recreation of idle hours, no ulterior thought being entertained for a moment. The *Hinc illæ lachrymæ* cannot be thrown in our teeth. To return, there seems then no better time than now, while or after disposing of the work, about which the public judgment needs to be a little better instructed, to glance at this neglected category of books. Neglected indeed it has been. We know not where to turn, in the past volumes of this journal, or of our fellow-reviewers abroad, for some aid to the poverty of our own comments, or indorsement of our own conclusions. The results of our researches are not at all complimentary. No other books are there, of which the getting up has been such an off-hand process, and none that have so abused the too easy confidence of purchasers.

The vast benefit of combining the differing gifts of many minds in a project like the present is a fond idea; and evidently, as their Preface shows, one that has quite caught the fancy of the New York publishers. But does it not occur, at first blush, that, remembering the peculiar and unlike habits of professed authors, it can hardly be hoped, without a miracle, that these joint labors can be so fused as to insure uniformity and symmetry in the end? There is no room to specify all the particulars, — relative length of articles, rightful arrangement of numerous names, the use of contractions, annexing of authorities. Who will guarantee the subjection of so many conflicting humors and tastes to a common system? Will the supervising authority be cheerfully given up to a central mind? And if it is, will that central mind have the patience to supervise? To fail of that oneness of execution is a radical defect. But it is a want visible upon every leaf of the present work. So much for the general principle of combination. As to the particular company leagued together in the execution of the English work, while we are not, for ourselves, deeply sensible of the prestige that follows their names, far be it from us to doubt their fair position in the

world of letters. The reputation, indeed, of the majority, (not of all,) has crossed the water. Sir David Brewster's name may be left without further addition. We have read John Hill Burton's pleasant Life of Hume, and are content to take upon trust those of Lord Lovat and Lord President Forbes, as well as his voluminous History of Scotland. Professor Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" is well known, but to us only by fame. For a while lying rumor credited Professor Nicol with a notable book, still waiting to be owned; and to his further repute among us his transient visit some years ago has, no doubt, contributed. But, in passing, one cannot forbear to say that his articles are *sui generis*. They are a curiosity to read, and not to be read without diversion. They are those which treat of the great masters in science; and, biographical in no sense, from the very start dash into the strain of abstruse dissertation. A sly rebuke from some of his colleagues, administered to this his infirmity, has in it a touch of humor. At the foot of the long article upon Plato, bearing his initials, we find in brackets: "This is the account furnished by the learned professor of astronomy, &c. As the reader may naturally expect to find something of the *biography* of Plato in this book, the following is subjoined." Professor Spalding's "Compendium of the English Language and Literature," there is reason to think, has more of a true scholar's stamp upon it than either of the half-dozen works or more of that sort sent forth during the last twenty years. Alison has perhaps the advantage of all his associates in being popularly known; but have we not been told, that all the aid he has rendered to the work under review is summed up in the articles on Marlborough and Wellington?

To our limited retrospect of literary history no example readily presents itself in view to bear out the theory of the great advantage of concerted over solitary effort in learned enterprises. Encyclopædias, as commonly understood, — repositories of universal knowledge, — come not fairly into the account. We speak only of separate departments of that knowledge, broad though they often are. Garrick's well-known epigram upon his great friend's Dictionary boasted, (alluding to the number of the Academy of Paris,) that

"Johnson, well armed like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French";

and probably no genuine Englishman since has dreamed of doubting that dictum. And he upon whom in our day the mantle of his labors most worthily rests, with which, by the best right, should go as well the oracular voice, — Dr. Worcester, — is a host in himself, if the entire and deferential reliance upon his authority of the *élite* and educated among us, almost to a man, can create him such. Dictionaries of words offer a case quite parallel enough for our purpose to Dictionaries of men. But what, in truth, for Biography itself, has been ever gained towards an effective result by this sort of trades-union, if it may so be called? The compilation of Tooke and his colleagues (15 vols. 8vo, 1798), and that of Dr. Aikin, backed by some of his Unitarian friends (10 vols. 4to), in the opening years of this century, never won for themselves either high authority or wide circulation; and have long been as obsolete as Collier's Moreri, or as the English work of Birch, Lockman, & Co., engrafted upon Bayle. The "Cyclopædia of Biography," — not fifteen years ago, — got up by Lord Brougham's "Society" (for brevity so called), and meant as a companion to the "Penny Cyclopædia," though started under such high auspices, and looked to with fond expectation, proved a signal failure, that expired almost on the very threshold.

The confidence inspired by an array of conductors is thus fanciful enough; but how much better based is the respect that bows down before an array of volumes? It is too quickly thought (though not unnaturally) that here is a nearer approach to the universality the title assumes. An illusion that lives but a day! All that is apt to come of these *extension* Dictionaries is expanded notices of the more prominent men; and this good could be well dispensed with. The great desideratum is (for the great defect corresponds to it) the rescue and preservation of names that compilation after compilation passes by, with the most amusing blindness; not names originally obscure (far indeed from that), but which might, after being studiously kept out of sight for a century or two, without any wonder be deemed so. It is a doubt if Alexander

Chalmers's imposing series (London, 32 vols. 8vo, 1812–17), or the half-hundred volumes of the *Biographie Universelle*, of which the praise seems to go by rote, would, in the numerical aggregate of their articles, show a higher figure than Lempriere, Watkins, or Gorton. The Biographical Dictionary of Lord Brougham's "Society" happily terminated at the seventh volume; but though the whole series had not sufficed for the initial letter of the alphabet, it forgot to embalm that good lady, Hannah Adams, almost the very earliest New England author by profession, and who had been introduced to its acquaintance both by Eliot and Allen. Perhaps we are to take as amends for this omission her namesake, the wife of the elder ex-President, dragged into that publicity only through a volume or two of posthumous letters, — a highly accomplished woman, but who probably neither dreamed of nor coveted that sort of distinction. We will not, on the other hand, dispute that the passion for undue compression, and for crowding within one pair of covers what in the nature of things will not submit to such confinement, is an evil also, though of another kind and lesser degree. There is thought to be a strong lure in the words "complete in one volume"; but we get our full punishment in an unsightly bulk and unmanageable weight. Many, it may be, will be apt to deem the work now on trial sufficiently "a caution" as regards this latter mistake, where distinct articles of the one-line measure dot the page by the score or score and a half together, — so pinched as often to make the identity of the person meant a moot point, — and where contractions of the most original pattern, and unseen in letter-press before, mutilate half the words.* The effect is rather comic, from the amputation being resorted to at the very point where hard necessity enforces it. But we continue to insist, that the number of the volumes is an infliction more to be dreaded than their fewness; assuredly so, if we include in the account its exceedingly bad policy as a commodity in the market. We are strongly tempted here to reveal something of our own *beau ideal*, as it loomed up before the mind's eye long ago. A

* The double page now open before us — taken at haphazard — counts up to one hundred and five recorded names, of which but *six* exceed two lines!

three-volume Dictionary,—rather exceeding a thousand pages to a volume,—in a fine but clear type, (Loudon's Encyclopædias are an example in point,) would render to men of the most eventful history the amplest justice it is right to look for, while the individual list should transcend in completeness any collection hitherto seen.

But we have too long deferred the especial work given us to do. The analysis of Appletons' Cyclopædia, it troubles us to foresee, must sprinkle capital letters over some three or four following pages to an ungraceful extent. But obvious it is that no book of this nature can be exhibited in just measure without making the scene alive with a goodlier company than all tastes incline to meet. We must hope, then, from readers whose patience cannot follow us, indulgence meanwhile. We assure them, it is but a small part of the worthies so much of our time has been spent in collecting and arranging, that our limited space allows us to introduce.

The cursory reviewer in Putnam's Magazine has anticipated us, so far as a hint can be so regarded, in one or two points of criticism; to wit, the astounding disproportion in length of notices. In a book where the scale of limit assigned to the immense majority of its subjects is the minutest possible, the maximum share of the most favored — and those a very select few — cannot with any fairness exceed two pages. Certainly some well-considered rule on this head there should be; and it should be strictly followed too. It is very plain, notwithstanding, that the work does not even purport to have any rule; and this is in keeping with its whole outward character. We have in despair abandoned the register, far continued, of articles of the two and even one line pattern; articles upon those, of whom, in common parlance, everybody has heard. But it was kept long enough to impound such critics as Casaubon and Lipsius; such antiquaries as Camden, Cotton, and Lord Hailes; philosophers like Sir Kenelm Digby and Monboddo; Lebrun and Lesueur, the topmost names among French painters; fashionables like Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay; novelists no humbler than Mrs. Brunton and Jane Austen (for Miss Ferrier does not even come to mind), and of their English brothers in that field, a

large half-dozen. Add to these civil historians like Guicciardini, Davila, Michaud, William Belsham, and James Grahame, as well as Fleury and Dupin, of the Church; statesmen like the younger Cecil, Hatton, Godolphin, both Digbys Earls of Bristol, John Duke of Argyle, Henry Flood, and our own William Lowndes; men of arms like Du Guesclin, the Chevalier Bayard, Graham of Claverhouse, the Marquis of Granby, the Prince of Parma, Benningsen and Koutousoff, and Barons Haynau and Bulow. Pass we to professional life, and the same category swallows up jurists of the stamp of Lord Camden and Lord Kenyon, John Dunning, Sir William Grant, and Sir Vicary Gibbs; physicians like Fothergill and Cheyne, with their eminent successors in recent London life (all knighted), Halford, Blane, Carlisle, Knighton, and Home. As faring no better, we have jotted down more than forty English prelates, many known in the learned world, and as many by a strongly marked active career. This assertion none will doubt, who will run over the earlier names of Fisher and Bonner, of Bull, Hough, and Ken, Reynolds and Burnet, Douglas and Horsley; and, within the last generation, of Bathurst, Copleston, Jebb, Burgess, Butler (of Lichfield), and Kaye. To the same level sinks — who would think it? — the great author of the "Analogy." It is odd surely, and that in a book issued under Episcopalian auspices, both that the mitre should receive so little respect, and that the notice of several of the above fails to recognize their prelatical office. To swell this long enumeration, there come (though not in sleeves of lawn) such lights *of* the established Church as Gataker, Chillingworth, Hammond, Bingham, Kennicott, Blayney, Blackburne, Balguy, "Ben Mordecai" Taylor, and Daubeney; and such lights *out of* it as Bates, Daniel Burgess, and Flavel, Chandler and Abernethy, Geddes, Evanson and Harwood, the Scotch divines Leecman, Scougal, George Campbell, Dr. Blair, and all the Erskines, the Evangelicals Burder and Hawker, with Unitarianism bringing up the rear in Biddle, Emlyn, Toulmin, Jebb, John Jones, Cappe, and Carpenter. Let the impatient reader suffer us yet to add that New England favorite, Hugh Peters, the Zoilus of critics John Dennis, the eccentric Duchess of Newcastle, the classic Sir William Gell and Thomas Hope,

the Earl of Burlington, the glory of architecture, Dr. Bell, the new guide in education, and the writers Sir Egerton Brydges and Lord Dover. Conceive of all this long line of notables compacted together into little more than a page!

But we stay our hand. As an old and well-known historian writes, "But the time would fail us to tell," equally would space fail us to bring all these diminutives to an end. While yet there is room, let us recollect that we have still to do with an opposite extreme. By our graduation, a half-hundred articles at least are open to the charge of inordinate length. As to the subjects of some, this would be no less true were the Dictionary of any extent; but as to the most, the assertion respects the actual compass of the work, or the space allotted to other celebrities in the same sphere. To judge from Archimedes, Tycho Brahe, Leibnitz, Galileo, Kepler, Lagrange, Laplace, Arago, or James Watt, it might be thought that physical science was, with the editor, number one; but it would divert this conclusion in favor of the demagogues, to look at Robespierre, Desmoulins, or Danton. Then the mystics represented by Boehmen and Swedenborg might seem to dispute the palm; or the philosophers, as seen in Plato and Socrates. To us, however, all of them are overdone. Again, the men of whom one is very apt to call the other up to mind experience the most unequal treatment in these columns. Cromwell's limits slightly exceed the half of Washington's, are the *fifth* part of Wellington's, and the *seventh* of Napoleon's. Burke and Burns, on contiguous pages, occupy severally less than one and more than three columns. Dr. Swett of New York, a young physician of a bright but brief career, outstrips Dr. Rush nine times told. A certain Governor Metcalfe of Kentucky swells in these pages to a portliness more than a match for the united leanness of all his brethren in office. Compare the founders of homœopathy (Hahnemann) and of hydropathy (Priessnitz),—more than a column to four lines. To exemplify this very defect, we have looked at particular walks of fame. Of the leading British heroes of the ocean, — forty, let us say, — some *ten* or *twelve* show a fair medium; about *eight* others would each of them swallow up (as would Ruyter of Holland) the remainder. Take some

twenty-five stars of the stage, and it is with a similar result. Barry, long the rival of Garrick, is disposed of in a single line.

Many articles might be referred to, as perplexing, erroneous, or defective. Thus George Taylor is a "Signer of the Declaration," and Colonel John Taylor a "U. S. Senator"; but the State they represent it is left for the reader to ferret out,—a very frequent oversight. William Lowndes, C. Cotesworth Pinckney, Commodore Barron, A. C. Hanson, and Donald Macnicol lack the most prominent item in their respective lives. James Bissett is simply called "a fugitive [?] writer"; would not "historian" have been at once definite and shorter? H. Boyd (read "H. F. Boyd") is styled "a translator, last century"; if it had added, with dates, "of Dante," it would have been all the better. Our old acquaintance, Tom Coryate, the famed pedestrian round Europe, is served up in the strange single phrase, "an Eng. navigat." Perhaps it indicates a new system in the orthography of proper names, just dawning, that the prince of artists, Michel Angelo Buonarotti, usually found under B, has his names formidably rolled into one, and "turns up" within the letter M; while "William Cooper, an English poet, 1731–1800," was a poser for a while, till the bright thought came, that the dates would answer for an author not wholly unknown, the poet of "The Task." We are all at a stand whom the article "John Lowell, first judge of Massachusetts, 1779–1840," was meant to commemorate. Barring the sad vagueness as to the judgeship, it is true in part of two persons, and wholly true of neither. The younger John Lowell, who left the law, his first profession, in early manhood, to become eminent in politics and agriculture, died in 1840, it is true. But his birth-date is widely astray, and he was no judge whatever. His father of the same name, who died in 1802, was indeed a judge; not, however, *the first of Massachusetts*, that honor belonging somewhere a century or two earlier, but the first of that system of District Judges which marked the close of John Adams's administration. The public life of John Rutledge of South Carolina is crowned, says the sketch, with his being "promoted to the high function of chief justice of the U. S."

Not exactly, Mr. Biographer. Promoted to a station he cannot be called who is emphatically negatived with the first opportunity. If in civil or academical honors there be a constitutional process for reaching them, to confer them on paper upon one who fails to pass smoothly through these several stages is only bravado. Very true it is, that within scarcely three years, and in strangely close succession, we have seen two series of "Lives of Chief Justices of the United States" (so styled), in both of which this rejected aspirant not only finds a place, but in one of them the amplest in the whole series. The suspicion cannot well be stifled, that it was believed (truly, we hope) public sentiment needed their help to set it right, though it were mainly by dint of reiteration, and that this was the chief inducing motive of both productions. But would the editor of the Cyclopædia of Biography have us understand him as taking these for his guides? The delineation of the first and great Secretary of the Treasury, with an excess of caution, closes with the words, that "he was unquestionably *one of* the ablest men the country has ever produced." Alas for the country! such a production it was not for her to boast; to do so, belongs to one of the most petty islands in the West Indies. But letting that objection pass, might not those little particles well be thrown aside as an idle superfluity?

"Some thousands of names" the editor "has added," so says his Preface, to "the English publication"; but when it proceeds, "mostly of Americans," we do but lift up both hands in silent wonder. Did we read aright, — *thousands?* "By the head of Mahomet!" well exclaims the captive Mustapha in his pleasant satirical touches, in Salmagundi, at what even thus early was our besetting vanity, — "By the head of Mahomet! what a prodigious great country is this!" It was for Dr. Hawks virtually to add, — but in no strain of irony he, — "Ay, verily; and the number of its sons who have the seal of immortality upon their foreheads is as the stars of the sky in multitude." We thank our stars that we are not yet so patriotically mad. So very much humbler is our estimate of the national claim to a share in these pages, that we begin to feel some concern for our personal safety in letting it out, after see-

ing the above declaration. When the second edition (with us) of Lempriere — that by E. Lord, 1825 — appeared, its very title-page proclaimed that it contained 800 American names. How small does this sound by the side of the present work! And yet every way probable is it that Lord had, with eager painstaking, collected and swelled this ostentatious list, as the most lofty rebuke to the author, whose unpardonable sin it was, that, in the original issue of his two volumes, the number of articles vouchsafed to America might have been fully expressed by the above figure, ciphers stricken off! The memorable persons who have emerged into notice, or left the scene, during the quarter-century (1825–50) that has since elapsed, bear no small proportion to the absolute all who have any right, or should have any hope, to be found eventually in a Dictionary of world-wide compass. The legitimate inmates of such a Dictionary do not, as reckoned upon our tables, we are sure, exceed half the number so complacently announced by the editor of 1825. A "Universal Biography," — that is its sweep, observe, — commencing at home, and before it gets to the other hemisphere so generous as to outstrip the aggregate just named, might possibly be popular, — a poor issue enough truly. Yet even this it would not be with judges likely to make one vain; and it could only serve to feed that national humor so bloated already, which must needs summon out other Mustaphas for its humbling and chastisement. But not every Signer of the Declaration, every State Governor, every Bishop of a Diocese, every small hero or martyr of the Revolutionary or Mexican war, does the great world covet acquaintance with, and for ourselves we are very loth to press the acquaintance upon it. The roll-call of the first-named set of worthies would, through its whole line, we make no doubt, find a quick response from the columns of the "Cyclopædia of Biography."

The publishers, too, like the editor, show in their advertisement a special solicitude for the American part of the work, and fondly "hope that no important name has been omitted." Of course, it was already on our lips to say, there is no fear whatsoever, the temptation being all the other way. And yet abundance, and superabundance even, is not equivalent to

completeness; and though unwilling to break rudely in upon their complacency, we submit the following list of omitted names for them to muse upon: —

Hannah Adams (already spoken of in another connection); Ethan Allen of Ticonderoga and infidel fame (an author in the last character); John Armstrong, writer of the Newburgh Letters, beside being a Cabinet Minister and diplomatist; Governor Endicott; Pontiac, the Indian chief immortalized by Parkman; John Osborn, our early poet, handed down by his Whaling Song; Eastburn, the author (in part) of Yamoyden; Dr. Peters, the Tory historian of Connecticut, some chapters of whom read so much like fable, and have long been a standing joke; Mrs. Rawson, our first novelist, whose Charlotte Temple at least lives yet in the memory of many; the comedian, Henry J. Finn; Luther Martin of Maryland, a jurist of the widest fame and connected with every great cause of his day; Joseph Hopkinson (son of the "Signer"), a twin light of the Philadelphia bar; William Sampson, the Irish exile and advocate, whose wit (to name nothing more), in the first years of this century, made an era in the New York courts; Benjamin Pratt, Chief Justice of that State, having first been an eminent civilian of our own; his later brethren, the lights of New Hampshire (with a common prefix), Mason and Smith; Dabney Carr of Virginia, father and son, the praises of the former celebrated by Jefferson, and also by Wirt (Life of Patrick Henry); Andrew Oliver, a founder of the American Academy, and the learned essayist upon Comets; our admirable philologist and Grecian, John Pickering; Dr. Emmons, one of the oracles of Hopkinsian Calvinism; Dr. Porter of the Andover Seminary, well known as an eloquent preacher, and still better as the author of very popular text-books in his department; the elder Henry Ware, meriting a place were it but as the central object of a great theological ferment a half-century ago, though in himself also a most judicious discourser and courteous controversialist; Andrews Norton, accounted by many, it is certain, the most learned and acute biblical scholar hitherto seen in this land; Joe Smith, the founder of Mormonism; and last, of unhappy memory, Dr. John W. Webster, whom we should scruple to

mention in any light connection, or indeed at all, were one soul yet left among us to be painfully moved at reviving his name. But as Dr. Johnson is made to say in that happy parody (by A. Chalmers) of the Boswellian style of record, "Sir, I would have a *Biographia Flagitiosa*," — surely in a "Universal Biography," the only passport into which is notoriety, the title is not to be disputed of one whose case has travelled round the globe. Eugene Aram and Dr. Dodd are found in every such collection, and properly enough; yet hardly by an equal tenure.

The above enumeration might well have included the younger Buckminster, the lament of an age to which he was so early lost; but we detected him in season, stealing in under his grandfather's wing, only to have himself recorded in a single line as *the editor of Griesbach's New Testament!* Dr. Mayhew, the champion of his country and of Congregationalism, can only be called an exception from the list in very much the same way. We find nothing but his name in the notice of the father. But the article upon Dr. Wainwright mentions him again, and within that little says some things that would be as new to the Doctor as they are to us. If the *media* who make this age so privileged serve the purposes of correspondence between the two worlds equally well from this to the other as they are known to do *vice versa*, Dr. Mayhew should learn forthwith, that he "was distinguished among the *Socinian* Congregational divines of Boston." It need scarcely be stated, that, at the date of his decease (1766), this loosest of all loose designations did not rightfully belong to any divine in the place.

Of the omitted names now specified, many are found in other collections, such as Dr. Allen's, Parke Godwin's, the Encyclopædia Americana, &c.; while, in some other cases, death was too recent to afford the opportunity. But Luther Martin, Sampson, Pontiac, Mrs. Rawson (strange as it sounds to be said of the first especially), are waifs never yet picked up by any biographical compiler. One is amused to see who they are, that may often be said to have insinuated themselves into the place of the overlooked worthies. Looking for Professor Andrews Norton, we find in lieu of him a

brother Professor and namesake of Yale College, we confess to us till now unknown. Under the same initial with one of the two legal Jeremiahs, the boast of New Hampshire, a United States Senator from our own contiguous State strikes the eye, whose one term in that body, thirty years ago, makes all his public life, owing that seat to mercantile experience and wealth alone, and of whom, when he left it, all memory passed at once away. To these must be added an uncounted number of useful American divines,—two or three score possibly,—authors in some instances, very like, of an ordination or thanksgiving discourse; but whom our readers would have hardly asked the editor to enroll, and us now as little to recount. For European omissions there is literally no room at all; nor have we taken special pains to collect them. Casually, many have been noticed, but none we should have less expected, considering how long they have been in the public eye, and how lately departed, than the two eminent critics, æsthetical and biblical respectively, De Quincy of France and De Wette of Germany.

In every extensive Biographical Dictionary, it deserves to be well weighed, what is the true initial of that numerous class that may be said to bear a twofold name. But the rule should be uniform, be the preference as it may. This clearly is, in our view, of the personal name over that which is adventitious. But consistency, even in the latter, were better than to see the most wanton irregularity prevail. One wishes to keep in juxtaposition, for the reader's sake, members of the same family, their narratives being often intermingled; as in the case of the double William Pitt, the Commoner and the Lord, or of the two brothers William and John Scott. Any other order than that just hinted conflicts with this; though it is equally marred, under any fruitful family name, by that odd arrangement, the baptismal ones in alphabetical succession. What is worse, the near connection of individuals thus disjoined repeatedly fails to be pointed out. A chronological order would have been just as good; though, in truth, no constant rule as to names under that category seems either needful or possible. Very often all these names will be in view at once; and if not, they will be adjacent.

The Smiths might be an exception. Yet the question of family or titled name makes a wider severance, and in the work before us the predominant mode of reference (system it is not) is the wrong one. But the exceptions abound, vexatiously enough; and it follows — showing their chance-medley character — that, in several cases, notices of the same individual are repeated. This too in a book where every inch of space seems to be as costly and as much prized as every foot of ground in our fast-growing cities! Charles Abbott is the common family name of Baron Colchester and Baron Tenterden, raised for public services to their titles in the first quarter of this century. One is sketched under his original name; for the other, you are sent to the other end of the volume. What can be more capricious? Again, if title is to settle the true arrangement, then surely the higher title, if there be a double elevation. Sir William Petty, inheriting the dignity of Earl of Shelburne, becomes in the end Marquis of Lansdowne. Be forewarned, however, reader, if you are in a hurry, not to seek him under L. The fancy in this case was for S, — the *midway* point, of course. But obviously "there was no king in Israel" while this work was under way; and the strange medley of contractions, the startling contrasts in length of notice, and this random distribution over the alphabet of innumerable articles, are plainly all to be traced to that which the publishers thought must needs be a special point of commendation, — too many cooks in this intellectual fare.

We are troubled, in the survey of what we have had to say concerning this Cyclopædia, to see how much of our space its imperfections have engrossed. That feeling, however, is relieved by the fact that a great proportion of these strictures slide off from the American re-issue to fall upon the shoulders of the Transatlantic work. We do indeed account it a sad misjudgment to have taken up with such a basis, the responsibility of which rests, perhaps, with the publishers, or we know not where. But it surprises us that the accomplished gentleman whose name it bears, so favorably known by his work on Egypt and by other labors, did not, by the influence he was entitled to hold, seasonably divert that choice else-

where. As some offset to our cynical humor, we readily concede to this Dictionary, even in its primary form, certain merits; and among them, not of the humblest, freedom from the biases of party of any sort. For aught that we discover, the banner under which its conductors range themselves is seldom unfurled. To this praise our old familiar authority, Lempriere, had a less valid claim. In the work before us, the article upon Priestley (unhappily a touchstone) is most honorable to the writer; and the absurd story of Dr. Channing's death-bed recantation is silently dropped by the American editor. With less wisdom, the English work gives it room, though it is only to be scouted. It is gladly owned, also, that the long list of the forgotten is in this work reduced by a very few names. We now first welcome to a Biographical Dictionary, James, Earl of Waldegrave, Richard, Earl Temple, Boyd, the translator of Dante, and "King-making" Warwick of the time of the Roses. As to some of these, to be sure, it is a bare footing gained, and no more.

But touching this matter of "basis," had a like labor been projected by ourselves, we have already intimated that their selection would not have been ours. We concur so far as that it were better, in order to its completest finish, for a Biographical Dictionary to assume some groundwork, than to be executed all *de novo*. But the preference, it has for some time been our conviction, belongs rather to Gorton, whose "Universal Biography" was first issued in 1828, in two bulky octavos, the second in three better proportioned volumes, in 1833. It came out once more in 1850 from the hands of that incessant publisher, H. G. Bohn (4 vols. 8vo), who diffused, without very greatly enlarging, its previous matter. An inquirer partial to the work sought to know, through the London "Notes and Queries," a year or two since, whether this last edition sustained its reputation. The reply came from this side the water; and the little we are now able to say of its merits can only be to repeat that earlier judgment. But the opinion given must be mainly understood of the original compilation. When it finally lost the benefit of its author's supervision, one would like to know; but though that event must have gone by, the search for his death has hitherto been in vain.

It is singular enough that the last issue of his own volumes should contain no memorial of him, especially as he is, by one more work at least, known to the world. Then, again, has that issue enjoyed any other editorial care than the publisher's? But this query we venture to answer for ourselves, almost as soon as put, in the negative; it must in faithfulness be said, the signs of a hurried preparation are unmistakable.

We are not about to analyze Bohn's edition of Gorton, or Gorton's work in general, having just finished that office for another, which has been for us a task sufficient at one time, and indubitably therefore for the reader. But as we never wish our sweeping condemnation, like that just uttered, to be taken upon trust, let us bring the former to the test merely of a small geographic circle, and of less than twenty years in time. Let us look at its muster-roll of our American worthies for those seventeen years that had elapsed from the appearance of the second edition (1833). With 1850 for the imprint on its title-page, and showing there the fair promise, *brought down to the present time*, what is to be said of a "Universal Biography" unenriched with either of the names subjoined, — Randolph, Dane, Wirt, Marshall, Livingston, Noah Webster, Jackson, Story, Kent, R. H. Wilde, Wheaton, and the younger Adams? Our list, too, with one only exception, it will be seen, is confined to civilians and statesmen. Will any man be bold enough to guess who are the departed that, during the interval referred to, make up for the absence of the above names? Perhaps there are none; for the totality of *new* American names in the edition of Bohn is fifteen* only; being about the *eighth* part of the obituary of those same years which our record counts worthy of remembrance and transmission. Even of this pittance, three or four names at least there are, at which an intelligent man among ourselves must smile perforce; their title to an inch of space in a Dictionary solely national being greatly to be questioned. Others, it is true, may assert far better pre-

* The American names, as found in the second edition of Gorton, are exactly ninety; in an *impartial* edition, brought down to 1850, could that number be quadrupled?

tensions, — Patrick Henry, DeWitt Clinton, Bowditch, Channing, Allston, — well worthy of all the letter-press they have contrived to win. That is not much to say, since the genius and gifts of the last-named are imprisoned in *eight* lines. Some would put this down to the score of foreign disdain. That by no means follows. On the other side of the water an example presents itself of more monstrous disproportion yet. Francis, Lord Jeffrey, Charles Fourier, Mehemet Ali, and Daniel O'Connell fail to make up *together* the complement of a Gorton page, by more than twenty lines. Either of the four might claim the whole space three times told, taking, as is but fair, the standard of copiousness observed in the earlier editions.

But put the last issue of Gorton's volumes by incompetent hands aside, — the good opinion of the original work, referred to in the London periodical spoken of, may well enough be indorsed by us. What book of the kind should upon the whole take place by its side? Lempriere and Watkins, the authorities for the first quarter of the century, are becoming obsolete; have probably ceased to be reprinted now. Maunder's "Biographical Treasury," a bulky duodecimo reissued every three to five years, has many good points; but its dimensions suffice not at all to meet the public want. Besides, it assumes too great an interest for us in the generations just gone by, and with which we have had some concern, over those a century or two past, and graduates their space accordingly. William A. Becket gives his name to another collection of the sort (3 vols. 8vo), which we have met with once or twice only, and dateless, though from internal marks clearly of about the year 1834–35. The head of Lord Althorpe for its frontispiece, perhaps denotes him as its patron. But obscurity is round about it. The reviews, one and all, ignore its existence; and it has been a lost labor to ferret out anything of the author beyond his name. We may add, the work cites no authorities, divides with strange inequality its pages between the two halves of the alphabet, and with very dubious wisdom brings under its notice a number of living names. The Georgian Æra (4 vols. royal 8vo) is British only, and serves for a single dynasty, that

does not cover a century and a quarter. The Scottish Biographical Dictionary by the Chamberses (4 vols. 8vo) is equally narrow. The department of Biography in the Encyclopædia Americana is too select to supersede the need of other help. Under the auspices of Lord Brougham's Society (so called), a new Dictionary of the sort was commenced, edited by George Long. At the close of the seventh volume (1842–44), as we have already said, it was still vainly striving to wind up the letter A; and its own winding up at that point was mourned by none. Its leading hobby, if our memory serves us, was the reviving an incredible number of Oriental Rabbis, who had, in every sense, slept till then, and whom no such well-meant, mistaken kindness could by any possibility keep from slumbering still. The collection *ostensibly* of Hugh James Rose makes an imposing array of volumes (12 vols. 8vo), and it was at one time extensively imported by our leading Boston book-firm. But has it not a very suspicious look, that the three opening letters of the alphabet monopolize just half of the entire work? Suppose now but simple justice to be done to this one eighth part (and we engage within those letters to find a goodly list of omissions), what sort of justice remains for the other seven eighths? Finally, the name of Mr. Rose in the front of these volumes is an unsolved enigma. That gentleman died at Florence near the close of 1838, three years, certainly, prior to the date of the very earliest of the series; and it is be be noted, that the *Annual Register* of 1839, sketching his life and character, sums up his productions with no allusion whatever to the above work.

With none of these, then, need Gorton decline comparison. But his superiority is not such as to leave them out of sight; and poorly will he abide the standard, if it comes to that, of ideal excellence. His omissions upon our list, running back from the stand-point of 1833, probably count up to sixteen hundred or more. Precise enumeration in such things is neither important nor possible. A fair proportion of these excite our special wonder, the names being in some, it may be in most, of the other collections; while, as to a few notable cases, the common plea of human imperfection will

scarcely excuse the oversight. Montrose, "saved as by fire," is thought of just in time for the Supplement. But the lordly, extended family of Guise is passed in silence (though their rivals, the Condés, receive imperfect, and the Orleans house fuller, justice); while Potemkin's name, possibly the first — a few royalties aside — in the annals of Northern Europe, is sought in vain; and even thus, *proh pudor!* is it too with our own Hamilton, the most precocious, most diversely endowed, and most deplored man that illustrates our American annals.

But who would credit the number of names, neither obscure nor mean, unknown to the whole tribe of such compilations? Every doubt, in view of that record, would vanish (has it lingered even till now?) as to what servile copyists, without exception, this class of book-makers are. Tell us who can, of a work in this line that was the fruit of an early direction of mind in that quarter, and of the slow accretion of materials in the course of multifarious reading? Yet what decent pretence to the title is any "Universal Biography" likely to have, that did not so begin? It were not amiss, after the special intimacy which one's studies have for a season created with this or that profession (say artists, comedians, booksellers, heroes of the ocean), or, in lieu of it, with some section of modern history, to go to the dictionaries, while the memory is crowded with names. There can be no better touchstone; let him who applies it mark the amount of lost painstaking. Let him thus try the generation that preceded the Restoration, — the age of the opening troubles of Charles, the civil wars, and the Protectorate. What other has been so well exhausted by our contemporaries, to say nothing of those that went before? Let us now take out Cromwell, Strafford, Laud, Hampden, and Vane, as the most fruitful lives of that age. There then come to the very van a larger number yet (the reader wants not our help to recall them), of most of whom Doctors Aikin and Kippis, Tooke, and Alexander Chalmers, with all their successors downward, have clearly never heard. Like those distant stars whose light, say the astronomers, ever travelling, may never yet have reached us, so the fame of these men of lofty mark seems to

be still *on the way* to the ears of these sage collectors. The authors of the vaunted *Biographie Universelle* have no better ground of complacency. Indeed, of that work we must hold the great characteristic to be its intense, invidious nationality. A Du Guesclin or Turenne will be certain to be found in their pages, and the ground he covers, a match for any five great English captains. The aspiring Guises make twelve or fifteen articles at least, embracing a large portion of a volume. We have occasionally, after a vain chase elsewhere, alighted upon our object here. But these fortunate cases had ever the recommendation of being *Frenchmen*. Thus the leaders in the several risings of La Vendée, in the field-details — the most engaging portion by far of the revolutionary story — have justice done them in the *Biographie Universelle*, and only there. The collections, for the most part, do indeed duly record the first La Roche Jaquelein, as a sort of revived Sidney or Bayard. But it is almost a solitary exception, (unless, with one or two of them, Charette or Stofflet have found a place,) and he becomes, in a degree beyond historic justice, the central figure of that most romantic strife. But we are warned to close; and no better *finale* to our article can there be, than the significant words in the "Notes and Queries," spoken of one of the strangest notorieties of the period touched upon a few sentences back, — "He will have a place hereafter in some Biographical Dictionary; of course *we mean, whenever one shall appear that is worthy of the name*."

Art. III. — 1. *Zaidee; a Romance*. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856.

2. *Tolla; a Tale of Modern Rome*. By Edmond About. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, & Hall. 1856.

3. *Rachel Gray; a Tale founded on Fact*. By Julia Kavanagh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856.

The works of popular novel-writers follow one another in such quick succession, that an immense amount of reading

is forced upon those who would keep up with the times in this branch of literature. It becomes therefore necessary, as a safeguard for the future, to examine with sharp scrutiny the claims put forth by every *débutant*. A word of praise given to a new author may be the means of unlocking innumerable writing-desks, which, but for that word, might have remained closed for ever. It is indeed, if we may judge from the heaps of novels on our table, only "*le premier pas qui coûte*." In accepting the first novel, we, as it were, grant a ticket of admission to the very field of battle; it behooves us, therefore, to look well at every candidate, and to be sure that he will prove a stanch warrior. The time for "men of straw" is past. It having been once proved that a novel may, without losing its hold on the imagination, be something far higher than a sentimental love-tale, we feel that we have a right to insist upon receiving it in its best form.

With the romance which stands at the head of our list, we have a new claimant upon public favor. It is not difficult to trace a little youngness throughout the book. It shows itself sometimes pleasantly in freshness and keenness of perception, and a happy abandonment in description. In other instances it betrays itself in rawness and want of artistic skill in the development both of plot and character. With much that is pretty in the way of episode, many really admirable bits of scene-painting and a genial kindliness of atmosphere, there is a want of definite aim and of force in the book as a whole. If we allow the beauty of disinterested affection to be its leading thought, we must quarrel with the exaggerated, schoolgirlish form it is suffered to take, and also with the perfect squareness with which the tangible reward of the sacrifice is arranged, or rather by which the whole effort is defeated and made useless, as well as senseless. The history of Zaidee's struggles to be a victim teach either no lesson at all, or else one which nobody ought to follow. A good degree of power is visible in the first cast of the characters, and several piquant touches induced us to form expectations which we were sorry to find disappointed. Some of the descriptions of nature are remarkably vivid and picturesque. The *dénouement* is decidedly hackneyed, and unworthy of the beginning. The author

who cannot dispose of his own *dramatis personæ* satisfactorily, fails in the very point where the public will least forgive the failure. Miss Oliphant needs to study mechanical details more carefully to make her story move freely; and must take her lovable but foolish little heroine down from her lofty stilts, if she would make her walk the earth a graceful woman. We allude the more freely to these defects, because there is, in spite of them, so much of promise in "Zaidee," that we look for something by and by from its authoress, far beyond her actual accomplishment in this first work.

In "Tolla" we have a story quite in contrast with "Zaidee." It has produced a sensation, in some circles, far greater than its merit demands. It seems to have derived its fame chiefly from its being founded on facts, thereby possessing that mysterious interest which appertains to scandal and gossip. The characters are all commonplace, most of them disagreeable. A faint halo of pitying interest surrounds Tolla herself, partly, perhaps, because she is kept somewhat out of sight. Still, if we get provoked with Zaidee for her pertinacious endeavors to continue a victim, we are quite incensed with Tolla for not seeing through the vapid weakness and indolent selfishness of the stupid lover for whom she dies. The absurd helplessness of everybody who ought to do anything, is absolutely ludicrous. If the book be, as it pretends, "a picture of Roman society," Roman society is not worth painting. The flippant style of the author has a taking *nonchalance* about it which beguiles the reader over the pages, but which sober second-thought condemns, and which palls before we get to the end. The book belongs to a class which we feel sorry to see increased or perpetuated. It can be of no possible service to any one, and is hardly more of an addition to one's library than a pretty well got up report of an ordinary breach-of-promise suit.

"Rachel Gray" is another proof of the fatal facility with which some of our modern authors write. The success of "Nathalie" brought out in a surprisingly short time "Daisy Burns" and "Grace Lee," neither of them approaching their predecessor in merit. Now we have, from the same pen, "Rachel Gray," inferior to either. It may be considered all

the more a failure, since Miss Kavanagh has not succeeded in making an attractive fiction out of a fact, which, in its naked simplicity, is not without interest. It is simply not enough for a romance. Inasmuch as Rachel is not a victim of her own making, she is entitled to our sympathy; inasmuch too as she bears her discipline bravely, we ought to feel interested in her struggle; but we fear many who have commenced her story have never finished it, or have forgotten how it ended. It could have been told as well in two pages as in two hundred. Miss Kavanagh would do well to follow the example of Miss Bronte, one of the few authors who have had the good sense to refrain from writing until, as she so forcibly expressed it, they had "accumulated."* It required some heroism, and showed much true wisdom, in the author of "Villette," to hold her peace when all the world clamored for her to write. Quantity is no test of power, and diffuseness has grown to be a disease in the literary world. The inordinate desire of the public for new books has produced a fever among authors. The novelist, knowing his book will be pushed aside immediately by some newer one, and determining not to retire from the lists, sits down, too often, himself to write the later romance, which shall supersede, if it cannot rival, the earlier one. But in so doing, he strikes a blow at his own breast, and separates himself from those earnest and self-forgetful minds who labor for something higher than to gorge the pampered appetite of an undiscriminating public. There are still some who know it to be better to write one book, the concentration of ten years of thought and life, than to fill shelves with undigested and unworthy matter.

We have selected these three novels from the multitude about us, not because they individually call for an extended notice, but because they are types of prevalent fiction, and as such they serve well as a text on which we would enlarge. In speaking of them, we include all which bear a family like-

* Our own estimate of "Rachel Gray," as may have been inferred from a brief notice of it in our April number (p. 579), is much higher than that of our present contributor. We have not, however, deemed it expedient to mutilate an article, with every other opinion in which we fully accord. — Ed.

ness to them, — their name is Legion. In regarding them as *insufficiencies*, we would make them suggest more perfect works. In examining their claims to stand among the novels of the age, we must not shrink from comparing them with the best which the age produces. If they fall by this standard, it may as well be early as late. In none of them do we discern the elements of greatness, the indications of immortality. In none is found the glowing, passionate life of Currer Bell's creations, the wonderful world-knowledge of Thackeray, the intense psychological insight of Hawthorne, or the healthful moral energy of Dickens. Our age is rich in novelists; we have a constellation in the zenith, and now, as in all time, the rush-lights must go out while the stars shine on. We propose to trace in brief the history of novels; for they, like men, have had a childhood and a youth preceding their present maturity.

In no branch of literature has a more radical change taken place, during the last seventy or eighty years, than in that which embraces the fictions which have satisfied the public taste at the time of their appearance, have wrought the work for which they were created, and claim to be ranked among the important utterances of each age. The contrast between the novels of our day and those which thrilled the hearts of our sentimental grandmothers and drew tears to the eyes of our heroic grandfathers, is as strongly marked as that between the plain black suits of the gentlemen in our ball-rooms, and the peach-bloom coats and silken breeches of those same ancestors of ours. Who weeps now over the harrowing griefs of Amanda Malvina, as set forth in "The Children of the Abbey," or can study the perplexities and delicate distresses of Sir Charles Grandison and his charming Harriet, without roars of laughter that would grate harshly upon the ears of the author?

The modern novel differs from the old-fashioned one in so many points, that hardly any similarity remains, save that which is implied and necessitated by the realm to which they appertain, and the allegiance which both owe to the imaginative faculty of their creators. They differ, not only in choice and arrangement of materials and agencies, but their motive

powers are totally unlike. The successful novel of the present day is strictly a work of art, amenable to all the laws of art. When tried by the rules of criticism, and tested by severe analysis, it must be able to prove that its conclusions follow fairly from its premises, to show that its effects proceed from sufficient causes. Too many liberties with probability are inadmissible for the purpose of bringing about the catastrophe. Artistic beauty of style must accompany the creation, development, and completion of the plot. Harmonious and dignified expression must follow powerful conception in the romance that would win and retain a strong hold upon the public taste. In this category are not included the popular ephemera of the day, which have a brilliant but short existence from causes independent of their intrinsic merit; but only those works of genius, which make the novel a medium for the promulgation of some great truth, involve some high teaching, or picture forth human nature with a master-hand. Neither would we degrade the public taste by confounding it with the ignorant admiration of the masses for that which dazzles with a meretricious glare, or feeds an appetite for sentimental horrors.

In the days when Richardson, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Miss Burney wrote romances which set the literary coteries of England in a blaze, there entered into the composition of a novel certain conventional ingredients which were made use of in each fiction. The genius of the author might display itself in the more or less skilful arrangement and management of these, but the most daring writer did not venture to disregard them. Incidents were his "main stock in trade"; it was only by a succession of startling events, by accidents and surprises, by secrets and discoveries, — by a series of *tableaux-vivans*, as it were, — that he could hope to keep alive the interest of the reader. The element of conversation was not made use of, as it now is, to light up and enliven the story, and to allow the characters to unfold their individuality through the medium of their own expression. In the old novels, the conversation was merely the narrative put into the mouth of a different person from time to time. Each individual told his own story for the edification of the rest, and thus

relieved the author from the task of unfolding it for himself. The narrator appears generally to be heard with more interest by his audience, than the life and spirit of his tale would warrant. No one can fail to perceive this great deficiency in the old-fashioned novel. The highest conversational effort rarely gets beyond a rhapsodical love-declaration, or a succession of stilted reflections and trite observations. Incident, as before said, was the pith of the whole matter, — development became, in consequence, merely a mechanical sequence of events.

The first ingredient in the old novel is a faultless heroine, — one whose transcendent loveliness and angelic perfections of body and mind, while they place her in some degree out of the pale of our sympathies, and far beyond the reach of our emulation, are to win for her the envy of all the other women in the book, and the loving persecution of every man who crosses her path. The author pours down on the head of this charming innocent all his vials of wrath, through the conventional three volumes, with the trifling exception of the last two pages, wherein she is, by some utterly unexpected turn in the tide of her affairs, to be made supremely happy. From the motley crowd of besieging admirers, one is selected to play the part of the hero, and is forthwith invested with the masculine accomplishments corresponding best with her feminine perfections, and adorned with a high-sounding name and a gorgeous wardrobe to make him more completely worthy the attention of the painted wonder at whose shrine he kneels. At most, a few peccadillos, such as the polite world agrees to pass over as "wild oats," are allowed to vary his otherwise monotonous perfection. He may gamble away his fortune, and put a pistol to his brainless head, as his only means of getting out of his difficulties; but the pistol must be snatched away at the right moment by a rich uncle from India, whose pockets are full of rupees at the young man's service. If a still more startling tableau is desirable, the heroine herself strikes the pistol from her lover's hand, and then falls fainting in his arms, taking care to remain in her swoon till he forgets all about his project of suicide, while the money necessary to relieve him from his financial embarrass-

ments makes its appearance as suddenly as if it dropped from the sky.

Of course, but little variety of incident can arise in the mutual relations of two such persons, unassisted by external influences. So a monstrous villain "enters," by whose wonderful cunning and malicious plotting, misunderstandings, separations, and evils of all descriptions are brought about. He continues, with the help of occasional hot-headedness in the lover and opportune fits of dignity and coyness in the lady, to harass them through the necessary number of chapters. He himself is, of course, consigned to condign punishment when his "mission" is ended, that is, when the public are supposed to be tired of reading. The hero and heroine are permitted to become the dupes of this villain to an extent which would for ever disgrace their reputation for common sense in any actual community. If the tragic is particularly the *forte* of the author, he indulges in killing off his strong-minded villain under all the circumstances of baffled revenge, or with the agonies of a late remorse.

In all this we see that outward agencies produce the results. We have before us the machinery of plots and counter-plots, assaults and accidents, showers of misfortune followed by equally heavy showers of fortune, — all busily and visibly at work to bring about the simple *dénouement* of a marriage. Meanwhile, the hero and heroine, although apparently most concerned in the issue, are least useful in bringing it about. They sit like spectators idly looking at a show, or, at most, they are but the puppets which move at the will of others, smiling when the wires pull one way, weeping when they are drawn the other. Designed as they are to appear perfect at the beginning, no progress, no interior development, is possible. With no faults to expiate, and no necessity for cultivating their already full-blown virtues, they remain, inevitably, types of immovable absurdity. They originate nothing from the depths of their own nature, evolve nothing from the mutual action of mind or sympathy, and are wanted but for one purpose, — to love each other in a blind enough way, through thick and thin. Their characteristics, if they possess any, are the same at the conclusion of the book as at its be-

ginning, and the reader, having finally moored them safely in the wide harbor of matrimony, may lay down the volumes with the pleasant conviction that no after-experience can disturb the placid current of their united lives. The heroine, in order that she may win our sympathy and excite a greater degree of pitying interest, is subjected to a course of misfortunes, and kept upon a regimen of afflictions which would crush any ordinary mortal beyond recovery. She, however, has the gift of endurance and wonderful recuperative faculties, so that, though her cheek grows so pale that we fear the roses will never bloom again upon it, and her form becomes emaciated to such a degree that we are sure her constitution is seriously impaired, at the first moment that the pressure is removed she rebounds like an India-rubber ball to the place she started from. Friends and fortune are taken from this "victim" in the most merciless manner; her virtuous actions are misinterpreted into proofs of shocking calumnies; destitute and bowed down with contumely, she becomes so pitiable an object, that only to those who consider marriage as the *summum bonum* of happy fortune does the compensation which the catastrophe offers seem sufficient to repay her for her sufferings, or to place her in a position to enjoy herself very thoroughly. It was, to be sure, in the management of the misfortunes that the skill of the artist was most decidedly shown over the tyro, and it is wonderful that success so often crowned efforts necessarily so restricted.

The region of the supernatural was also open to the old novelist. When he required some wonderful performance manifestly impossible to human capacity, and consequently beyond the accomplishment of his villain, the author could stalk at once into the nether world and call out some restive ghost who wished for a little excitement, or some wide-awake supple devil ready for any work. This supernatural element tells with great effect upon youthful minds, even in this nineteenth century of ours; though the intercourse which is at present supposed by many to exist between the embodied and the disembodied bids fair to do away with the awe that has so long encircled the ghostly realm with a protecting cloud, and to make even little children regard their buried

ancestors merely as gossiping intermeddlers with this world's trivialities. But in our own young days, tables remained securely on their four legs, so long as their legs lasted, and we remember with perfect distinctness the nervous qualms consequent upon our perusal of "The Three Spaniards" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho," at the mature age of eleven, while "The Five Nights of St. Albans" unsettled us still further, at a slightly subsequent period.

In the novels of Fielding and Smollett, which rank among the old-fashioned, both by date of utterance and style of composition, though still read by all who wish to be well read in English literature, a different type of hero is at once adopted. Whether the change from the impossible perfections and sublimated refinements of the Lord Frederic Augustus Fitz-Mortimers, to the coarse and vulgar mental and physical qualities of Tom Jones and Peregrine Pickle, is really an improvement, must be decided by the taste of the reader. In human elements, in actual naturalness and vitality, they stand far above the pasteboard excellence they replace. In a certain kind of manliness which clings to them throughout, they win our interest, even while they excite our disgust. The product of a sensual age, they exaggerated the tone and painted in stronger colors the worst weaknesses of the social life they were intended to represent. As works of art, however, the novels of this class occupy, without doubt, a higher position than those which they succeed. Something resembling conversation begins to show itself, brilliant though coarse humor lights up the page, and, what still more insures present interest and future attention for a work of fiction, actual specimens of character appear, — varieties of the human being, lifelike, well defined, and skilfully diversified. Much greater advance is made in the delineation of men than of women. The women have still only two modes of action, — one to fascinate through the senses, the other to suffer through the affections. The power and beauty of woman's spiritual influence seem to have been little understood by the authors of the old romances. Possibly in their own lives they felt this influence, but without analyzing it or understanding its worth and force in the machinery of fiction. Not one among them

could shadow it forth with the delicate yet powerful touches of a Dickens, a Thackeray, or a Currer Bell.

The historical novel has always kept strong hold upon the taste of the public. It seems a pleasant way of cheating one's self into the notion that one is reading "for improvement," and acquiring useful information, if a thin sprinkling of fact is sifted over a mass of fictitious matter; though, in the hands of the unscrupulous, subjects, themselves matters of history, are so tortured and disarranged, as sadly to disturb the previous historical acquisitions of amateur readers. Scott, of course, stands first among historical romance-writers, and has seldom departed from the truth in any particulars wherein accuracy is of great importance. He has adorned and softened, or strengthened and deepened, the known characteristics of the age or of the individual, made the bald pages of early chronicles warm and vivid with vitality, and clothed our vague and shadowy impressions of the persons and things of bygone years with flesh and blood. In his hands we are comparatively safe; yet still, any degree of tampering with the historic element is dangerous. To the young and enthusiastic it is often absolutely injurious, by leading them far away from the real facts and merits of the case, and gaining their belief by first enlisting their sympathy. The cold facts of history, afterwards ascertained, fail to eradicate the glowing impression made by a favorite author. Scott may create sympathies which Hume and Smollett shall never be able to destroy. At all times a little fogginess will be the result of the historical novel. It is probable that many others, like ourselves, have received a more vivid image of Mary, Queen of Scots, from "The Abbot," than from any history of her time; and that the mention of her name calls up in their imagination the beautiful and sarcastic woman at Lochleven Castle, more readily than any veritable appearance of hers as queen of her Scottish subjects. The fiction that pleases us best is that in which the characters are nobody and nowhere out of the book, — types of a general humanity, which we recognize as men and women from their fidelity to nature, — which appeal to our sympathies and enlist our approbation by their intrinsic excellence and interior beauty, unassisted by the halo of a

great name, undisturbed by doubts derived from previous knowledge.

It is in this absolute creation of character that our modern novelists so far exceed all that their predecessors were able to accomplish. In variety of individuality, in successful delineation of the action of one character upon another, or of internal will upon external circumstance, or the struggle of earnest natures against adverse influences, — in these, the themes of the modern novel, Nature herself is almost rivalled. And here, again, comes up the contrast with the old romance. It is now *the struggle itself* which interests, the development of character which commands attention, as it does in the real life about us. It is not the mere fact that the hero and heroine are in love, that makes us wish them success; it is the effect of that love upon the inner nature, that makes us hope or tremble for the result. It is the growth and beauty of the sentiment that we study; not the simple, yet universal fact of its existence. Heroes and heroines are not now born into the full blossom of perfection, nor does their discipline come only from the stereotyped misfortunes of loss of gold and plottings of enemies. The sorrows and sufferings endured are intended not merely to delay the happy moment, but to develop strength and excellence, and to discipline impetuous carelessness into earnest endeavor. They arise from the internal organism of those who suffer, as often as from a pressure of outward difficulty; and even when they originate in the external, they strike home to the inner heart, and become something more than mere incidents, — else we are dissatisfied with the conception of the author.

The high requirements which criticism has lately made, have placed the novel on an elevated grade, not only as a composition, but as an assistant in mental and moral culture. He who does not read the good novels of the present day is not only but half acquainted with the tone which literary labor has assumed, — he loses one very important source of improvement for his own intellectual and spiritual nature. We owe much to those who have opened this new avenue for the transmission of healthy social influences, and a more and more general appreciation of their efforts will reward their continuance.

Most of the great novels of the present age are written to set forth some leading idea in the author's mind, to call the attention of the public to some great evil or to some great want, or to encourage the struggles of some class of human beings by showing them that their feelings are understood and sympathized with. Because the moral of a book is not written out in a few pithy words on the last page, it does not follow that the book has no moral. No faithful transcript of human life and human passion can be clearly and powerfully exhibited, without, of necessity, containing a deep and searching moral, all the more forcible to the thinking man because it is subtile and beneath the surface. Is not Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" a sermon of the most stringent application? Its author holds a mirror to our hearts, which reveals to each of us many a spring of action that we blush for, many a littleness and weakness, with much of worldliness and vanity, which we have never before been forced fairly to acknowledge, even to ourselves. We lay down the book, confessing, in spite of ourselves, that it is a faithful likeness of a large part of our human nature, and this confession is followed by a pang that is not always useless. The study of human nature in all its manifestations is of benefit to him who thinks deeply, furnishing in itself a spur to the attainment of those qualities which command admiration and respect, and to the dropping of those which call forth contempt and condemnation. Much self-knowledge may be attained, much healthful humility promoted, by having, as it were, the picture of our own hearts set forth before our astonished eyes, touched by the hand of a skilful and fearless master.

To persons who read books as they ought to be read, who abandon themselves entirely to the study of what is before them, who enter, *con amore*, into the story, and become themselves actors and participators therein, a good novel is more like an episode in their own lives, than a tale which serves to while away a few hours of leisure. Friendships are made in the world of fiction, as real and as true as many a visible connection in the world of fact. Who, that thus reads Villette and Jane Eyre, does not recognize Lucy Snow and little Jane as living and suffering intellectual organisms? Who

sees not the heart of fire beneath the quiet daily aspect, and longs not that they should know how earnestly their progress has been watched? Who does not feel better acquainted with Becky Sharp and Major Pendennis than with his next-door neighbor, whom, perchance, he meets every day in the street? Does not a smile of recognition pass from face to face at mention of Aunt Betsy Trotwood? Have we not all heard her call "Little Blossom," and seen her drive the donkeys from her garden? Characters which call forth our sympathy, in books, exercise, in some degree, the same magnetic influence upon us that they do when we meet them in real life. These impressions are more or less deep and prolonged, as the sympathy established is more or less complete. Some never wholly die away, but take their places in the halls of memory, as old friends who have, merely for a time, passed out from our sphere of action.

The novel of the present day has a noble mission to perform, — one which should not be lightly undertaken. It has become the most popular of all instruments for producing great effects in the literary world, and for the successful employment of great talents. It is becoming a happy medium for the spreading of truths, which, clothed in this guise, shall win a patient hearing among many that would have turned impatiently or scornfully away, had they met these same truths in a less attractive form. Politics, metaphysics, theology, have all found utterance through the novel. It has ceased to be the plaything of an idle hour, and we look to it for greater depth of thought, a higher range of ideas, closer fidelity to abstract truth, and a more manly grappling with error and falsehood, than ordinary minds are capable of supplying. Therefore let ordinary minds cease to flood the world with idle tales and powerless absurdities, arrogating to themselves a title made honorable by the genius of others. Let ordinary minds, we say, fall back and leave the field to stouter soldiers, who shall do more valiant battle for the cause. We have had patience long enough with vapid story-tellers and self-styled novelists. Let them fill the pages of ephemeral magazines or the columns of country newspapers, if they must write at all, and rest content with the fame consequent upon such efforts.

But let the novel be the lofty and enthusiastic utterance of noble minds, the earnest protest of true hearts, the brilliant offspring of intellect and imagination, and we shall have high thoughts arrayed in fitting garb, truth poured forth in "words that burn," and elevating influences at work in fields often closed to all other effort. Many who, from force of habit, rush to a novel for mere amusement, shall be awakened, as from a lethargy, by the stirring truths which lie in wait among the pages. Many a literary voluptuary shall be recalled to strength and action by the very work in which he sought only the gratification of a fastidious taste; sure of beauty and of elegance, because of the promise in its author's name. All of us shall read these books with deep and true enjoyment and real profit, shall place them among our best-loved authors, to return to them again and again with ever new delight. All honor to those who bear within themselves the magic power. May the immortality which is their due be their reward.

ART. IV.—1. *Post-Biblical History of the Jews.* By MORRIS J. RAPHALL, M. A., P. D. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Moss and Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 405, 486.

2. *The Development of the Religious Idea in Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, considered in Twelve Lectures on the History and Purport of Judaism, delivered in Magdeburg*, 1847. By Dr. LUDWIG PHILIPPSOHN. Translated from the German, with Notes, by ANNA MARIA GOLDSMID. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855. 8vo. pp. 280.

3. מקרא תורה נביאים וכתובים *Die Israelitische Bibel, enthaltend den Heiligen Urtext, die Deutsche Uebertragung, die Allgemeine, ausführliche Erläuterung, mit mehr als 500 englischen Holzschnitten.* Herausgegeben von D. LUDWIG PHILIPPSOHN. Leipzig. 1844–1856. 4 Bände. 8vo.

4. *Jeschurun. Ein Monathsblatt zur Förderung jüdischen Geister, und jüdischen Lebens.* Herausgegeben von SAMSON RAPHAEL HIRSCH.

5. *Le Lien d'Israel, Feuille populaire, pour favoriser les Intérêts religieux et moraux des Israélites Français.* 1855.
6. *L'Univers Israélite. Journal des Principes Conservateurs du Judaïsme.* Paris. Janvier, 1856.
7. *Archives Israélites.* Paris. 1855.
8. *The Occident, and American Jewish Advocate.* Philadelphia. 1856.

We have placed the above list of works at the head of this article, not with a view of examining any of them critically, but as presenting the most accessible specimens of the varieties of modern Jewish thought, the vigor of modern Jewish style, and the breadth of modern Jewish scholarship. The last five are periodicals, published monthly, with the exception of "Le Lien d'Israel," which is published semi-monthly. They are ably conducted, but not more so than many others which we know only by name. The other works are too important to be passed by in a paragraph. We had designed to make the first of them the subject of an extended article, which its rare merits most justly claim. But an accumulation of facts from the most reliable sources, concerning the present position and prospects of Judaism, leads us to make a preface of what was our intended theme, and a subject of what was intended only as a preface. We are inclined to believe that Christians in this land — perhaps we may add, in Europe also — have very imperfect knowledge concerning the Jews as a religious community. Much has been written in these last years — not always wisely — upon the singular gifts and achievements of the modern Hebrew race; and by implication, we are left to think that the greatest names of the century that has passed and is passing, in philosophy and in letters, in science and in politics, in the most practical of economies and the most ethereal of arts, are the names of Israel's children. Illustrations of this theory are indeed furnished in surprising profusion, — enough to sustain less plausible theories. Yet while we concede much truth to the claim and pleading of writers like D'Israeli, we must hesitate to adopt their full conclusions. We have heard a modern governor of Sparta relate facts about the Greeks of to-day, which

might win a simple-minded hearer to believe that in arts and knowledge the Greek race still leads all other races.

The works of such scholars as Dr. Philippsohn and Dr. Raphall well sustain the boast of our philo-Jewish writers. Dr. Raphall's new History, the first instalment of which has been issued in two duodecimos from a Philadelphia press, may be safely pronounced to be a standard work, — the best which has yet appeared in the English tongue on a subject which has been many times treated. In style it is clear, pure, and flowing, never involved and never tedious, and its method, though strictly historical, is not over rigid. The conscientious chronicler gives way to his sympathies, and his portraits of character are warm with honest enthusiasm when he has noble men to deal with. Judah the Maccabee is to him what the Dutch William is to Motley, and the English William to Macaulay; he loves the duty of praising such a man. Concerning the Herods, Christian hate could say nothing harsher than the stern verdicts of this Hebrew judge. Yet he does not exaggerate evil in the wicked lives which he describes, or suppress faults in the lives of his heroes. In dignified impartiality, this work of Dr. Raphall is far superior to the history of Josephus, of which, indeed, it is often an acute criticism. The misstatements of this servile historian are exposed not less boldly than the errors of heathen writers in their accounts of the Jews.

The period of time over which these two volumes extend — those six centuries which came between the return of the Jews from Babylon and their final dispersion by Titus — offers a narrower field for novel investigation than that which is yet to be explored. The original materials are simple, if not scanty. The Talmud and the Biblical Apocrypha, with Josephus and the scattered observations of heathen annalists and geographers, have only to be collated, digested, and explained. The works of Christian writers are of small assistance to a Jew in this portion of his history; and, fortunately, he is not here compelled into controversy with Christian claims. It may be not unreasonably expected that an account of the reign of Herod and the government of Pilate should include some notice of those events which the

Christian Gospels relate, — that, apart from the portions of the story of Jesus which the Jews have ever rejected, the acknowledged facts would be important enough to be mentioned. But, on the whole, we think Dr. Raphall has acted wisely in declining to tell, as part of his narrative, what it would be difficult to tell so as to satisfy the prejudices of either class of his readers. He observes, that, "during its infancy, Christianity has no claim on the attention of the Jewish historian"; and whenever he has occasion to speak of Christian writers or the Christian system, his tone is uniformly courteous and manly, without a trace of bitterness.

Dr. Raphall avows that he has composed his history in the interest of his people, to vindicate them from the slanders of monks and infidels, who have been for eighteen centuries almost exclusively the arbiters of Jewish fame. It is a singular fact, that, until thirty years ago, no Jew since the time of Josephus had written the history of his people in any other language than the Hebrew. All other religions and races, however oppressed and borne down by majorities, have had defenders in their own body, who might plead their cause, however vainly. But a strange fatality has deprived the Israelite of even this barren privilege. To the pain and loss of innumerable persecutions has been added the shame of knowing that the virtue of his ancestors was in the keeping of his enemies. Recent works have relieved him of this shame. The French and the German Jews may now read in their own tongues stories of their fathers which their own brethren have written. And Dr. Raphall's work is not the first, we believe, which in this country has attempted to give a popular history of the Hebrews from their own stand-point. Already, the tables seem likely to be turned, and the time is not distant when Jews will be authority for Christians in the narrative which belongs to them in common. Certainly those who can get the book before us will not be satisfied with Milman or Kitto, much less with those trashy compilations which renegades have hawked about the country as the first-fruits of conversion to the Gospel. The productions of writing proselytes, like those of grateful exiles, are a severe trial to their kind-hearted evangelical patrons.

Dr. Raphall's work, though popular in its style, is eminently the work of a scholar. Every chapter gives proof of large reading and acute inquiry. The steady narrative has numerous side-lights, and abounds in pleasant and quaint allusions. History, too, is here distinguished from legend, and legend from fable. The marvellous is not rejected, but it is given for what it is worth, and set in its proper place. Dr. Raphall is conservative in his theology, but not one of those who think all traditionary statements to be equally exact and weighty. He suggests, for instance, in one place, that "the judicious reader may suspect the numbers" of soldiers in the armies, and of the killed in battle, so roundly given in the books of Maccabees. Nor yet is he a strict literalist in his construction of the Jewish statutes. He calls the conclusion of Mattathias and his Council, that it *was right for the Jews to defend themselves by force on the Sabbath day*, a "wise decision"; and he insists that "the word of God nowhere commands that pious men are never to listen to the wholesome counsels of earthly wisdom, nor does it condemn the adopting of measures of human prudence as incompatible with a perfect trust in the Lord."

In most instances, Dr. Raphall's view of historical personages coincides with the view generally received. In a few cases, he differs decidedly. The character of the Emperor Titus, for example, in these volumes, is the reverse of that which the consent of ancient and modern writers has bestowed upon the humane ruler. Substantial evidence justifies what might well be the feeling of a Jew toward the destroyer of his land. Yet we cannot help believing that the temper which Titus was forced to assume in his Syrian campaign was not his natural temper. His numerous busts and statues in the galleries of Italy warrant the "clemency" and "mildness" which have been attached to his name. There is no other instance in these volumes in which we should take exception to the judgment of character. The sects of the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes, and the schools of Alexandria, are admirably described. Dr. Raphall's picture of Jewish society in Alexandria in the third century before Christ, is not less striking than Mr. Kingsley's picture of society there

in the fifth century after Christ, and is probably much more authentic.

The literary faults of the work are very slight. There are one or two pet words, — such as "extreme," for instance, which is repeated so often, and in so many connections, that much of its force is lost. The word "directly," too, is sometimes used in an ambiguous way, by omission of a word which ought to follow, — a vice of style which, we are sorry to see, is becoming frequent. The typographical dress of the work is not equal to its literary ability. There is no index, and there is no marginal reference of date and subject, such as a work of this kind ought to have. We regret that it is stereotyped in its present form. Except for this drawback, it might be placed among the highest class of books which the American press has issued, — by the side of our best histories. It is a work which every student ought to own.

Dr. Philippsohn, of Magdeburg, has long been known in Germany as one of the most eminent scholars, not only of the Hebrew body, but of the land. Recently, he has become known to English readers by a well-executed translation of his volume of Lectures on "The Development of the Religious Idea," which a lady of the distinguished family of Goldsmid, in London, has undertaken as a labor of love. His other works are numerous. The most important of them is a splendid edition of the Jewish Bible, with the original Hebrew text, a new translation, and an elaborate commentary, with more than five hundred pictorial illustrations of scenery, customs, and incidents, — the whole making four massive volumes in royal octavo, and printed in the best style of German art. The translation, which we have compared at many points with the best Christian versions, is equal to the best, — as faithful to the letter as that of Luther, and as fresh and spirited as that of De Wette. It is surprising, indeed, that the prose form in the version of the Psalms is preferred to the rhythmic, by which the sentiment and beauty of these songs are so much better brought out. It is less necessary in the version of the Prophets; though even there, we think that very much is gained by giving a rhythmic form to the thoroughly poetic thought. We cannot help regretting that Dr. Philipp-

sohn should have chosen the old method. His commentary, which accompanies the text at the bottom of the page, is concise in expression, but full in explanation, critical rather than dogmatic, and very free. Its analysis of difficult passages is fine. And it deals very shrewdly with the opinions of Christian commentators, exposing the influence of theological theory in suggesting inaccurate renderings. It were well for Christian students to have at hand a good Jewish commentary to correct their *a priori* notions of what the Old Testament ought to mean.

The reputation of Dr. Philippsohn is that of a moderate reformer, one who believes that all ancient forms of theology and thought among the Jews are preparatory to the more comprehensive and enlightened position which Judaism seems now ready and able to take. He shows how Mosaism, Prophetism, and Talmudism, sharply separate from one another, have successively done their work, and how, after the lapse of ages, and with the aid, moreover, of the Christian and Moslem religions, they are likely to issue in an eclecticism more perfect and more divine than any past expression. The views will strike a Christian reader as original, if not always sound, and in their main idea he will be glad to coincide. It is mortifying, no doubt, to have that doctrine of "love to one's neighbor," which has been preached as the special grace and crowning merit of the Christian dispensation, so decidedly transferred to Judaism. Yet Dr. Philippsohn asserts that this, as much as the doctrine of "love to God," was the *peculiarity* of the religion of Moses. What we call Christianity, indeed, he calls Mosaism. The virtues of the Saviour are those of the Lawgiver. The social morality of the first dispensation is identical with that of the second. Except in its freedom from exact and minute rules, the Gospel seems, in his statement, really to have been no advance upon the Law. If we accept Dr. Philippsohn's interpretations, we need not be troubled by the Saviour's remark, that he "came not to destroy, but to fulfil" the covenant of Moses.

The views of Dr. Philippsohn in regard to the Past and the Future of Judaism are accepted by a considerable party, but not generally approved by his brethren. They are the views

of a growing, but not of a dominant, section of the Israelite people. And the volume which we have noticed will make English readers aware of the fact, about which the Christian journals have nothing to say, that in the compact Jewish body there are sects and heresies, schools and controversies, as real as those which divide the Christian world. Judaism is not, more than Christianity, a unit. The sons of Abraham have their Catholics and Protestants, their conservatives and their radicals, their High Church and their Low Church. Christian preachers, lamenting the shameful divisions of the religious world, have been wont to point their rebuke by the noble contrast of the Jewish race, sternly orthodox under such long reverses and in such wide dispersion. This has been the model of a solid Church. This has been the example of an abiding faith. A nearer view dispels that illusion, and we see that homogeneous Judaism has still, as in the days of Jesus, its heterodox elements; that, in place of Sadducees, Pharisees, and Essenes, there are Mosaists, Talmudists, and Neologists; that in Israel, as in distracted Christendom, a famous doctor may establish a party, who shall make his word their law, if they do not take his name. In fact, the Jewish body, in proportion to its numbers, is more vexed with controversies than the Christian body, — controversies about ritual, about order, and about doctrine. It will not answer to judge it by its external unity. It is marked by broad geographical divisions, as well as by quick and sharp internal strife. The Jews are one people only in the unity of their religious idea.

The Jews are scattered among many nations, and share to a great extent the characteristics of the people among whom they dwell. But there is a radical distinction, which must be borne in mind in speaking about them, between the Jew of the West and the Jew of the East. The Mediterranean Sea separates the race of Israel into classes as distinct in spirit as are Moslem and Christian, and the Vistula is a boundary between the Judaism which is inert and stationary and the Judaism which assimilates to itself the elements of progressive civilization. The boundary line is indeed not sharply defined, and there are affinities between those who dwell on either

side of the border. Yet one cannot travel far into Russia without discovering the difference between Slavonic Jewdom, and the comparative culture of Prague and Breslau. The Jews of Poland, though connected rather with the Western than the Eastern division of their race, retain much of the Oriental sluggishness and credulity. Superstitions which are exploded in the West find with them acceptance. To them, as to their Gentile neighbors, the tales of the *vampire* are frightful reality. But they differ from the Eastern Jews in the freedom with which they make use of Gentile customs and privileges. If the Jew of Russia longs to read secular and Christian books, he dares not; it is a sin which he conceals and is ashamed of; and his fear debars him as effectually from the coveted pleasure, as the lazy indifference of his brother in Morocco or Persia, who dreams and smokes under a tropical sky. The Jew of Poland, on the other hand, has no such reluctance, and does not stop to know the origin of a book or journal before he devours its contents.

This separation between the European and the Oriental Jew is marked in all the habits of life. In manners and customs the poor Jew of Jerusalem is more like his Moslem neighbors than like his brethren in Rome or Frankfort, and the rich Jew of Damascus lives like a Turkish Pacha more than like the Goldsmids and Rothschilds. The Jew, like the Jesuit, wearing always the badge of his tribe, still conforms his life to the dominant civilization. This is especially shown in the idea of learning which prevails in the East. The Oriental Hebrew, like the pious Moslem, recognizes only one science, and prizes only one study. Theology with him is beginning and end of all knowledge. His reasoning is that of the Caliph Omar, and he is satisfied to master a single book. The Talmud is his Koran. To read it, pore over it, speculate upon it, and copy it, are the most cherished joys of his life, — his noblest work on earth and his sure passport to heaven. Except in extent and elegance, the chief school of Cairo, the Moslem *University*, has to an unpractised eye the same aspect as the school of Tiberias, which claims among the Hebrews that honorable name. The library of the one consists wholly of manuscript Korans; the library of the other,

chiefly of manuscript or poorly printed Talmuds. The methods, motions, and contortions of learners at their task are the same in both places; and there is an equal jealousy of Frank inspection and intrusion. The lore of the Talmud is as choice as the Prophet's revelations.

The range of learning among the Oriental Jews is narrow; but the passion for learning is strong and absorbing. Only a few can reach the station of Rabbins; but the Rabbins by no means comprise all the learned men. Ignorance is not a merit, but a disgrace. Every respectable family would have a "yodayang sepher" — one who knows letters — among its members, and if possible a "Lamdan," or scholar, whose fame shall be its honor. The relative position of a scholar in the East is much better than in the West. He is an object of respect in the synagogue, and of desire to anxious fathers who have daughters to marry. The fortune of any boy who has the wit or the industry to become a "Lamdan" is made in the beginning. His lack of practical talent and of useful knowledge is no objection. Wealthy merchants contend for the honor of his alliance, give him support as long as he will stay with them, and educate their daughters to the notion that it is the glory of a Lamdan's wife to take care of her husband's business-affairs, so that all his time may be given to the study of the Divine Word. It is disgraceful that profane cares should harass the sacred pursuit. The favorite maxim of our educators, that it is better to do one thing well than many things in part, is pushed to its extreme in the Jewish schools of the East. The learners study traditions and imaginary questions so intensely, that they lose all power of managing facts and realities. The learned Israelite of Bagdad and Ispahan is more helpless in a bargain than the illiterate fellow of the street, since he can neither read nor write the language of the land, and cannot cheat his adversary off from the contract. All cannot save themselves by marriage. Ambitious learners are more numerous than eligible matches; and that variety of European mediæval life, the "poor scholar," is met with now most frequently among the Jews of the Russian and Turkish empires. Neander in Berlin more than surpassed the degree of practical wisdom which the

Eastern Hebrew scholars reach. The masters of the Talmud are puzzled by the rule of three, and the men who can square the most abstruse question cannot tell of the earth whether it be round or square. They know only one thing, the Rabbinical theology.

This is not the theory of the Occidental Jew. To him theology, though the highest, is not the only science which man needs to know and may lawfully study. As long ago as the eleventh century (as Dr. Philippsohn has shown in an able paper on the Jews of Spain), this theory was exploded, and the Hebrew range of learning in the Peninsula was as wide as that of the Arabs. All those sciences and arts which gave brilliancy and glory to the Saracen ages were cultivated in the Jewish schools, and none ranked higher among learned men than many of the Rabbins. The names of Hallevy, Aben Ezra, Maimonides, and Kimchi had European celebrity, and still keep an eminent place in the history of the poets, philosophers, rhetoricans, and reformers of the Middle Age. The travels of Benjamin of Tudela in the twelfth century, a Rabbi "of much wisdom and understanding, and of excellent information," give evidence of the numbers of Jewish men of learning and the fame of their scholarship. This position they would no doubt have sustained, had not the persecuting spirit of the fifteenth century pressed upon them with such force, and deprived them of every means of culture. Expelled from Spain, they found no asylum in the land of any first-rate Christian power. From the Western coast of Europe they were utterly banished. In the centre of Europe they were hated, hunted, and outraged, — were as dogs to the people. Only the Popes and the Sultans granted them any privileges, and all that was gained in the previous centuries was nearly lost in the sufferings of that terrible transition period. Talmudism, which had for some time been winning ground upon general scholarship, now became dominant, and the single Jewish school established by the side of the great University in Padua was only a school of the Rabbins. Its theory now, however, is broader, and it is able to boast names as distinguished as any that adorn the long registers of "il Bo," which for more than six centuries has

been the boast of "Padova la forte." The Collegia Rabbinica is still the chief Hebrew seat of learning in Southern Europe, as distinguished above all the rest as the Prato of Padua above all other squares, and the Café Pedrocchi above all other cafés.

The only companion to the college of Padua in the sixteenth century was that which the Turkish ruler, in gratitude for the services which Jews rendered in his army, permitted them to establish at Salonica. This last institution is still in existence, but has only a name to live, and exerts no influence upon the thought or the progress of the Jewish people.

The new Dutch Republic became, in the seventeenth century, a home for the race who had suffered longer and more desperately for religion's sake than Calvinists were ever called to suffer. In the commercial enterprises of that remarkable land the Jews bore their full part, and the school which they founded could number among its teachers and students such men as R. Menasseh Ben Israel and Benedict Spinoza. Talmudism, nevertheleless, still ruled in the instruction of the Hebrews. In Germany, it degenerated into a meagre and pedantic study of subtilties, in which, after a time, the very knowledge of pure Hebrew became rare, and the language of Rabbins became to the language of the Bible what the Latin of the Schoolmen was to the Latin of Cicero. Even the popular tongue was adulterated, and a German Gentile had as much difficulty in understanding a German Jew, as a Switzer of Zurich to-day has in understanding a Switzer of Coire or Ragatz. The ridiculous jargon which at once separated the German Jew from his Gentile neighbors and shamed him in their eyes, became more dear by the scorn which it excited. His pride was aroused, and infidel learning seemed hateful in the contrast. It must be confessed, however, that the state of Christian letters in Germany was in that age but little more encouraging. The dialect of polite society was not the rich German tongue which has since been created. And the German nation owes a debt of gratitude for its new speech to the same great man whose genius rescued Hebrew letters from the abyss into which they had fallen. It is hard to tell

whether Mendelssohn did more service to Jewish or to German literature.

The revival of liberal culture among the Jews is chiefly due to the joint labors of Moses Mendelssohn and Naphthali Herts Wessely, — the one master of a style which Lessing envied and Goethe admired as the perfection of German, the other a Hebraist who rivalled the accomplishments of Maimonides and Hillel, — both animated by a free, bold, and determined purpose of redeeming the disaster of their people. In vain fanatics denounced their enterprise. They could afford to wait, and they saw that the signs of the time were favorable. Mendelssohn ventured to publish a new translation of the Hebrew Bible, with a commentary condensed from the standard Jewish critics, using the Hebrew character, since the Jews would not otherwise be able to read it. It was a novel experiment, to use the alphabet of a dead language in illustration of a living language. It broke down the distinction between Hebrew and Christian literature, and the progress was easy from learning in this way to read the Bible, to free indulgence in the formerly forbidden fruit of Gentile literature. The French Revolution completed the emancipation of the Western Jews from the trammels of Talmudism. The universities were opened to the race of Israel. The partial restoration of social rights gave additional force to the new system. And since the commencement of the present century, Jewish and Gentile scholarship have not only gone on with equal pace, but have been so mingled and combined that it is not easy to separate them. Only very few among eminent Israelites have been renowned for their knowledge of Talmudic lore. In all the branches of secular science they have taken distinguished rank. Christians have sought them as teachers in their schools, and in all questions of general interest, as in matters of trade and commerce, the ancient difference of race between Jew and Gentile has been set aside. The prophecies of the protesting party have in some degree been realized, and it cannot be denied that free intercourse with Christians, free reading of secular books, and occasional intermarriages, have drawn many Israelites away from the faith of their fathers. Some of the most distinguished of Jewish

scholars, men like Neander, have adopted a mild form of the Christian faith, and become renowned as proselytes. These instances are exceptional, certainly, but much less so than instances of conversion from the Christian to the Jewish faith. The late Duchess of Placentia is mentioned as an illustrious proselyte to the religion of Moses, but in her published creed she speaks more highly of Mahomet and of Christ than could be expected of a hearty Jew. In the duchy of Baden, and in the city of Rochester, New York, recent cases are recorded in which youthful love has wrought conversion. The danger is, however, mostly the other way. We heard some years since a Rabbi in one of the New York synagogues beg the young men of his flock, in plaintive and desponding tones, to avoid the sin of seeking wives among the Gentiles. "Are not," said he, "the daughters of Israel proverbially 'fairest of the fair'?"

It is pleasant to see the honest pride with which the Israelite journals record the successes of their people, — their prizes at the Paris Exposition, their valor in the Crimea, their election to posts of honor and influence, their discoveries in science, their legacies and their charities. In two hemispheres, public meetings have been called to rejoice in the election of a Jew as Lord Mayor of the greatest city in the world. In three tongues at least we have read the eulogies of Jews on the late Baron Rothschild of Frankfort, grudging him no praise because his bounty was so broad. Separate as are the trading Jews of Europe from their brethren in Syria, and rare as are their pilgrimages to the Holy City, the sympathies of all parties go with Sir M. Montefiore in his benevolent mission. The chronicle of the Hebrews now is that rather of triumph than of suffering. They can set the liberality of one nation over against the bigotry of another, can point to their representatives in the French Cabinet as compensation for their exclusion from the English House of Commons, can contrast their influence in Amsterdam with their shame in Rome, and, on the whole, be satisfied.

A few regrets are mingled with the prevailing hope. Alas that the parlor of a Vienna Israelite should have exhibited the scandal of a Christmas-tree! The reforms seem to some

ominously rapid. Is not a new law about circumcision talked of? Where will the making of prayer-books stop? Is not too much of time and thought given to heathenish pursuits, — opera-making, verse-making, and the like? Has not the Lord Mayor of London a Protestant chaplain? Nay, is not insult added to injury in that ridiculous privilege accorded to the Jews of Hesse, that they may exercise the craft of *barbers* without examination as to their faith? — an estimate of that useful class which reminds one of the Arabian tales.

In proportion to their numbers, it is undoubtedly true that the Hebrew race have in culture and influence equality with any sect of Christians. The Oriental division, numbering in Asia and Africa probably five millions, has a less decided superiority than the Western division. The general contempt with which the Jew is regarded by Moslems and by Christians of the Eastern sects, prevents him, except in a few instances in the large cities, from gaining much social consideration. He is distinguished only as a changer of money. Excessive poverty, too, keeps down the mass of the people, and it were almost as hopeless to look for progress among the dwellers in tents and caverns, as among such wretched paupers as the mass of Israelites in Asia Minor and Syria. There is but little to choose between the hovels on Mount Zion and the holes of Selwan across the valley of Jehosaphat. In Russia, where the Jews number more than two millions, they have little culture, and, except by their industry, not much social significance. They make excellent soldiers, and in the recent war were found in the Russian ranks, unfortunately in strife with their brethren of other nations. The larger portion of them are natives of the Polish provinces, where, like their ancestors in the kingdom of Ahasuerus, they have for ages been alternately honored and persecuted.

In the Austrian empire, the Jews are reckoned at a million or more. Here their great bankers have monetary power, and the government is compelled to grant more than the will of the people would confirm. They are obnoxious for the share which they took in the political troubles of the year of revolutions, and have ever since been viewed with a sus-

picion fostered by the undying hate of the Romish clergy. They are trembling lest the issue of the recent "concordat" should be to deprive them of the few privileges which they possess in Austria proper, and of their real strength in the province of Bohemia. It is remarkable that in this province, — and especially in the city of Prague, where the religious reformation of Germany really began, and Huss proclaimed, a century before Luther, a freedom of doctrine which Luther never fairly consented to, — the spirit of Christian Protestantism should be dormant, if not wholly extinct, that Jews should be the real Protestants, and that the antithesis to the gorgeous pageants of the "Kleinseite" and the "Hradschin" should be found in the street discussions of the opposite "Judenstadt."

In the kingdom of Prussia, the Jews number nearly half a million. Their position here is good, their relative rank as scholars is very high, and the mass of their people share the common advantage of education. We shall have occasion presently to speak of some of their journals and their leading men. The smaller states of Germany have together about three hundred thousand Israelites, principally in their cities, — especially in the free cities of Hamburg and Frankfort, which are to the Jew of Germany what Saphet and Tiberias are to the Jew of Syria, cities which he feels to be half his own. In France, they are estimated as high as a hundred thousand, chiefly in the Rhine province of Alsatia. In the streets of Strasburg and Mulhausen the Jewish physiognomy is omnipresent and striking. Here they can enjoy rights which the neighboring republic of Switzerland continues to deny them. No land clings more tenaciously to its traditions of bigotry, than the land which has boasted so much of its freedom. The Jews of Switzerland are but little better off than those of Italy and Spain.

In the British possessions of Europe the number of Jews is about sixty thousand, of whom nearly one third are residents of London. A few political rights are still withheld, but socially they are not distinguished from the other subjects of the realm. Holland, first to grant them justice, counts in her cities not less than fifty thousand. Sweden, Denmark,

and Belgium may perhaps have thirty thousand, and the various Italian states as many more. The Jews of Amsterdam and the Jews of Rome represent the social extremes of the race in civilized Europe. The spectacle of the Ghetto in the Papal city prepares one for the scenes of wretchedness in the Jew quarters in the cities of the East. The commercial port of Leghorn is the only Italian town where they are treated with any consideration. In Norway and Spain they are not allowed to live; the few that remain in the land of Maimonides are compelled to hide their religion and pretend to be Christians. The whole number of Jews in Europe may be reckoned at four and a half millions.

No class of immigrants has increased more rapidly in the United States than the Hebrew. The large estimates which have amazed from time to time the readers of our newspapers, are rather under than above the truth. In 1830, we believe, a man might count upon his fingers all the synagogues in this country, and the whole body of Israelites would not reach a myriad. Now there are in the Union at least a quarter of a million Jews, from eighty to ninety synagogues, and multitudes of smaller communities where a nucleus exists which will soon grow into a synagogue. Of these, the city of New York alone has twenty synagogues and thirty thousand souls. About a twentieth part of its population are Jews. There are synagogues in all the chief cities of the seaboard, — two even in Puritan Boston, five in Philadelphia, five in Baltimore, three in New Orleans, and two in Charleston. In the great Western city of Cincinnati there are four synagogues, with a Jewish population of nine thousand, — nearly as great as that of Philadelphia. New England is the section of the land which has least acquaintance with them. Newport has a curiosity, hardly less mystical than its Round Tower, in the shape of the neat synagogue, of which no man sees the gates unbarred except at intervals of a decade. To the villagers of interior New England towns a Jew is synonymous with an itinerant vender of watches or collector of worn-out boots and cast-off garments. But in other parts of the country the Jews take respectable rank among religious denominations, and outnumber more than one influential sect, — the Unitarians, for

instance. Besides their synagogues, they have other institutions — schools, hospitals, and the like — which are for the exclusive use of their people. The names of these establishments have to uninstructed Anglo-Saxon ears a harsh, not to say an uncouth sound; but translated, they are found to be as appropriate as the names which Christians give to their churches. We venture to say that no congregation in Pittsburg has a sweeter name than the Hebrew "Gates of Heaven." The phrases "Rodef Sholem" and "Shangarai Chassed," being translated, are found as appropriate and euphonious as "Trinity" or "All Souls."

The Jewish body of this country is chiefly composed of immigrants from Germany and Poland, whom political troubles have driven from their native land. But as the Jewish vocal organs catch quickly a new speech, we may expect that their foreign dialect will soon give place to our prevailing language. Indeed, we have repeatedly heard English sermons in a synagogue nominally German. Already a bounty is held out to induce among the Hebrews the study of English. The national name prefixed familiarly to the synagogues does not indicate the nationality of the members, but rather the form of prayer which they have adopted. Nothing but English and Hebrew will be heard in the New York synagogues which bear the name of "Portuguese."

The Jews are too recently established here to have attained much influence in politics or much distinction in science. They find a congenial sphere in that which is our national business, money-making, and in this they rival the sons of the Pilgrims. Perhaps the sharpest contest of mercantile shrewdness is symbolized by a Yankee and a Jew chaffering with each other. It is the fashion on 'Change to couple the name of Jew with scandalous epithets, — a fashion, as we believe, most unjust and unwarranted. It is not the Hebrew merchant in our cities who most resembles the portrait of Shylock. The commercial integrity of the race of Israel stands, on the whole, as fair in New York or New Orleans, as that of any race; and according to their means, their sympathy is as quick and their benevolence as genuine. The Eureka Society of San Francisco, numbering a hundred and

fifty members, spends in charity two hundred dollars monthly. The name of Judah Touro (not a solitary name, moreover) is worthy to be classed with the name of Amos Lawrence.

To these general remarks we would add some special account of the state of parties, the periodicals, the schools, and the distinguished writers and teachers among the Jews. In the Eastern world there is but one party. Christendom there is divided into Latin, Greek, and Armenian, — Catholic and schismatic; Islam has the sects of Ali and Omar, — Sufites, Sunnites and Schiites; but Judaism is *Talmudism*, nothing more. The heretical sect of the Caraites,* never large, is now nearly extinct, and one may inquire diligently for it, without finding any who know of its existence. Jewish colleges in the East, in any proper sense of that term, are very rare. We have mentioned already the establishment at Salonica. Similar institutions exist in Damascus and Aleppo, and at several places on the northern coast of Africa. Tunis has for a long period been the centre of Talmudic study. We begin to find parties as we go westward. Among the Russian and Polish Jews, the fame of a man is usually the foundation of a college. The distinguished teacher gathers a party around him, which lasts as long as he lives, but when he dies, disperses. His scholarship, and not any pecuniary endowment, is the foundation of his school. The "Baal Yesheebah" makes a party in himself. The difference between teachers in this middle region of Poland and Eastern Prussia is rather a difference of ability, skill, and erudition, than of opinions and principles; rather such as might have been between Paul, Barnabas, and Silas, than between Paul, Apollos, and Cephas.

The whole system, in fact, of Oriental Jewish teaching, reminds one of the Christian teaching of the Middle Age. What Peter Abelard was once in Paris, that was Rabbi Jacob Eiger in Posen. His lectures were in the place of college and review. The school over which he presided is

* The *Caraites* claim a high antiquity, — that they are descendants of the ten tribes. Their ancient oracle is said to have been Rabbi Shammai, the rival of Hillel. They are in some respects like the Sadducees, but are much more strict in their discipline and religious observances, and believe, moreover, in the doctrine of a future life, which the Sadducees did not. They reject tradition, but hold to the Law of Moses.

no longer remarkable. In the East, so far as we are aware, there are no magazines of Hebrew literature. The new *Gemara* is in the spoken word.

The West is abundantly supplied with periodicals, seminaries, and parties. The three principal divisions of Conservatives, Reformers, and Neologists include other subdivisions. In each section there are Moderates and Ultraists, and the difference between the extreme men in either direction is as great as between the German schools of Berlin and Tübingen, or between Newman the monk and Newman the radical. The general ground of the conservative party is that of adherence to tradition, and opposition to change. They are by profession Talmudists. But there are in their ranks three sections; — those, first, who are ultra, and hold to all the details of inherited custom, to every jot and tittle of tradition, both in theory and practice; those, secondly, who hold in theory ultra-conservative views, but tolerate some laxity in practice; and those, thirdly, who justify improvement so far as it does not weaken the authority of tradition, — who are willing to add to, though they will subtract nothing from, what is written. This conservative party is an overwhelming majority in numbers, including nine tenths, perhaps nineteen twentieths, of the Israelites in Europe and America.

This party has in Germany four monthly magazines, in France one monthly and one semi-monthly, a weekly in Great Britain, two periodicals in Holland, and one in Italy, at Turin. Of these the best belonging to the ultra-conservative party is that entitled "Jeschurun," published at Frankfort by Rabbi Samson Raphael Hirsch, conducted in an excellent spirit, ably and courteously, but with a narrowness of Sabbatarianism which would satisfy the soundest brother of the Scotch Kirk. Dr. Enoch, of Altona in Holstein, publishes two magazines of no great value, one in German and the other in Hebrew, in the interest of the same school. Dr. Frankel's "Monathsschrift," published at Leipsic, is the principal organ of the moderate conservative party. It is less popular than the "Univers Israélite" of Paris, but for learning and critical ability will compare well with the theological journals of the Christian schools in Germany. It is rather for

scholars than for the people, while the "Univers" is a repository of current news, with a small infusion of scholarship. In the United States, the conservative party, though in possession of nearly all the synagogues, have only a single monthly, "The Occident," published at Philadelphia, and a weekly paper in New York, "The Asmonean," which professes to be independent. The latter is well conducted, and in a good temper. In the former, the controversial spirit is somewhat too bitter, and the personal disputes are too frequent to suit our taste. The virulence of the retort seems disproportioned to the importance of the debate. It is rather consoling to find, as we do in a number of the Occident, that the question which now vexes so many Christian congregations, — what to do about their music, — disturbs the synagogue also; that grave Rabbins are disputing whether, according to the Talmud, "females may sing in the public worship." Our suffrages would certainly, if we were of the Israelite communion, be given to the innovation. The "dulcet notes of dear woman's voice" may have sometimes seductive power unsuited to the solemn rites of the sanctuary; but they would soften and improve very much the songs of Zion, and add to the attractiveness of the service, at least to a Christian ear.

The reformers in general deny the infallibility of tradition, but differ among themselves in the degree to which they discard it. The right wing maintain that tradition has authority, but may lawfully be modified so as to conform to the progress of civilization and the spirit of the age. They are to the moderate conservatives what the party of Tholuck is to the party of Hengstenberg, — as pious in practice, though more lax in theory. The left wing of the reformers, on the contrary, are radicals concerning tradition, reject it utterly, like the Caraites of the East, and deny the resurrection of the dead, like the Sadducees. They are, indeed, doctrinally the modern Sadducees, though they do not maintain the same rank and social importance as the Sadducees in the days of Herod. Some join with their denial of the resurrection of the dead the denial of any coming Messiah, and hold that the first dispensation — the Law as Moses gave it — is the sufficient, perfect, and final appointment of Jehovah. Nu-

merically small, this party is made respectable by the ability and zeal of its leading men.

This party has in its interest in Germany three monthly periodicals, in France one monthly, and in the United States two weeklies. Of these the "Zeitung des Judenthums," edited by Dr. Philippsohn, is the best. This has been issued steadily for nearly twenty years, and is the successor to a magazine which Dr. Philippsohn published early in his career, and from which he has made in a recent volume a striking collection of sermons and essays. The "Orient," by Dr. Fürst at Leipsic, and the "Volksboten," by Dr. Stein of Frankfort, are also ably edited. The "Archives Israélites" is similar in plan and appearance to the "Univers," but is less vigorous and readable than its rival. Its editor, M. S. Cahen, has recently completed a translation of the Bible into French, with notes and various readings, — making a formidable series of eighteen volumes. The most prominent advocate of the reform party in this country is the Rev. Isaac M. Wise of Cincinnati, who conducts a weekly journal in English and another in German. Mr. Wise is the author of a history of his own people, the first volume of which appeared in 1854. It is a work of much pretension and some ability, though far inferior to the work of Dr. Raphall. We may add, that Mr. Wise's book has the grave defect of not being written in a good English idiom, — a fault which, if not corrected, will prevent it from becoming a standard work. The sins against orthography and grammar are flagrant and abundant.

The Neologist party has also its right and its left wing. The first hold to the Decalogue of Moses as permanently binding, but insist that the Levitical law, the minutiæ of ritual, the ceremonial and dietary statutes, were all local and temporary, — for ancient and not for modern Jews; for Palestine, but not for England and America. The other wing accept only the minimum of religion, the doctrine of one God. They are simply Deists, and their sole claim to the name of Jews is that of lineage and kindred. Between this ultra-Neologist and the Oriental Talmudist the distance is longer than any possible distance between the most credu-

lous and the most liberal Christian. The Christian, to justify his name, must always have in his creed some shade or trace of Christology, — something more than bare theism. He can never state his creed in a single phrase. But a Jew can so reduce his creed that it shall be next to none, and yet be genuine.

We know the names of but two Neologist periodicals, (though it is possible that there may be others,) "The Israelite of the Nineteenth Century," published in Germany by Dr. Hess, and "The Sinai," published at Baltimore, in the German language. The only Neologist synagogues in this country are two in the city of Baltimore. The *Reform* party, indeed, have but four synagogues, — one in each of the cities of Albany, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston.

It is strange that the discussions of these various parties and sections of parties are so rarely noticed in the secular journals, while every unimportant Christian controversy gets its full share of attention. The disregard is, however, reciprocal. The Jewish periodicals take small heed of Christian movements, and the best Jewish scholars are not careful to study Christian theological books, except it be in the department of history. The question has been suggested, whether, at no distant time, Christian "Rationalism" and Jewish "Neology" may not come together on common ground; but it has never, so far as we know, been seriously discussed. A volume like that of Dr. Philippsohn, which we have noticed already, will undoubtedly prepare the way for such a discussion. And if Rationalism could succeed in reconciling the theology of Gentile and Jew, much might be pardoned to its boldness of speculation. Those who oppose most zealously any compromise between Christianity and Judaism, have been most ready to tolerate the alliance of Paganism with the Gospel, — to admit heathen splendors into its ritual and heathen philosophy into its creed. The Jew asserts, and can prove, that his religion has borrowed less from the Pagan world than any powerful form of Christian faith; that, with all its divisions, it holds its original truth in more integrity, in more freedom from foreign theories and speculations, than any existing religion. If the Jew has given up something,—

relaxed from the ancient strictness, — he has at least *added* nothing to the faith of his fathers. The Talmud even is more an evolution from the Law of Moses, than an assimilation of foreign elements. Plato and the Gnostics had no share in its formation. It is a vast fabric, but not a web woven with any Pagan threads. So long as the Old and the New Testaments are bound up together in one Christian Bible, and our children read them alike as "the word of God," — so long as the Law of Moses side by side with the Prayer of Christ is inscribed on the walls of our churches, — so long as the divineness and beauty of the new covenant are proved by its illustration in the old, — Christians ought to sympathize with every effort, and welcome every suggestion, which shall hasten a reconciliation with that creed which holds so purely to the first truth of religion.

Like the Christian universities, many of the Jewish schools of the West are controlled by government regulations. The qualifications for Rabbins are prescribed by statute. Even when the purpose of the school is chiefly theological, it is ordered that candidates for the Rabbinical office shall pass an examination in the classics and in general literature; — as in the case, for instance, of the "Medrash" at Amsterdam. In France, there is a law that only native Frenchmen, graduates of the "Ecole Rabbinique" of Metz, shall hold in the land the position of Rabbin. That school was established somewhat more than thirty years ago, and receives regular aid from the government; and it is as well worthy the attention of a visitor, as the extraordinary fortifications and the quaint cathedral of that frontier town. In Germany, Jews are educated in Christian universities, at least for a portion of the time of their preparation. Except in Prussia and Hanover, the governments require of Rabbinical candidates at least two years study in some university. The University of Würzburg in Bavaria, an ancient foundation, which, except in its medical department, has declined within this century, has become a place of great resort for Hebrew students, attracted by the fame of the Rabbins resident in that city. The Yesheebah of Rabbi Bing and Rabbi Bamberger has educated many of the leading Rabbins of Germany and England,

and has given to the old city a more respectable attraction than the traditions of St. Chilian or the miracles of the Prince of Hohenlohe.

In Prussia, a new Jewish university has just been founded, upon the bequest of M. Frankel, a rich Israelite who left the whole of his property to that pious use. It is established at Breslau, the second city in the kingdom, — a city which offers, from its situation near the frontier and its railway connection with the southern provinces of Poland, great facilities for a large gathering of Jewish students. The learned Dr. Frankel of Dresden, of whom we have already spoken, has resigned his high office as the head of the Saxon synagogues, and accepted at Breslau the principal charge. Eminent scholars, Dr. Grätz and Dr. Berneis, are associated with him, and, with the additional advantages of the flourishing Christian university, which in the number of its students comes very near to that of Berlin, it may be expected that Breslau will become the intellectual centre of the Hebrew race in Europe.

In Altona, Dr. Ettlinger, a Hebraist of extraordinary gifts and attainments, has created a flourishing Talmudic school, which is likely to last only as long as he remains at its head. In London, where, in the Jewish community, immense wealth is united to great zeal, there is a new school, supported by voluntary contributions. In the United States, there is no educational establishment of the first class exclusively Hebrew. An attempt has recently been made to start such an institution in the city of Cincinnati, but it has not as yet been largely encouraged. Indeed, from the nature of the case, it must be difficult to make any Jewish college succeed in this country. The Christian seminaries are sufficiently free to satisfy any but the most bigoted Talmudist.

We have already mentioned the names of several of the noted living Israelite scholars. Numerous others of equal celebrity might be added. Rabbi Rapoport of Prague, the erudite author of the Talmudic Dictionary; Dr. Sachs of Berlin, distinguished not less as a preacher and a poet than as a translator of the Scriptures; Dr. Mannheimer of Vienna; Dr. Hirsch of Frankfort, — a very prolific writer, — are among the most eminent on the conservative side. Among the re-

formers are Dr. Salomon of Hamburg, a translator of the Bible and author of several volumes of Sermons; Dr. Jost of Frankfort, whose work in twelve volumes on the History of the Israelites maintains a wide popularity; Dr. Geiger, author of a life of Mahomet, and a vigorous controversial writer; Dr. Weils, a remarkable Arabic scholar, author of the History of the Caliphs; Dr. Fürst of Leipsic, whose Concordance holds the same rank among Hebrews that the Concordance of Cruden does among English Christians; Dr. Zunz of Berlin, an archæologist of high repute; Dr. Herzfeld of Brunswick, an historian; and Dr. Stein of Frankfort, a critic. All these rank honorably in the party of which Dr. Philippsohn is the best representative to English readers. The most popular work of modern fiction in Germany, "Stories of the Black Forest," is by a Jew, Berthold Auerbach; and many of the best tracts on politics and political economy in Berlin and Frankfort have emanated from Hebrews. The list of distinguished German Israelites would be largely swelled, if we might include those who have forsaken their faith and given their names and their skill to one and another of the Christian parties, or if we might add those who have achieved distinction in the arts. Since the death of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer must be placed at the head of musical composers. Ernst is confessed to be first of artists in the concert-room; and in every annual show of pictures, Lessing is allowed to be *facile princeps*. As a great historic painter, he has, in our judgment, no living rival.

In France, the Israelites are highly distinguished. Rachel upon the stage, and Fould in the cabinet, are names as much apart as the name of Rothschild in the Exchange. The name of Cahen, of which we have spoken, has more than one accomplished representative. The best work on Palestine that we have ever seen, noticed a year or two ago in this Review, is by M. Munk, an *attaché* of the Imperial Library in Paris. As a preacher, M. Wogue, and as an historian, M. Salvador, may be mentioned.

In England, the chief Israelite name is that of Rabbi Adler, a pupil of the Würzburg "Yesheebah," whose influence would be very great by reason of his position, were

it not justified by his ability and learning. As chief Rabbi of the British dominions, he has a jurisdiction equalled in territorial extent by no ruler but the Pope, — from Montreal to Madras, from Scotland to Australia. Other eminent names there are, — of Silvester, the mathematician, and Theodores, the linguist, — but fewer in comparison than those of the Continent.

Beyond the Alps, since the death of Isaac Samuel Reggio, whose recent loss Israel still deplores, the most prominent man of learning is Dr. S. D. Luzzato, Professor at Padua. The name has long been eminent in Jewish history, and in Italy is a synonyme for archæological and biblical knowledge. Among the Oriental Jews, the name best known to Christians is that of Rabbi Schwartz of Jerusalem, whose geographical dictionary of Palestine has been translated in this country.

This catalogue of names, too long, perhaps, for the patience of our readers, is much too short to include all whose names are worthy of mention. We ought to add to it some remarks upon the position of the Rabbins, never more truly dignified, and their authority never more widely recognized, than now. Once, a Rabbin was only a ruler or superintendent, and the name implied rather importance than merit, rather wealth and station than literary distinction. The office no more required religious learning than the office of Cardinal in Rome. At the time of Jesus it is doubtful if learning was necessarily associated with the name of Rabbi, though we are aware that some have maintained that Jesus himself, on account of his precocious wisdom, was honored with that title. It is, however, the learning of many ancient Rabbins which has made learning essential to that office. Now, he who is to be moderator in the assemblies, and arbiter in the controversies, whose word is to give law, and whose opinion is to be judgment, must be a man of culture, must have something more than money, or family rank, or secular ability, to sustain his claim. It is very desirable that he should be a preacher as well as a ruler, and should be able eloquently to expound the laws of duty, as well as to settle cases of conscience. To occupy the seat of honor, the Rab-

bin must be the orator as well as the magistrate of the synagogue. Every year more attention is paid among the Hebrews to the cultivation of pulpit eloquence, and in more than one of the New York synagogues discourses may be heard on the Sabbath day equally remarkable for logical force and evangelical fervor. It is quite as important to have an able preacher, as a clear-voiced and competent reader.

The changes which centuries have made in the ritual and hierarchical order of the Jews are very slight. The visitor in a synagogue sees substantially the same arrangement, and hears substantially the same prayers and chants, as the Hebrews of Syria saw and heard in the days of Hillel. The synagogue keeps that form which is preserved in the earliest Christian churches in Rome as the antique type of sacred architecture. We are persuaded that a hearing of the synagogue service, and of the Coptic and Armenian liturgies, will give one the best idea of the style of the Christian ritual as it was in the third century, — that there is more resemblance in the Jewish service on Mount Zion, than in the Babel jargon of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to the chants which Jerome heard in the Holy Land. There is no Christian ritual in Nazareth where the fourth chapter of Luke's Gospel is so well illustrated as in any Jewish synagogue. Whether this unchanging ritual be, on the whole, best, is a question upon which we shall not enter here. It is at least as favorable to piety as the experiments of worship which Protestants are continually trying.

Not all the Jews, even of the most rigid sect, live up to their rigid theories. The younger Israelites often sadly fall away from that stern obedience which is the praise of the elders. The very numerous fasts — a characteristic feature of Judaism — are kept somewhat as Lent is kept by Christians; and the scruples about meats and drinks are disposed of by many, as the better class of Moslems dispose of their scruples about wine and brandy. Yet it is probable that no people are as a whole so consistent in observing the special statutes of their faith, as the Jews. Among no people has an oath more binding force. Among no people, according to our observation, is profanity so rare. The relations of the patri-

archal state still remain, and filial reverence is as much a duty as filial neglect is a shame. However they may fall from the letter, the Jews keep close, as a body, to the spirit of their Law.

There are two or three topics remaining, on which a word or two may be said. As to the influence of the war just closed, and the new acts of the Turkish Divan, a large field is opened for speculation. The Jews are beginning to inquire, if they, as well as the Christians of the East, may not gain something by the privileges which have been granted, and the better acquaintance between the East and the West which the war has brought about. Will not the contact of European civilization arouse the sluggishness of the Talmudic dreamers, and give to the Judaism of Bagdad and Tiberias a fresher life? And will not the spectacle of Eastern piety, devoting a lifetime to religion and its studies, rebuke something of that zealous worldliness to which the Western Jew is so often a slave? It is the hope of many, that one issue of this war will be the restoration of the unity of Israel.

"The Return of the Jews to Palestine" is a favorite theme of sentimental poetry and of school-boy declamation. We are taught to believe that every Hebrew longs in his heart to go back to the home of his fathers, and that in every nation he is only a sojourner, holding Canaan to be his country. Splendid pictures are drawn of a grand exodus from all civilized lands, — of a united and jubilant race going up in peaceful throng to their beautiful city in the mountains. We have the historic parallel in the myriads which Moses led, and the historic contrast in the hosts of the Crusaders. There is more poetry than truth in these pictures. Only in the fewest instances is such a longing real in the Jew's heart, and the more intelligent regard the idea of a return to Palestine as senseless and chimerical. The number of Jewish pilgrims to Jerusalem is comparatively small, vastly less than the number of Greek and Armenian pilgrims. A grave in the valley of Jehoshaphat is to an enthusiast worth much toil and sacrifice. But such enthusiasts are not numerous enough to represent a national desire. The irreverent exclamation imputed to one Rothschild, and the humorous retort, "I had rather be Jew of the

kings than king of the Jews," ascribed to another, no doubt indicate the most prevalent feeling of the Jews concerning the return of their people to Palestine. If they look for it as possible, it is possible only in the far distance, and is not now desirable.

The amelioration of the condition of the Jews in Palestine and the East has engaged the attention, not only of many wealthy and benevolent Israelites, but of several Christian sects. The Christian missions in the Holy Land have as their chief object the conversion of Jews. The English Church has built on the highest part of Mount Zion a costly Gothic structure, which it hopes at some time to fill with proselytes from the neighboring Jewish quarter. The fame of Bishop Gobat and the zeal of Mr. Nicholayson have not thus far produced any striking results. The moral effects of conversion there have not always confirmed its value. Rev. John T. Barclay, the missionary of a small sect in Virginia called the "Disciples," labored for three and a half years among the Jews of Jerusalem without much encouragement. In Northern Syria the prospects are much the same. The fundamental doctrine of the creeds concerning the Divine nature is a stumbling-block to the Jew, and will prevent the success of direct missionary labor.

A more reasonable scheme (not confined, however, to the Jews, but meant for all the races) is the recent attempt to introduce the methods of Western agriculture into the Holy Land. Serious disasters and partial failure have attended the experiment thus far. But it is still going on, and good is hoped from it. The best amelioration of the condition of the Jews in Palestine would be that which should entice them away from the land. In no one of their sacred cities can the condition of the masses be other than exceedingly wretched. No government regulation can secure them against constant contempt and occasional persecution.

The most evident desire, the most distinct longing, of the Jews at this time, is for a deeper union, a more spiritual and perfect brotherhood, — rather than for any return to the land of their fathers; and we cannot better close these fragmentary sketches than by translating the glowing words of Dr. Philippsohn in one of his Fast Day sermons: —

"The bond of *brotherhood* makes the land of the stranger a *home* to Israel. Brothers we are in race and origin, brothers in religion and faith, brothers in the fatality which has scattered us among the nations, which has made us strangers on the earth, and forced us to be endured and to endure in cities and villages. Brothers are we in our equal fortune, our equal gain and loss, our equal honor and shame. Whatever ennobles any Israelite, ennobles all; whatever humbles any, humbles all. As brothers, we must embrace, help, protect, and love one another. We may be *citizens* of the land to which the hand of Providence has led us, we may call it our country, love as our fatherland the land where we first saw the light, where our youth has grown up, and where we labor and provide for the necessities of life may fulfil every duty of upright citizens; yet, as the sky arches over all zones, all regions, all provinces, embracing and binding them together, so doth Israel above all our heads throw its arch, bind all our minds and hearts, and embrace them in brotherly love, into one great union of common interest, of common effort, and common reward. Think ye that this brotherhood is hostile to universal love of man, — that separate Israel so encroaches upon common humanity? In no wise so. If the love of child to parent, if the love of wife to husband, if the love of brother to sister, — if these natural affections diminish the sentiment of broad philanthropy, then we may call it a mistake to draw so closely the bonds of race. In thy large, liberal heart, bear first thine own dear ones, then Israel, and then all mankind. Love thy neighbor as thyself. . . . . .

"Israelites find we everywhere, by the walls of China as among the Indians on the banks of the Chippewa, — so has the guiding hand of our God cared for us. And if we only find in Israelites everywhere our brothers, so have we everywhere a home, we are nowhere strangers, always there is rest for us, and this love of brethren is a house in which we may dwell, saved from the heat of noonday, from the pelting of storm and tempest."

ART. V. — 1. *An Elementary Treatise on Logic, including Part I. Analysis of Formulæ, Part II. Method; with an Appendix of Examples for Analysis and Criticism, and a Copious Index of Terms and Subjects.* Designed for the Use of Schools and Colleges, as well as for Private Use. By W. D. WILSON, D. D., Trinity Professor of Christian Ethics, and Professor of Logic, Intellectual Philosophy, and History, in Hobart Free College, at Geneva, N. Y. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 425.

2. *Elements of Logic, together with an Introductory View of Philosophy in General, and a Preliminary View of the Reason.* By HENRY P. TAPPAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 467.

3. *An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought; a Treatise on Pure and Applied Logic.* By WILLIAM THOMPSON, M. A., Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. Third Edition, much enlarged. London: Longmans. 1854. 16mo. pp. 396.

4. *Formal Logic, or the Calculus of Inference Necessary and Probable.* By AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. London: Taylor and Walton. 1847. 8vo. pp. 336.

THIS list of recent treatises upon logic might easily have been made a longer one. The number of such publications is one significant intimation among many, that the study of this noble science is rapidly recovering the high estimation in which it was once held as a means of intellectual discipline. Throughout the Middle Age, and down even to the time of Locke, the study of logic was one of the chief objects of attention at all the universities in Europe. It formed the porch through which the neophyte was led to his initiation into the mysteries of scholastic theology and metaphysics. Whatever there was of good in the intellectual training of the scholars and philosophers of those days, was due chiefly to the patient and thorough drilling which they received in the abstruse formulas of this science. To wrestle with syllo-

gisms was the principal gymnastic exercise of the academic youth; and the vigor of intellectual muscle which was thus developed, the power of grappling with the most abstruse subjects, the capacity of clear thought, nice discrimination, and forcible reasoning, which were among the results of this manly course of education, — whatever we may think of the value of the topics to which these faculties were subsequently applied, — were such as to shame the nurslings of a more effeminate treatment in later times. The hill of science was not accessible in those days by any royal road or flowery footpath. Logic was the rough passage, beset with rocks and brambles, which led straight up the precipitous ascent.

The rise of the Baconian philosophy, and the development of a taste for the elegances and refinements of letters and the arts, changed the whole method of university instruction. Useful information, not mental discipline, became the great object of education. Logic fell into neglect, because the physical sciences had made so much progress that there was now more to be taught, and less room and opportunity were left for exercises which tended only indirectly to the discovery of truth by educing and training those faculties of the mind which are engaged in the investigation. The muscles of a carpenter or a blacksmith are sufficiently hardened by his daily work; climbing masts, leaping with poles, balancing and swinging on ladders, and other prescribed feats of activity having no useful end in view except the development of the chest and the more vigorous play of the sinews and joints, are needed only by persons engaged in sedentary pursuits. Yet in defence of these merely fanciful exercises, as they may be called, it might be said, that they bring about a more uniform and harmonious improvement of all the bodily powers than could be effected by the practice of any one art or by one kind of manual labor. A blacksmith has more stalwart arms than a sailor; but he cannot grip so tightly with his fingers, or balance himself so easily on a narrow foothold at a giddy height. Gymnastic exercises, if properly planned and steadily pursued, strengthen all the muscles, and develop all parts of the body in their due proportion. The forms of the ancient Greeks, who were most addicted to them, present-

ed the finest models for sculpture, while a hard-working artisan is ungainly and often distorted in person. That culture of mind which is attained by the minute division of mental labor, and by exclusive addiction to a single pursuit, is equally one-sided and inharmonious. The intellect loses the pliancy which is its most valuable natural endowment, and excellence in one department ceases to be a test of general ability.

But the study of logic was not merely neglected; it soon came to be despised. Physical inquirers, who were actively engaged in the observation of phenomena and the discovery of general laws, learned to regard with contempt the disputations and other dialectic exercises of the schools. They affirmed, and their doctrine seemed plausible enough, that syllogistic reasoning was a means, not for the discovery of new truths, but only for the vindication of old ones against sophistry and error. If the sole business of the inquirer were to observe facts and try experiments, their position seems to be a sound one; the results thus obtained form the premises from which proper conclusions are to be deduced, and logic has nothing to do with the ascertainment of premises, but uniformly takes them for granted. The mistake of those who scoffed at dialectical science consisted in supposing that there was little probability of error in the reasoning which was based upon facts. Right observation of nature being presupposed, they held that the true interpretation was obvious, or presented little difficulty. But it is not so. We can hardly open a book upon any branch either of the moral or the physical sciences, without being struck with the number of instances of unsound and fallacious reasoning, — of true and false conclusions improperly deduced from premises correctly observed and fairly stated. It is almost enough to make a person doubt the truth of Christianity itself, to read some of the treatises which have been written expressly for its defence. The author's intentions are good, and the truths which he labors to establish actually rest upon the Rock of Ages, and are of unspeakable importance; but the arguments adduced in their support would not satisfy an inquiring child, and only afford ground for the subsequent cavillings of the sceptic.

The great defect of the literature of science at the present day, as it seems to us, is a want of clear ideas, exact method, and valid ratiocination. Forced constructions of nature's language, faulty generalizations, arbitrary and fanciful systems, multiply so rapidly, that the neophyte knows not what to believe, and is almost led to distrust the security of the foundations upon which the whole fabric of science rests. One daring theorist and skilful rhetorician, like the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," is able to confound the whole scientific world by the very boldness and magnitude of his heresies; and the work of confutation is necessarily a slow one, as every error committed in the course of it by unskilful antagonists is considered a proof of the strength of the position assailed, whereas it only demonstrates the weakness and incompetency of the besiegers. The interpretation of facts is really more difficult than the collection and arrangement of them; neither can be successfully attempted by undisciplined minds. The perceptive and the reasoning powers often exist almost in inverse ratio of each other. As theory without observation is fanciful, so observation without competent theorizing is barren and nugatory.

Still further; the truth is not so generally recognized as it should be, that correct observations and fruitful experiments presuppose well-arranged knowledge, ingenious speculation, and accurate reasoning. An hypothesis has been aptly defined to be "the only reason for making one experiment rather than another." Facts are of no immediate use for the purposes of science, except they directly tend to substantiate or refute some doctrine which has been previously guessed at, under the guidance only of a remote analogy or a hasty induction from obvious instances; of no *immediate* use, we say, because unquestionably a record of observations made by untrained eyes, and, for the time, with no definite purpose, may subsequently present to abler inquirers the seeds of important discoveries. But this business of *mere* observation has sometimes, as in meteorology, been carried much too far, the difficulty of arriving at any general results being only increased by the undue multiplication of details. To ask questions at random, or to multiply them without limit, is no

proper mode of eliciting the truth from witnesses on the stand, or of compelling Nature to disclose her secrets. To accomplish either of these ends, the queries must be few, definite, and to the purpose. *Prudens interrogatio dimidium scientiæ est*, says Lord Bacon. Before you can question Nature successfully, you must have a shrewd suspicion what her answer will be. It is not true that the business of discovery *begins* with observation or experiment. The inquirer first forms a number of guesses, one after another, as possible explanations of the phenomena or solutions of the problem. Most of these are rejected as soon as formed, a little reflection and reasoning being sufficient to show their unfitness or inadequacy to represent the facts, or to clear away the difficulty. A few others, which escape or withstand this preliminary examination, are afterwards eliminated by the test of observation or experiment, the final discovery being the confirmation of that hypothesis which passes triumphantly every ordeal to which it can be subjected. The conditions of success in such an undertaking are quickness and ingenuity in framing hypotheses, and the nice conduct of the reasoning powers by which truth is readily separated from error. It is not enough to inculcate the necessity of making observations; the tyro must learn *what* to observe, and *how* to observe, or his labor will be thrown away.

The neglect of logical science was a consequence of the rise and spread of the Baconian philosophy, though it arose from a misconception of the teachings of its founder. The most valuable portion of the inductive method, as he expounds it, consists in the rules which it furnishes for the proper discipline of the intellectual faculties, and for removing the causes of error, before we come to the work of observation. "*Mere* experience," says the Novum Organon, "which is said to be accidental when it comes unsought, and is called *experiment* when it is the work of design, is only taking things out of their due order and connection, and thus rendering them useless; it amounts only to groping in the dark, as when men try to find their way in the night-time by the feeling of surrounding objects; a better and wiser course would be to wait for the dawn, or to light a candle, and thus to ascertain the right

direction." But as Bacon first systematized the inductive process, which rises from particular observations to general laws, inquirers easily fell into the mistake of supposing that observation and the accumulation of facts are the sole means of discovery, and that any previous training of the intellect in dialectic exercises is needless or injurious. The Baconian was believed to controvert the Aristotelian logic, when, in truth, it only determines its domain, and confines it to its proper objects. Yet this mistake was continued by the teachings of Hobbes and Locke, and, in later times, by the Scotch metaphysicians, Reid, Stewart, and Campbell, who never speak of the syllogistic method except to sneer at it, and to deprecate its revival in the schools.

The revival of the study of logic in our own day, so far as it did not originate in a reaction from the abuse of the inductive system, and in weariness at the undue multiplication of details, is attributable chiefly to the teachings of Bishop Copleston and Archbishop Whately. The former published little or nothing upon the subject, but he taught in the University of Oxford with singular ability and success; and the latter, who was his pupil, gratefully and modestly gives him credit for rendering so much aid in the preparation of the treatise which passes under Whately's name, that the merit of the work may be equally divided between them. And the merit in this case was great. Whately modernized the study of the science, not by stripping it of its technicalities, which are part and parcel of the subject, as much so as chemical nomenclature is of chemistry, but by drawing the illustrations and applications of the doctrines and rules from modern subjects, by adapting them to the present state of the sciences, and thus giving an air of novelty, grace, and immediate interest to what had previously appeared harsh, antiquated, and obscure. Sir William Hamilton, a most competent judge, and one by no means inclined to think favorably of Whately's merits, says that by the publication of Whately's *Elements* "a new life was suddenly communicated to the expiring study," and that the decade of years in which it first appeared had "done more in Oxford for the cause of this science than the whole hundred and thirty years preceding."

Since that decade, the writings of Mr. Thompson, Mr. Mansel, Mr. De Morgan, and, above all, of Sir William Hamilton himself, have nobly carried out the work which Copleston and Whately began, and raised the study of logic to a chief place in eminence and popularity among proper academic pursuits.

The revival was not confined to England, but extended to the colleges in this country. The study of Whately's *Elements* here almost immediately superseded that of Hedge's *Logic*, a little compend which did not profess to give more than a few definitions of the most frequently recurring technicalities of the science. The subject now enters into the required course in almost every college in the Union, and is beginning to be taught even in our academies and high schools. More gratifying still, the two publications first named at the head of this article afford proof that the attention of American scholars and thinkers is now seriously directed to the cultivation of logical science, and that some of them are abundantly able to enter into a generous rivalry with the labors of their English brethren in the same department. The tone which English and American writers now adopt in reference to this branch of academic learning is no longer defensive and apologetic, as that of Whately was thirty years ago. They speak of its high claims as admitted by all who are competent to form an opinion of the relative importance of the different departments of philosophy, and the comparative usefulness of the various exercises in which academic youth are engaged.

Mr. Tappan's book, the second on our list, is but a republication, with corrections and some enlargement, of his work which originally appeared twelve years ago. As the title-page imports, it is rather a treatise on metaphysics, or philosophy in general, than a specific compend of logical science. The preliminary matter occupies one third of the book, the remainder of which is devoted to a consideration of logic in the largest acceptation of that term, including the inductive as well as the deductive method, together with the doctrine of evidence, and what the author calls "primordial logic," or a brief summary of metaphysical notions and of the regulative principles which form the basis of all the sciences. The Aris-

totelian logic, or what is usually called the science of dialectics, occupies but one of the four books which constitute Part III. of Mr. Tappan's treatise, so that we have only the outlines of the subject, treated with great conciseness. Brief as this summary is, it is drawn up with much clearness and method, and will be valuable to that class of pupils — a small one, it is true — who do not need to have the dry bones of abstruse science covered with illustrations and other explanatory matter, before they can engage in the study with interest and profit.

A nable work on the freedom of the will, published by the same author some years ago, proves that his tastes are those of a metaphysician rather than a logician. An original thinker and a vigorous reasoner, his style, though correct and lucid, is too concise and dry to be well adapted to the purposes of learners. It was natural that he should understand logic in so wide a sense as to include the greater part of metaphysical science. But precision and a just regard for the measuring of words as determined by long-established usage require a narrower definition of logic. The sciences can be kept distinct from one another only by restricting them within the most limited signification of the names which they bear. Logic can be distinguished from psychology and metaphysics on the one hand, and from the philosophy of the inductive sciences on the other, only by adopting that definition which is indicated in the title of Mr. Thompson's work, and calling it *the science of the necessary laws of thought.* It does not concern *what* we think, but *how* we think; its business is not with the *matter*, but with the *forms* of thought, — with the modes in which our thoughts *must* be evolved when we think correctly, or with due reference to the necessary laws which regulate our mental processes when these are pure and unmixed, that is, when we have no reference to the objects about which they are concerned. It does not examine the correctness either of the premises or the conclusion, but only of the process by which we pass from the one to the other. It recognizes, therefore, only three faculties of mind; — *simple apprehension*, by which we form conceptions of the meaning of terms; *judgment*, by which we unite these terms into proposi-

tions so as to affirm or deny; and *the reasoning faculty* (not *the reason*, but the power of inference), by which we deduce one proposition from another. The logician does not even undertake to analyze these three faculties of mind: that is the business of the psychologist. Neither does he examine the objects or ideas about which they are conversant: that is the office of the physicist, the observer, and the metaphysician, who prepare the data of knowledge, or the materials of the several sciences. "Logic," says Lord Bacon, whose doctrine in this respect has been greatly misapprehended,—"logic does not pretend to invent sciences, or the axioms of sciences, but passes it over with a *cuique in suâ arte credendum*." But the logician points out *the laws* of these several processes of thought, or the manner in which they must be performed when we think correctly.

We doubt whether even the inductive method, though it is certainly a process of *inference*, can be rightfully included within the domain of logic. So far, indeed, as *induction* is simply the converse of *deduction*, — that is, so far as the induction is perfect, or comprehends *all* the cases, — it is a logical process; for the conclusion to which it leads us is a *necessary* inference, so that the process by which it is obtained is ranked among the necessary laws of thought. But as the word is commonly understood, this is no induction at all, but only a summing up of the details of knowledge into one general statement. Induction, properly so called, is always incomplete; it infers that to be true of a whole class which it knows to be true only of certain individuals in that class. And this process, though it may often be legitimate, is always illogical; for it is never a *necessary* inference. Even the question whether it be legitimate or not, can be determined only by reference to the subject-matter of the particular induction, and not by any general maxim deducible from the necessary laws of thought, and therefore applicable to all inductions. If I find, from three or four experiments, that as many different masses of iron are fused at a given temperature, it is a legitimate induction to infer that all iron will melt at that heat. But when I have found that three or four neutral salts are soluble in water, I cannot infer that *all* neutral salts are thus

soluble. Yet these two inferences are precisely alike in *form;* and as logic has concern only with the *forms* of thought, they are either both logical or both illogical. In fact, they are both illogical, and it is the nature of the subject-matter which renders the one legitimate and the other illegitimate.

Dr. Wilson's work is elaborate and thorough, covering more ground even than Dr. Whately's, and leaving nothing to be desired by those who wish to obtain a full knowledge of the subject. It is only in a modified sense that originality can be affirmed of a work on the elements of logic; just as any treatise on the elements of geometry must, in all its main features, be a reproduction of Euclid. But the book before us is much more than a compend of what others have written upon the same theme. The writer shows that he is fully acquainted with the literature of the subject, and has fairly digested together the fruits of his reading and meditation, till the whole has assumed shape and order in the form most natural to his own mind, and best adapted to the wants of students. The work is exact and thorough, without being painfully minute or abstruse; and the illustrations are drawn from so wide a field of literature and general science, or appear so often as the fruit of ingenious original speculation, that they give an air of variety and animation even to the discussion of dry technicalities. Mainly designed as a text-book of instruction in schools and colleges, Dr. Wilson's book is far superior to the compilations which are generally made for such a purpose. It is an independent and valuable contribution to the science of which it treats, and will be best appreciated by those who are already fully conversant with its details.

Adopting that view of the nature and the province of logic which we have just explained, Dr. Wilson defines it as *the science of deductive thinking*, and thus postpones to the Second Part of his treatise the consideration of what is usually called Applied Logic, though it is here divided into several branches, which are denominated Logical Methods. It is in this portion of his work that a vein of original speculation most frequently appears; and here also we may find cause to dissent from some of the author's conclusions, though always recognizing the ability and fairness with which they are pre-

sented. Not having space for a detailed examination of the work, we can only give a few desultory comments on those portions of it which seem most to invite criticism.

We think Dr. Wilson dismisses rather too summarily Sir William Hamilton's doctrine of the thorough quantification of the predicate, the most extensive and important innovation in the theory of formal logic which has been proposed since the time of Aristotle. This hasty rejection of it seems to have arisen from overlooking Hamilton's simple postulate, that logic requires us *to state explicitly whatever is thought implicitly*, — a postulate which lies at the very foundation of the science. Though the quantity of one of the terms is invariably omitted in the verbal statement, yet if it is always understood in thought, we ought logically to take it into account, however uncouth and unnatural the proposition may appear in its formal expression, — even though, as Dr. Wilson says, it may seem to be only "got up for the purpose of seeing what one can do." This is admitted in respect to the quantification of the subject. Thus the proposition, *indefinite* in form, that

Common salt is chloride of sodium,

is admitted to be *universal* in fact; for in thought we distribute the subject, and understand the meaning to be

All common salt is chloride of sodium.

Is it not equally evident, that in this instance, and in all similar ones, we also distribute the predicate in thought, knowing the converse of the proposition to be true, or that all chloride of sodium is common salt? The complete *logical* expression, therefore, is,

All common salt is *all* chloride of sodium;

for this is what every one understands the meaning of the original proposition to be.

We cannot admit the force of Dr. Wilson's objection to this reasoning, that, "in forming the judgment, the *sphere* [extension]* of the Predicate is not at all before the mind, or

* Technicalities ought not to be multiplied in logic, where they are already so numerous as to obstruct the popularity and usefulness of the science. And we hold, also, that they ought not to be altered without urgent reason, inasmuch as readers

consciously in the thoughts"; but that, "on the contrary, we use the predicate as a general term — with reference to its Essentia, and not its sphere." In other words, he maintains that, in the proposition just cited, we think only of *the characteristic qualities* (the comprehension) of "chloride of sodium" when we affirm its identity with common salt, and not of *the number of individual parcels* (the extension) included under the name. We maintain, on the contrary, that, in every case of a perfect or adequate definition, — that is, when the definition is precisely applicable to the thing defined, *and to nothing else*, — we *do* think of the extension of the predicate; we have it "consciously in the thoughts," as otherwise we could not distinguish an adequate from an inadequate definition. The proposition,

Man is an animal,

if considered as a definition, is an inadequate one, for the name "animal" includes many other creatures besides man, and therefore we think not *how many* others it includes, but think only of those *attributes* belonging to animal which belong also to man. But the definition,

Man is a reasoning biped,

is recognized by us as adequate only because we perceive that *every* reasoning biped is a man. We cannot help thinking the predicate as distributed.

Thus much for the quantification of the predicate in affirmative propositions. That in negative propositions, also, the predicate is sometimes particular, is more difficult to be

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are thereby compelled to learn the nomenclature over again, besides having their old associations and recollections unpleasantly broken up. Dr. Wilson uses *sphere* to denote the number of individuals included under a common name; and he explains this comparatively novel term as synonymous with the familiar epithet *comprehension*. He uses *matter* to signify the properties or attributes which are common to the individuals belonging to the species, and explains it as synonymous with *intension*. Now we believe the usage of all the old logical writers is to employ *extension* to signify the number of individuals ranked together in a class, and *comprehension* to stand for the attributes common to that class; and hence the old axiom in logic, as Dr. Reid phrases it, that "the *more extensive* any general term is, it is the *less comprehensive*; and, on the contrary, the *more comprehensive*, the *less extensive*." Dr. Whately, indeed, for etymological reasons, prefers that these two terms should change meanings with each other; but even he does not venture to make the innovation which he recommends.

proved, but is not less certain. The proposition that

1. Oaks are not Maples

is made with a tacit reference to another proposition, that

2. Both Oaks and Maples are trees;

otherwise, it would be as frivolous and unmeaning as to say that an oak is not a star, or not anything else with which it has not the remotest connection or affinity. But if the first proposition tacitly, or in thought, carries the second proposition along with it, then the logical postulate that we must state explicitly whatever is thought implicitly, requires us to put the first proposition in this form: —

Oaks are not *some* trees, — that is, not Maples;

and this is a valid negative proposition with a particular predicate.

Dr. Wilson attempts to refute this conclusion by a sort of mathematical *reductio ad absurdum*, which we consider to be unintentionally sophistical and unsound. Of course, an undistributed term may have different meanings in two different propositions; — "*some* trees" may mean Oaks in one case, and Maples in another. But availing himself of the fact that the same expression is used in the two cases, Dr. Wilson says, Let "some trees" = P. Then, according to what has just been proved,

Oaks are not P;

but as they are confessedly one kind of trees, it follows that

Oaks are P.

Hence, as two things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other,

P = not P,

which is a contradiction. But this absurdity is not confined to an undistributed predicate: it may be made to appear in the case of an undistributed subject. For instance, no one denies that these two propositions are valid:

"Some trees" are Oaks,

and

"Some trees" are Maples.

Hence, by virtue of the same axiom, Oaks are Maples, which is absurd. In truth, the absurdity in both cases arises from

the unrestricted application of mathematical processes to logical formulas, an illegitimate proceeding which Dr. Wilson himself elsewhere justly reprehends. He says, in his Preface: "Units have no individual properties, — nothing to distinguish one from another. Much less have they any separable accidents." "But the words used in Logic," he continues, "represent the conceptions that we form of objects of thought, which are not units merely, but individuals also, having each of them inseparable and peculiar properties of their own, upon which not only their adequate conception, but any use which we can make of that conception in the Formula, whether of mediate or of immediate deduction, depends."

The particular criticism here is good, but the manner in which it is applied to the censure of De Morgan's whole work seems to us too sweeping. The accomplished Professor of Mathematics in University College has been sometimes betrayed into the error which all practised mathematicians are apt to commit, of importing into the province of contingent matter, or probable reasoning, the habits of thought which they have formed by their familiarity with necessary matter, or demonstrative reasoning. But this error is far from being universal, or from vitiating his whole work, which seems to us to contain a greater number of acute and original remarks upon the theory of formal logic, and even of positive additions to that theory, than the publications of any other English writer during the present century, Sir William Hamilton alone excepted. The criticism is not even directly applicable to his doctrine of "the numerically definite syllogism," which is the capital feature of his work. This is a curious addition to the theory of logic, having no practical utility, it is true, and being of interest chiefly to mathematicians, for, without some previous mathematical training, it is hardly intelligible; and yet it is strictly legitimate and valid, and a knowledge of it will amply repay the trouble required for mastering its details.

We must object, however, to Professor De Morgan's style, which has at times an intolerable air of smartness and self-sufficiency, especially when he is treating of subjects which he either knows nothing about, or in relation to which he has been irritated by controversy. Very likely he mistakes this

smartness for wit; but it is a blunder which will never be shared by his readers. We will quote but one instance. He has quarrelled with metaphysics, simply because he has been sharply attacked by the most eminent metaphysician of his day, Sir William Hamilton. He remarks (Formal Logic, p. 27), that "there are no writers who give us so much *must* with so little *why* as the metaphysicians." And he goes on to express a formal doubt respecting the uniformity of process in different minds, grounded on the analogy, that, if persons who had seen only the outside of a timepiece were to invent machines to answer its purpose, they might accomplish the object in several different ways, as by a weight or a spring, and by various forms of escapement. "Are we *sure*," he asks, "that there are not differences in our minds, such as the preceding instance may suggest by analogy; if so, *how* are we sure?" He adds, however, with mock candor, —

"I would not dissuade a student from metaphysical inquiry; on the contrary, I would rather endeavor to promote the desire of entering upon such subjects: *but I would warn him, when he tries to look down his own throat with a candle in his hand, to take care that he does not set his head on fire.*"

For a multitude of similar instances, see the whole chapter on Fallacies, which in other respects is excellent.

But to return to Dr. Wilson. In discussing the relation of cause and effect, we are told by him, that "*whatever we know by its own properties directly* we always know and conceive of as *effect;* and the mind *of necessity* refers to something else as the ground and cause of its being." The Italics here are our own. We cannot accept the definition, or admit the existence of any such law of thought as it implies. Mere aggregations of inorganic matter, as it seems to us, are not necessarily recognized as *effects;* there are no physical or metaphysical reasons, but only theological ones, for rejecting the doctrine of the atheist, that, so far as we know, they may have existed for ever. A mere stone, a shapeless clod, seems to embrace within itself all the conditions of its own existence. As it continues to be, seemingly without requiring any exertion of power to keep it in being, so it may have existed through an indefinite period, or without any beginning.

There is no law of thought, not even any bias of mind, which requires us to assign to it an absolute commencement, or a cause of being exterior to itself. Though we earnestly repudiate the doctrine maintained by some, that the Deity was only the Architect of the universe, and not, in the strict sense of the word, its Creator, we reject it only on theological grounds; philosophical reasons for or against it we cannot find. Certainly no imperative law of thought compels us to recognize the stone as an effect.

The true law of causation is, that every *event* must have a cause. If the stone began to be, if time was when it was not, then we must assign a cause, not of its existence, but of its beginning of existence. Still further, if any change, even the slightest, takes place in it or in its position, the mind *of necessity* refers such change to an adequate cause. The child or the savage, just as positively as the educated and reflecting man, demands a cause for every phenomenon which *begins* within the sphere of his observation, or to which, on adequate evidence, he assigns a beginning. But he does not demand a cause of being for shapeless and unchanging matter, and the question whether it be an effect or not, never occurs to him. If his attention is excited by some strange sound of unknown origin, and you affirm that *nothing* caused it, he will not believe you. But attempt to teach him either doctrine respecting the existence of mere brute matter, — that it was created, or that it has existed for ever, — and if he can be made to understand the question, which is doubtful, he will adopt either belief with indifference.

"Realities, or things real," says Dr. Wilson, "have also been distinguished into two classes: *the Realities of Being* and *the Realities of Truth.* Mind, and all the forms of material existence, are" ranked under the former head; "certain objects of thought, as time, space, the point, the line, &c., and the first axioms of all knowledge," are put in the latter class. The reason assigned for placing them there is, that they "have no *substantial* existence, and from their very nature they can have none." It is said, also, that they are not "considered as merely the properties of any substance, whether material or immaterial"; but "justice, virtue, &c." are not

ranked in this class, because they "exist only as properties of some intelligent being."

Here seems to be some confusion of thought, and we do not know whether to ascribe it to Dr. Wilson, or to some other author from whom his language seems to imply that he has cited it. But at any rate, it is his by adoption. In the first place, time and space are not properly classed with lines, surfaces, and other abstractions of the mathematicians; for time and space are real and independent existences. They are not, indeed, "*substantial* existences," if "substantial" here means "material." But their existence is independent and necessary, inasmuch as we not only *conceive* of their separate existence, but we *believe* it, and cannot help believing it. The reality of pure space, extending without limitation beyond the bounds of our existing universe, is as clear a belief as any that can be present to the mind; it is even a necessary belief, which that in the reality of the universe is not, for I can conceive of the non-existence of matter, but I cannot conceive of the non-existence of space. And so of time. On the other hand, lines, surfaces, and angles are *mere* abstractions, which we can indeed conceive separately, but which we cannot conceive *as existing separately*, their independent existence wholly transcending the power of thought. Existence cannot be affirmed of them, but only of the bodies, or of the pure space, to which they belong.

Accordingly, we should rank time and space, along with minds and bodies, as *realities of being*. Lines, angles, &c. should be classed with justice, virtue, and the like, as abstractions, or, if such phraseology be preferred, as *realities of truth;* while the axioms of knowledge certainly should not be ranked under either of these heads, but should form a third class. These are not *realities* of either sort, but they are *truths;* they are not conceptions, but judgments.

The distinction here adopted by Dr. Wilson seems to coincide very nearly with that proposed by Hume, but to be less definite, and to be expressed in language far more ambiguous. Hume divides all things knowable into two classes, *relations of ideas* and *matters of fact;* all abstractions come under the former denomination, all actually existing objects and all

events, under the latter. This distinction is at once precise and unambiguous, while a volume would be needed to expose all the ambiguities which lurk under the terms *real*, *actual*, *reality*, &c. Reality can be affirmed of a tree, a government, a virtue, or an angle, but of each in a different sense; and the confusion surely will not be cleared up by trying to reduce all the different kinds of reality to two.

It is only in the Preface, and in a brief introduction to his work, that our author enters into any discussion of the nature of logic, of the limitations of its province, and of the common objections to the study of it which are founded upon misconceptions of these two points. Because these objections and misconceptions are so common, and are sanctioned by so high authority as that of Locke, Reid, Stewart, and John S. Mill, we should have been glad to see them considered at greater length; for science cannot advance, nor can the portion of it which is already determined be successfully taught, unless its objects are defined with the utmost precision, so that it can be relieved from the unjust reproach of failing to accomplish what it never even professed to perform. Having already touched upon this portion of the subject, we cannot resume it at length; but there is one objection, more frequently and pressingly urged than any other, which merits some comment.

"It must be granted," says Mr. Mill, "that in every syllogism, considered as an argument to prove the conclusion, there is a *petitio principii*." For, he argues, we cannot syllogistically prove that *the Duke of Wellington is mortal*, except by previously assuming that *all men* (the Duke of Wellington himself included) *are mortal;* and having assumed thus much in the major premise, the conclusion is no proper inference, no affirmation of a new truth, but only a repetition of what we have just taken for granted. Hence, it is argued, "no reasoning from generals to particulars can, as such, prove anything; since from a general principle you cannot infer any particulars, but those which the principle itself assumes as foreknown."

De Morgan answers this sophistry by saying: "Inference does not *give* us more than there was before; but it may

make us *see* more than we *saw* before." And again: "It is not that the consequence follows from the premises, but that *our perception* of the consequence follows our *perception* of the premises," which makes the reasoning valid and useful. Thus, the whole science of geometry, which contains so many and so recondite truths, that very few even of the professed mathematicians are acquainted with all of them, is certainly *contained in*, that is, is necessarily *deducible from* a very few axioms and definitions, which are so simple and obvious, that the learner often smiles contemptuously when he first hears them announced. De Morgan adds: "Persons not spoiled by sophistry will smile when they are told, that, knowing *two straight lines cannot enclose a space*, *the whole is greater than its part*, &c., they as good as knew that *the three intersections of opposite sides of a hexagon inscribed in a circle must be in the same straight line.* Many of my readers will learn this now for the first time"; and, he continues, with his customary insufferable air of smartness and triumph: "It will comfort them much to be assured, on many high authorities, that they virtually knew it ever since their childhood. They can now ponder upon the distinction, as to the state of their own minds, between virtual knowledge and absolute ignorance."

But we go much further. It is not true that the particular truth is always affirmed, or recognized by the mind, before the general truth is admitted. In most cases, no doubt, the general maxim is the result of our previous examination of all the particulars; we affirm of *all*, because we have already satisfied ourselves of *each*. In these cases, the general truth is obtained by induction. But sometimes this process is reversed; the universal maxim is sometimes obtained, not by induction, but by general considerations, or *a priori* reasoning. Then, we may save ourselves the trouble of examining the particular case, and at once affirm the particular as a (logical) consequence of the universal truth. It is not by induction, by actually measuring *all* triangles, that the mathematician becomes convinced that "the three angles of any triangle are equal to two right-angles." But having previously established this general truth by demonstrative reasoning, he immediately affirms it of any particular triangle which

he may be considering, though he has not measured it, and though, by the nature of the case, — that is, by the inaccessibility of the angles, — it is impossible that it should be measured. The astronomer erects a triangle having for its basis the diameter of the earth's orbit, and for its apex the position of the nearest fixed star; and having actually measured the two angles at the basis of this immense figure, he immediately deduces from the general proposition just mentioned the size of the angle at the apex, and the distance of that apex from the earth, two quantities which it is evidently impossible to measure directly. So, also, the skilful mathematician demonstrates the impossibility of squaring the circle, and then immediately rejects any pretended solution of the problem which is offered to him, without needing to examine and confute the fallacious reasoning adduced in its support.

The utility of *the study* of logic, considered as a branch of academic discipline, seems to us to depend on the fact, that it fastens the learner's attention closely upon the main points of the argument, or the logical train of thought, in everything which he reads or hears, and teaches him to subject this to a rigid process of analysis, which lays bare any sophistry that it may contain. He is thus led to neglect, or to rate at their proper value, the verbiage, the irrelevant matter, the unnecessary amplification, the appeals to the passions, and all the other arts of the sophist and tricks of the rhetorician and blunders of the sciolist. He thus has a divining-rod put into his hands, which saves him from the risk of digging where no water is to be found. Logic does not directly teach us how to reason well; it is only a generalization of the forms and a specification of the laws under which all good reasoning must exist. But indirectly this science is of the highest utility as an art; the habit acquired by the frequent practice of logical analysis and the constant application of logical rules is invaluable in all study and investigation. We do not deny that some persons reason well who have never acquired this habit, just as they often write well though they may never in their lives have opened a book on grammar. But as a general rule, the elements of a correct style are not given by inspiration, nor are long trains of consequences de-

duced with precision and accuracy from a few premises, by intuition. Reasoning is not, as some worthy persons seem to imagine, merely a weapon of disputation, whose sole or chief use is in controversy. It is the only organon for the discovery of all truth which lies beyond the narrow precincts of direct observation and experiment; and even observation and experiment, as we have already shown, cannot be practised to any good purpose, or made the basis of anything except the shallowest empiricism, unless they are forearmed and guided by sagacious anticipations and correct logic. The study is not without its effects upon the style of those who are proficients in it. By fastening attention upon the matter rather than the manner, upon the evolution of thought rather than the display of words, it leads to the formation of a compact, nervous, and pointed style, which is the very opposite of the shallow diffuseness, the rambling and ill-jointed rhetoric, which is now so much in vogue. Far the most forcible and concise writers of the present day in Great Britain are Dr. Whately, Sir William Hamilton, and Professor De Morgan, all of whom are best known, in this country at least, by their contributions to logic. We are happy to add, that the style both of Mr. Tappan and Dr. Wilson is marked by the same characteristics.

ART. VI.—*Works of* BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Edited by JARED SPARKS. In Ten Volumes. A New Edition. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 1856. 8vo.

SIXTY-SIX years have elapsed since the mortal remains of Benjamin Franklin were placed beneath a tablet in the Friends' Cemetery in Philadelphia; the granite obelisk which marks the last resting-place of his parents is a familiar object to all who walk the streets of his native city; but these graves, thus humbly designated, were, until a few days since, the only visible monuments of a name as illustrious as it is

endeared. His fame, however, had become so thoroughly identified with American institutions and life, that an artistic memorial is far more important as a tribute of gratitude and reverence, than as a method of keeping his example before our minds or his image in our hearts. Yet it is, on all accounts, a subject of congratulation, that at length we have, in the city of Franklin's birth, and from the hands of one of her own sons, a statue of the patriot and philosopher worthy of the man and the place. We embrace the moment when his story is revived to the popular mind, and his services to humanity are recognized anew, — and when the admirable collection of his writings, for which we are indebted to Mr. Sparks, has just appeared in a fresh and improved edition, — to recall some of his prominent characteristics and his permanent claims to love and honor.

The pervading trait of Franklin's character was allegiance to the Practical. Few devotees of knowledge have so consistently manifested this instinct, the more remarkable because united to speculative tendencies which quickened his intelligence and occupied his leisure to the very close of his existence. For the intangible aims of the metaphysician, the vagaries of the imaginative, the "airy bubble — reputation," he exhibited no concern; but the application of truth to the facts of nature and of life, — the discovery of material laws and their conversion to human welfare, — the actual influence of morals, economy, politics, and education upon civil society and individual deportment, — were problems upon which he never failed to think, read, talk, write, and experiment. A striking evidence of this was his youthful disdain of the Muses (although he wrote quite a respectable ballad at the age of twelve), because "verse-makers generally make beggars"; as also his preference in maturity for that circle abroad where the "understanding" found such exclusive recognition and utterance. "I believe Scotland," he wrote to Lord Kames, "would be the country I should choose to spend my days in." The history of the man is, therefore, that of some of the most pregnant of great external interests; and his entire devotion to them, to the exclusion of more ideal, vague, and purely intellectual subjects, arose chiefly from his peculiar

mental organization, and also, in no small degree, from the transition period in government, society, and popular intelligence during which he lived. Accordingly, he was so indifferent to literary fame, that the indefatigable editor of his works informs us that some of his most characteristic writings were never intended for the press, very few were published under his own supervision, and nearly all came forth anonymously. His object, like Swift's, was immediate effect. In youth he studied the art of perspicuous expression in order to act with facility upon the minds of others; but it was in order to disseminate useful knowledge, to enlarge the boundaries of science, to advocate political reform, and to direct into expedient channels the enterprise, speculation, and party zeal of his day, rather than to build for himself a monument in the library or a shrine in household lore. What he achieved as a writer was incidental, not premeditated; for he valued the pen as he did time, money, and experience, for its direct tendency to diffuse knowledge, comfort, utility, and settled principles of inference and action. The most deliberate of his writings, that is, the one which seems inspired least by a definite purpose and most by the anticipated pleasure of the undertaking, is his famous autobiography, and even in this it is evident that the luxury of reminiscence was in abeyance to the desire of imparting, especially to the young, the benefit of his own experience. For many years, indeed, the pen of Franklin was too variously employed, and dedicated too constantly to the advancement of immediate national interests, to admit of any well-considered, elaborate, and finished work. What his written and spoken word, however, thus lost in permanent value, it gained in vigor and in direct utility. If we glance at the subjects and occasions of his tracts, letters, reports, paragraphs, and essays, we shall find that they embrace the whole circle of questions important to his country and his age, — morals, the economy of life, commerce, finance, history, and politics. We find in them the germs of ideas now triumphant, of principles — through his advocacy in no small degree — since embodied in action and brought to grand practical results. A parable wins men to toleration; a maxim guides them to frugality; a comprehensive argument initiates

the plan of that federal union which has proved the key-stone of our national prosperity; the farmer or the mariner, consulting Poor Richard's Almanac to learn the fluctuation of weather or tide, finds, besides mere chronicles of nature's mysteries, advice which puts him unconsciously on the track of provident habits, temperance, and contentment; the patriot in the field is cheered by the wisdom of the sage in counsel; the shipwright, the horticulturist, the printer, the lowly aspirant for self-improvement, as well as the statesman and the philosopher, draw wisdom and encouragement from his "words spoken in season"; in the prudent household his name is associated with the invaluable heating-apparatus that saves the fuel and increases the genial warmth of the evening fireside; in the disconsolate council of war his foreign diplomacy and judicious hints warm the heart of valor with the prescience of success; in the land of his country's enemies his clear statement of grievances and his intrepid reproof of injustice conciliate the nobler spirits there, and vindicate the leaders at home; the encroachments of savage tribes are checked, the policy of colonial rule softened, the comforts of domestic life enhanced, the resources of the mind elicited, and, in a word, the basis of national prosperity laid on the eternal foundation of popular enlightenment, self-reliance, and foresight, by the oracles of the American philosopher thus casually uttered and incidentally promulgated.

But while official duty and patriotism gave Franklin occasion to propagate and actualize so many useful and requisite principles, — to become the thinker and advocate, — the incarnated common-sense of his country and his time, — there was another sphere of mental activity, another range of sagacious enterprise, in which he expatiated with kindred success. This was the domain of science. When he was not required to apply reflection to conduct, and to deal with great crises in the political world, he turned with alacrity to that of natural philosophy. This was his congenial element. "I have got my niche," he writes exultingly, "after having been kept out of it for twenty-four years by foreign appointments." He was, by instinct, a philosopher, — one whom Bacon would have hailed as a disciple, and to whom Sir Kenelm Digby

would have delighted to unfold the merits of the "sympathetic powder," Sir Thomas Browne to lament "vulgar errors," and Bishop Berkeley to explain the laws of optics and the merits of tar-water. Lord Brougham expresses the conviction, that he would have promulgated the inductive philosophy had not Bacon anticipated him.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century the provincial town built upon three hills on the coast of Massachusetts was an excellent place for the education of circumstances. Among its inhabitants were the most enlightened of the English emigrants, who brought with them the industrious habits, the domestic discipline, the taste for reading, and the love of thrift and enterprise, which induce and sustain commercial prosperity and municipal order. Questions of church and state, the conservatism of an old and the innovations of a new country, — the meeting-house, the newspaper, the fireside, and the school-room, — were their elements of civilization. The arts of luxury, the venerable in architecture, and the beautiful in decoration, had not yet superseded more stringent provisions for utility and comfort. The back settlements of the continent were exposed to savage invasion. The mother country, with her rich historical associations, her time-hallowed precedents, her glorious trophies of literature, her royal prerogatives, and her ancestral graves, was to the colonists the grand and mellow perspective of life, to which their New England dwellings on those bleak hill-sides and beside that rock-bound bay were the rude foreground, where they were to realize great principles of religion and government, achieve individual prosperity, and eventually battle manfully for freedom and truth. Meanwhile honest subsistence, religious zeal, and the cause of education, employed their energies. Months of dreary winter, when roofs were white with snow and the harbor a sheet of ice, alternated with a brief season of heat, more than tempered by a keen breeze from the east; so that only their hardy maize and tough grass yielded reliable crops. Orchards were their only vineyards, a good sermon their most available entertainment, and fast and thanksgiving days their festivals. The great event of the month was an arrival from England, — usually a weather-beaten craft, often ten weeks on

the voyage; and her epitome of London news, the colonial agent she brought, the original copies of Pope's verses, Addison's essay, or De Foe's novel, the new fashion for the "gude dame" and her daughters, and the watch or shoebuckles for her husband, made themes for the street and the hearthstone for many days. The isolation of such a community, the fact that non-conformity had driven their fathers thither, the providence and frugality incident to the climate, the demand for foresight and self-denial, the force of public opinion, the distinction yielded to character, the comparative dearth of temptation, and the rigorous observance of family, church, and municipal discipline, though unfavorable to the more graceful and tender, moulded the sterner elements of humanity into an unusual rectitude of purpose. For the expanded intellect and free aspirations of youth there might be too much of the Puritan inflexibility and narrowness in such an environment; but as a means of acquiring the habit of self-dependence and self-control — the vestibule of more enlarged and spontaneous development — we cannot but recognize its inestimable value.

The early circumstances, physical and moral, of men who leave distinct and permanent influences behind them, are more significant than we imagine. It was no accidental coincidence that reared the most fervent of false prophets in the arid vales of Arabia, the greatest of religious reformers among the cold heights of Germany, or the most fanatical of usurpers beside the monotonous fens of Huntingdon. How intimate was the connection of the civil strife in Tuscany with the shadowy and sharp features of Dante's Muse, of the sunny lassitude of Southern Italy and France with the amorous melody of Petrarch's numbers, of the fiery passions and stern hardihood of Corsican life with the indomitable will of Napoleon! And who that knows New England, even as modified by a foreign population, by the facilities of modern intercourse and the liberality of an advanced civilization, does not recognize in the sagacity, prudence, hardihood, love of knowledge, industry, and practical consistency and wisdom of Franklin, the vigorous training of that Spartan moth-

er, — the self-reliant discipline of that hard soil and rigid climate?

If the prime of Franklin's life was the critical era of our national fortunes, it was no less a period of literary and political transition in Great Britain. It was the epoch when History assumed a more philosophical development under the thoughtful pen of Hume, when sentiment and humor grew bold and vagrant in expression through Sterne, when the greatest orator of the age recorded its events in the Annual Register, when humane letters rose in public esteem by virtue of Goldsmith's graceful style, when Garrick made the stage illustrious, when Methodism began its work, when the seer of Stockholm proclaimed spiritual science, and the bard of Olney sang the pleasures of rural and domestic life. Yet how diverse from them all was the renown their American contemporary won, and the method of its acquisition! It is the clear vista to a humble origin and the gradual rise from the condition of a poor mechanic to that of a statesman and philosopher, opened by Franklin in his artless memoir of himself, which gives at once individuality and universality to his fame. Who can estimate the vast encouragement derived by the lowliest seeker for knowledge and social elevation from such a minute chart of life, frankly revealing every stage of poverty, scepticism, obscure toil, dissipation, on the one side, and, on the other, of manly resolution, indefatigable industry, frugal self-denial, patient study, honest and intelligent conviction, by means of which the fugitive printer's boy, with no library but an odd volume of the Spectator, an Essay of De Foe's, translations of Plutarch and Xenophon, the treatises of Shaftesbury and Locke, an English Grammar, and the "Pilgrim's Progress," trained himself to observe, to write, and to think, while earning often a precarious subsistence in Philadelphia and London by type-setting and pen-work? The play-house alternating with the club made up of vagabonds and steady fellows, equally "lovers of reading," a swimming-match and experiments in diet, conversation with "ingenious acquaintances," hard work, constant observation, and the habit of "improving by experience," exhibit the youth as he develops into the man, who, with remorse for the "errata" in his life,

goes on to reveal the process — available to all with self-control and understanding — whereby from a printer he became a shop-keeper, then a journalist, and subsequently launched upon an unprecedented career of public usefulness and honor.

The example of Franklin is invaluable as a triumph of self-culture. His name was not only an honorable passport among the learned, but an endeared watchword to the humble. The lowliest laborer of the undistinguished multitude claims a part in his fame, as well as the great discoverer or the regal patron. Never dawned a self-reliant character more opportunely on the world; at home, illustrating to a new country what perseverance, honesty, observation, and wisdom can effect with the most limited resources; abroad, proving to an ancient *régime* how independent a genuine man may be of courts, academies, and luxury; — both the most requisite lessons for which humanity thirsted, and both enforced with an attractive candor, a gracious consistency, a modest resolution, which no argument could attain and no rhetoric enhance.

Let us glance at the variety of subjects identified with human welfare and apart from political interests, which, from first to last, employed his mind, and elicited either sagacious conjectures or positive suggestions; — the causes of earthquakes and the art of printing, the circulation of the blood and the cultivation of grasses, theories of light and the treatment of fevers, the manufacture of salt by evaporation and the arrangement of musical glasses, a remedy for smoky chimneys and the tendency of rivers to the sea, husbandry and fireplaces, magnetism and water-spouts, the effect of oil on water, meteorology, the aurora borealis, toads, balloons, thermometers, and ventilation. He searches out the mossy inscriptions on the gravestones of his ancestors in Northamptonshire, and acquires proficiency in a foreign language after sixty. He is one of a commission to examine the claims of Mesmer's theory in France, and to protect St. Paul's from lightning in London. He could not watch a shooting star, glance at a metallic crystal, behold the flush of sunset clouds or the hectic on an invalid's cheek, feel the impulse of the tide or the greeting of the wind, examine a proposed law of state or a vegetable product of the earth, hear a beetle hum or feel a quivering

pulse, gaze on a petrifaction or a type, converse with a stranger or meet a committee, draft a plan or look at a machine, without feeling the plea of causality, striving to trace the origin of effects, and to infer a law applicable to the wants of his race, or the elucidation of truth. No experiment was too insignificant for his philosophy, no task too humble for his patriotism. Open his correspondence at random: here you find precautionary hints for a voyage, there a sketch of an English school; now observations on maize, and again remarks on paper currency; to-day he draws up a plan of union for the Colonies, to-morrow a dialogue with the Gout; at one time he invents a letter from China, and at another counsels the settler beyond the Alleghanies. Commerce one moment and a *jeu d'esprit* the next, advice to a Yankee tradesman and a bagatelle for a Parisian lady, seem equally congenial themes; a state paper and a proverb, allegory and statistics, the way to save money and the way to form a government, an article for the "Busy Body," a fable for the Almanac, and an epitaph for himself, — health, finance, natural history, the story of "The Whistle," — a theory of water-spouts, and "Cool Thoughts on Public Affairs," — alternately occupy his pen; and to determine how many valuable precedents were established, what useful principles were realized, and what impulse was given to individual minds and to social progress by his enlightened activity, were as hopeless a task as to define the respective influence of the elements in fructification. He benignly and opportunely scattered the seeds of popular knowledge and of experimental science; they took root in the virgin soil of a new civilization; and the tiller of the earth, the reader of the newspaper, the frugal housewife, the public-spirited citizen, the aspiring mechanic, the honest tradesman, the legislator, the man of science, the worker, thinker, companion, writer, the baffled and the novice, the adventurous and the truth-seeking of America, caught gleams of wisdom, warnings of prudence, perceptions of law, moral and physical, from Franklin, which gave them a clew to prosperity and a motive to culture.

As with all resolute intelligences thus spontaneously breasting the vast ocean of truth, vigilant for discovery and intent

upon deduction, his earnest confidence and patient search were rewarded by a signal triumph. Philosophy, thus loyally wooed, smiled upon her votary; and Nature, ever indulgent to the heart that loves her, whether with scientific insight or poetic enthusiasm, opened her arcana to his vision. The history of Franklin's electrical experiments and discoveries is one of the most attractive, beautiful, and pregnant episodes in modern science. The grand simplicity of his theory, the familiar apparatus by which it was tested, the accuracy of his foresight, and the unpretending spirit with which he received the fame incident to so great a result, form together one of those memorable instances of the conquest of mind over matter, of human intelligence over the secret facts of nature, which add the cognizance of new laws to the domain of knowledge, and brighter names to the catalogue of her immortal disciples. However temporary in their *prestige*, or limited in their absolute use, may be the other fruits of his studies, Electricity is identified with Franklin. It is the common destiny of scientific discoverers to be forgotten in the very progress they initiate; the pioneer is superseded in his march by the advanced guard, and what is a brilliant novelty to-day becomes a familiar truth to-morrow. The modern chemist forgets the alchemist who, amid his illusive researches, brought to light some of the very principles that subserve later and more useful inquiries. The astronomer, as he sees through a telescope undreamed of by the Chaldeans a new planet wheel into the field of vision, bestows no thought upon the isolated and self-denying astrologer, who, in the fanciful task of casting nativities, systematized the first rude alphabet of the stars, which modern science has elaborated into that "poetry of heaven" whereby genius keeps vigil, and the trackless sea is navigated without perplexity. But it is otherwise with the initiation of an absolutely new branch of knowledge. When Franklin drew down the lightning and identified it with electricity, he for ever allied his name to a subtile element, whose every subsequent revelation is associated with the kite and key, the thunder and the conductor, the benign image and endeared name of the Boston printer, the Philadelphia sage, and the American patriot. The vista his experiments opened

has never ceased to lead farther and deeper into the undiscovered mysteries of the universe; and at this moment the element of natural science most prophetic of new wonders and subtile uses is electricity. The phenomena of consciousness and nervous sympathy point more and more to an intimate relation between the electric fluid and the vital principle. The most inscrutable of material forces, it appears to be the direct medium of sensation, emotion, and all the modes of interaction between material existences and the embodied human soul. As the most intense agent for decomposing the latent affinities of matter, and generating forces of locomotion and intercourse, its wonders are but foreshadowed in the electric telegraph, the application of magnetism as a motive power, and its use as a curative agent and a disintegrating element. And it is worthy of remark, that the magnetic expression of the human countenance, especially of the eye, and the affinities of the individual temperament, are graduated by the moral as well as the physical condition, and are capable of apparent extinction through grossly material habits and perverted natural instincts, — facts which seem to confirm the near relation of the electric principle with life, emotion, and spiritual development as exhibited in organic forms. The prevalence of this unseen but ever-vital principle in nature, in the amber of the torrent's bed and the fur of the domestic animal, in the circumambient air, in our own consciousness of attraction and repulsion, of cheerfulness and depression, in the healthy and the morbid experiences of humanity, would seem clearly to indicate that the sphere whose latent significance was first revealed by Franklin is limitless in its resources of power, use, and beauty.

Franklin's varied aptitudes, offices, inquiries, and discoveries secured for him a sphere of acquaintance and friendship embracing the widest range of human character, vocation, and renown. Among his early intimates were three colonial Governors; Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant; and Ralph, a writer of history and verse. He took counsel on national affairs with Washington, the revolutionary leaders, and the framers of the Constitution; confronted the inimical scrutiny of the British ministry and Parliament; was the messenger

to Lord Howe, after a foreign army had encamped on our shores; conferred with Gates, Schuyler, Adams, Hancock, Jay, Hopkinson, Morris, Jefferson, Livingston, and Quincy; corresponded or conversed with Colden and Bartram on natural history, with Priestley and Sir Joseph Banks on scientific questions, with Hume on mental philosophy, on a large diversity of subjects with Paine and Cobbet; was in intimate intercourse with Lafayette and the Count de Vergennes, Foy and Mazzei, Whitefield and the Duke of Orleans, Lord Kames, the Abbé Morellet, and Dr. Stiles, Madame Brillon and Dr. Robertson, Voltaire and Houdon, Darwin, Lord Chatham, Dr. Fothergill, D'Alembert, David Hartley, Diderot, and Madame Helvetius. From republican America to aristocratic France, at Philadelphia, London, and Versailles, in the court and the congress, the laboratory and the saloon, he enjoyed the best facilities and the most intimate associations. It is because of his readiness and versatility, his self-possession and independence, that in his life and letters we seem to behold, although ever conscious of his identity, at one time a grave philosopher, and at another a genial companion, a patriarch here and a man of pleasure there, the wary statesman to-day and the playful humorist to-morrow, — ever active, cognizant, alert, content, inventive, useful, wise, cheerful, self-sustained, provident, far-sighted, — the type of good sense and urbanity, of thoroughness and insight, of tact and aptness. Nor was he insensible to that social privilege and consideration, which, in the retrospect of eminent lives, always seem the most desirable of their felicities. "The regard and friendship I meet with," he writes to his wife from London, "from persons of worth, and the conversation of ingenious men, give me no small pleasure"; and he adds, with that superiority to circumstances and tenacity of purpose so characteristic: "I am for doing effectually what I came about, and I find it requires both time and patience." He elsewhere speaks of society as being his "dearest happiness." He tells us of his youthful zest for improving association when a printer's boy. His image, costume, manner, sayings and doings, as a man of society, are among the traditions of the old French court. One of the last-written descriptions of him, dated in his lifetime, is that of a benign and cheerful octogenarian, seated in pleasant

discourse under a mulberry-tree, beside his dwelling, exhibiting to his attached grandchild a two-headed snake. In a letter to Washington, written the same year, he says: —

"For my own personal ease, I should have died two years ago; but, though those years have been spent in excruciating pain, yet I am pleased that I have lived them, since they have brought me to see our present situation. I am now finishing my eighty-fourth year, and probably with it my career in this life; but whatever state of existence I am placed in hereafter, if I retain any memory of what has passed here, I shall with it retain the esteem, respect, and affection, with which I have long been, my dear friend, yours most sincerely," &c.

Parallel with his devotion to scientific inquiry was a ceaseless activity for the public good, — wherein his career is eminently distinguished from that of the majority of modern philosophers. One of the earliest projectors of the conquest of Canada, he was also an efficient agent in raising troops for the unfortunate Braddock. We find him vigorously at work throughout the scale of official duty and volunteer patriotism, at home and abroad, through the press and in society; speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, a postmaster, on committees, promoting the culture of silk in America, enlightening the British public on colonial affairs, bringing from Europe the latest facts in science and polity for the benefit of his own countrymen, casting type at Passy for a Philadelphia journal, interceding for prisoners of war, planning maritime expeditions with Paul Jones, befriending Captain Cook, exciting French sympathy for the American cause and baffling English prejudice, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, framing treaties of alliance for his native land, the counsellor of the exile, the adviser of the official, a commissioner to Versailles, a delegate to the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, — a versatile and responsible series of occupations, enough to furnish alone the materials of a noble and distinguished life, and yet constituting but a single phase of the illustrious career of Franklin.

The silent dignity with which he was content, amid the inevitable attacks, and even insults, misrepresentations, and sneers, which attend success in every path and superiority of whatever kind, is one of the most admirable traits of Frank-

lin's character, and one that was generously acknowledged by his opponents when the tide of prejudice and animosity ebbed. He met the caprices of delegated authority, the jealousy of his colleagues, the injustice of his political antagonists, the tirade of the Solicitor-General of the Crown, the attempts at bribery and intimidation, with a serene and undemonstrative resolution. "My rule is," he said, "to go straight forward in doing what appears to me right at the time, leaving the consequences to Providence. I wish every kind of prosperity to my friends, and forgive my enemies."

If there were no blemishes in this picture, it would scarcely be human; but the blemishes are casual, and like flitting shadows, of vague import, while through and above them the bland and sagacious, the honest and wise lineaments tranquilly beam. The spirit of calculation, the narrowness of prudence, the limits of a matter-of-fact vision, the gallantries tolerated by the social standard of the times, the absence of that impulse and *abandon*, that generous and ardent mood which seems inseparable from the noblest and most aspiring natures, sometimes render Franklin too exclusively a provident utilitarian and a creature of the immediate, to satisfy our loftiest ideal of character or our sympathies with genius as spontaneously and unconsciously manifest. Gossip has bequeathed hints of amours that derogate somewhat from the gravity of the sage; partisan spite has whispered of a too selfish estimate of the chances of expediency; and there are those who find in the doctrine and practice of the American philosopher an undue estimate of thrift, and an illustration of the creed that man "lives by bread alone," which chills enthusiasm and subdues praise; but when we contemplate the amount of enduring good he achieved, the value of his scientific discoveries, the uprightness, self-devotion, and consistency of the man, the loyal activity of the patriot, and the interests he promoted, the habits he exemplified, the truths he made vital, and the prosperity he initiated, our sense of obligation, our admiration of his practical wisdom, and our love of his genial usefulness, merge critical objection in honor and gratitude. What is the flippant sarcasm of the queer Madame du Barry, that he ate asparagus like a savage, to intellectual Hume's

assertion, "America has sent us many good things, gold, silver, sugar, tobacco, indigo, &c.,—but you are the first philosopher"? If, on the one hand, his having embraced Voltaire in the presence of the French Academy be cited as proof of *persiflage*, on the other, his frank expression of religious convictions to Dr. Stiles evidences a deliberate faith in things unseen and eternal. If the graphic pen of Mrs. Grant, in depicting the candid graces of colonial life in America, attributes the subsequent devotion to gain to the economical maxims of Franklin, the sacred opinion of Washington affords a more just view of the legitimate rank their author held in the affections of his countrymen. "If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know that you have not lived in vain."

It must be confessed that the spiritual was not developed in Franklin's nature in proportion to the scientific element, and, as an inevitable consequence, religion was a grand social interest, or at most a private conviction, rather than a matter of profession or of sentiment. It is probable that an early, and not auspicious, familiarity with the conflicts of sects, confirmed his aversion to a merely doctrinal faith. He was conversant, in his native town and in his adopted home, respectively with the two extremes of prescriptive belief and strongly marked individualism, as displayed by the Puritans and the Quakers, and found enough of vital piety and moral worth in both to emancipate him from superstitious reliance on a positive creed. But there is ample evidence that he recognized those broad and eternal truths which lie at the basis of all religion. He seems to have profoundly felt his responsibleness to a higher than earthly power; everywhere he beheld a wise and beneficent Creator, in the operation of material and moral laws; always he sought the traces of Divine wisdom in the universe and in events. We find him advising his daughter to rely more upon prayer than sermons; recognizing the hand of Providence in the destinies of his country; moving a resolution for devotional services in the Convention that framed the Constitution; preparing an abridgment of

the ritual; and, in his last days, enjoying those devotional poems which have so long endeared the name of Watts. It is not so much the comparative silence of Franklin on religious, or rather sectarian questions, which has given rise to a vague notion of his scepticism and indifference, as the fact that he acknowledged deistical opinions in youth, subsequently worked almost exclusively in the sphere of material interests, and was intimately associated with the infidel philosophers of France. Other affinities than those of speculative opinions, however, allied him to a class of men whose names have become watchwords of unbelief; literature and science, government and philosophy, were themes of mutual investigation common to them and him; and if, in order to attest their sense of his intelligence and republicanism, they placed his bust upon the altar of the Jacobin Club with those of Brutus, Helvetius, Mirabeau, and Rousseau, it was chiefly because, like those friends of popular freedom and social reform, he had proved himself an independent thinker and a noble devotee of human progress, and because, to the vague though eloquent sentiment of social amelioration kindled by Jean Jacques, his practical sagacity had given actual embodiment. Few men, indeed, have lived, whose time, mind, and resources were more wisely and conscientiously directed to the elevation of society, the enlightenment of the mass, and the improvement of human condition. He was indisputably one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Except in a scientific direction, however, it must be acknowledged that the spirit of Franklin's precepts and theories is not adapted to beguile us "along the line of infinite desires"; his wisdom was applicable to the immediate and the essential in daily and common life; he dealt chiefly with details; he advocated habits, ideas, and methods based on positive utility, — success as derived from patient and gradual but determined action, minute observation, careful practice, rather than from broad generalization, daring achievement, or the imagination and enthusiasm which so often prove intuitive means of triumph, which are indispensable in art, and constitute the difference between the process of genius and that of talent. There is nothing certain, he used to say,

but death and taxes; happiness he believed the aggregate of small satisfactions, rather than the instant realization of a great hope; and fortune he regarded as the reward of assiduity and prudence, rather than of prosperous adventure or of daring enterprise. Compared with the ephemeral impulses, the obscure theories, the visionary and uncertain principles in vogue elsewhere, and before and since his day, there was incalculable value in his maxims and example. But it would be gross injustice to the versatile and comprehensive nature of man, to the aspirations of exalted minds, to the facts of spiritual philosophy, to the needs of immortal instincts, to the faith of the soul, the annals of genius, and the possible elevation of society, to admit that he supplied more than the material basis of human progress or the external conditions of individual development. What the ballast is to the ship, the trellis to the vine, health of body to activity of mind, that was Franklin's social philosophy to human welfare, — all-important as a means, inadequate as a final provision, — a method of insuring the co-operation of natural aids, and fostering intrinsic resources, whereby the higher elements may freely do their work, and man, sustained by favorable circumstances, and unhampered by want, neglect, and improvidence, may the more certainly enjoy, aspire, love, conceive, expand, and labor according to the noblest inspiration and the grandest scope of his nature and his destiny.

If we compare the life of Franklin, as a whole, with that of other renowned philosophers, we find that the isolated self-devotion, the egotism and vanity, which too often derogate from the interest and dignity of their characters as men, do not mar the unity of the tranquil, honest, and benign disposition which lends a gracious charm to the American philosopher. Archimedes invented warlike machines to overthrow the invaders of his country; but his heart did not warm like Franklin's, nor did his brain work to devise the means of elevating his poor and ignorant fellow-citizens in the scale of knowledge and self-government. Newton proclaimed vast and universal laws; but there was in his temper a morbid tenacity of personal fame, beside which the disinterested zeal of Franklin is beautiful. The scope of Frank-

lin's research was limited in comparison with that of Humboldt; but, unsustained, like that noble *savant*, by royal patronage, he sacrificed his love of science for half his lifetime to the cause of his country. Arago excelled him in the power of rhetorical eulogy of the votaries of their common pursuits; but while the French philosopher spoke eloquently to a learned Academy, the American had a people for his audience, and disseminated among them truths vital to their progress and happiness, in a diction so clear, direct, and convincing, that it won them simultaneously to the love of science and the practice of wisdom.

When he was released from official care, his mental activity, though unremitted, was singularly genial; and to this characteristic of the philosophical temperament we attribute his self-possession, rational enjoyment, and consequent longevity; for, of all pursuits, that which has for its aim general knowledge and the discovery and application of truth, while it raises the mind above casual disturbance, supplies it with an object at once unimpassioned and attractive, serene yet absorbing, a motive in social intercourse and a resource in seclusion. Just before Thierry's recent death, although he was long a martyr to disease, he remarked to a friend: "Had I to begin my life again, I would again set out in the path which has led me to where I am. Blind and suffering, without hope and without intermission, I may say, without giving testimony which can be suspected, there is something in this world better than material pleasure, better than fortune, better than health itself, — and this is attachment to science." Of this good Franklin was a large partaker, and we cannot but imagine the delight and sympathy with which he would have followed the miraculous progress of the modern sciences and of those ideas of which he beheld but the dawn. "I have sometimes almost wished," he writes, "it had been my destiny to be born two or three centuries hence; for inventions and improvements are prolific, and beget more of their kind." Had he lived a little more than another fifty years, he would have seen the mode of popular education initiated by the Spectator, expanded into the elaborate Review, the brilliant Magazine, the Household Words, and Scientific Journals

of the present day; the rude hand-press upon which he arranged the miniature "form" of the New England Courant, transformed into electrotyped cylinders worked by steam and throwing off thirty thousand printed sheets an hour; the thin almanac, with its proverbs and calendar, grown to a plethoric volume, rich in astronomical lore and the statistics of a continent; the vessel dependent on the caprice of the winds and an imperfect science of navigation, self-impelled with a pre-calculated rate of speed and by the most authentic charts; and the subtile fluid that his prescience caught up and directed safely by a metallic rod, sent along leagues of wire, the silent and instant messenger of the world. With what keen interest would he have followed Davy, with his safety-lamp, into the treacherous mine; accompanied Fulton in his first steam voyage up the Hudson; watched Daguerre as he made his sun-pictures; seen the vineyards along the Ohio attest his prophetic advocacy of the Rhenish grape-culture; heard Miller discourse of the "Old Red Sandstone," Morse explain the Telegraph, or Maury the tidal laws! Chemistry — almost born since his day — would open a new and wonderful realm to his consciousness; the Cosmos of Humboldt, draw his entranced gaze down every vista of natural science, as if to reveal at a glance a programme of all the great and beautiful secrets of the universe; and the reckless enterprise and mad extravagance of his prosperous country, elicit more emphatic warnings than Poor Richard breathed of old.

There have been many writers who, in simple and forcible English, by arguments drawn from pure common-sense and enlivened by wit or eloquence, interpreted political truth, and vastly aided the education of the people. But in the case of Franklin, this practical service of authorship was immeasurably extended and enforced by the *prestige* of his electrical discoveries, by the dawning greatness and original principles of the country of which he was so prominent a representative, and by the extraordinary circumstances of his times, when great social and political questions were brought to new and popular tests, and made the homely scientific republican an oracle in the most luxurious and artificial of despotic courts. When the intricate tactics of rival armies have been exhaust-

ed, the able general has recourse to a *coup de main*, and effects by simple bravery what stratagem failed to win. When a question has been discussed until its primary significance is almost forgotten in a multitude of side-issues, the true orator suddenly brings to a focus the scattered elements of the theme, and, by a clear and emphatic statement, reproduces its normal features, and, through a bold analysis, places it in the open light of day, and heralds the bewildered council to a final decision. In like manner, when vital principles of government and society have been complicated by interest, speculation, and misfortune, when men have grown impatient of formulas and ceremonies and aspire to realities, he who in his speech, dress, habits, writings, manners, and achievements — or in the exponent of all these, his character — represents most truly the normal instincts, average common sense, and practicable good of his race, is welcomed as an exemplar, an authority, and a representative. Such was the American philosopher at once in the eyes of a newly organized and self-dependent nation, and in those of an ancient people, in its transition from an outgrown to an experimental *régime*.

He took his degree in the school of humanity, before the technical honor was awarded by Oxford, Edinburgh, and the Royal Society. It was this pre-eminent distinction which led Sydney Smith to playfully threaten his daughter, "I will disinherit you if you do not admire everything written by Franklin"; and which enshrines his memory in the popular heart, makes him still the annual hero of the printer's festival, associates his name with townships and counties, inns and ships, societies and periodicals, — with all the arrangements and objects of civilization that aim to promote the enlightenment and convenience of man. The press and the lightning-rod, the almanac, the postage-stamp, and the free-school medal, attest his usefulness and renown; maxims of practical wisdom more numerous than Don Quixote's garrulous squire cited, gave birth under his hand to a current proverbial philosophy; and his effigy is, therefore, the familiar symbol of independence, of popular education, and self-culture. Those shrewd and kindly features, and that patriarchal head, are as

precious to the humble as to the learned; and in every land and every language, Franklin, through the *prestige* of a brilliant discovery in science and the fame of a wise patriot, typifies the "greatest good of the greatest number." Mignot rightly defines him as "gifted with the spirit of observation and discovery"; Davy calls his inductive power felicitous; Paul Jones augured success in his desperate sea-fight from the "Bon Homme Richard"; and the memorable epigraph of Turgot is the acknowledged motto of his escutcheon: —

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

ART. VII. — *Hand-Book for Young Painters.* By C. R. LESLIE, R. A., Author of the Life of Constable. London: John Murray. 1855.

MR. LESLIE is well entitled to speak to young painters, for he has acquired a high and solid reputation in his art. He speaks, therefore, with the assured but modest tone of one whose theories have borne the test of experience. His book, which was published last year, has not yet been reprinted in this country; but it finds a welcome among thoughtful artists, and is destined to become a standard work. As has been the case with many of the most valuable treatises on Art by English painters, the main part of the contents of this volume was prepared in lectures for the Royal Academy. We are highly indebted to this institution for such results. Without that stimulus to literary labor, we should probably have had little or nothing from the pen of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Fuseli, Flaxman, Barry, and Opie. We have hoped that our Lowell Institute might at some time call forth the silent talent of our own country to give us full and able discourses on this fruitful and delightful subject.

Mr. Leslie's views on Art are moderate and judicious. He does not take sides with either of the extreme parties which, like Whig and Tory in politics, ever have, and we presume ever will, divide the great realm of Art. He is an idealist; but

he does not believe in forsaking nature or being "put out by it," nor indorse the extravagances of those who proclaim themselves devoted to "High Art." He says of Haydon: "The commonplace notion of High Art contributed with other mental causes to the life of misery of the highly gifted Haydon, as it had previously prevented the proper exercise of Barry's superior powers; and many were the junior artists who, with this *ignis fatuus* before their eyes, wasted time, and probably talents that might otherwise have been productive, upon large cartoons for Westminster Hall." Of Morland, whose subjects were the least elevated in character, for he was the painter of pigs, he says: "His works display a natural refinement of taste which, as in the best Dutch art, is the more striking from the homely character of his subjects."

He is equally clear in his appreciation of that plausible, but superficial, theory of art, which has found so many expounders in our own time, and such able illustrators in the Düsseldorf school. His first chapter, on the Imitation of Nature, is very able and very concise, and he shows conclusively that, the powers and the objects of art being entirely different from those of nature, a direct imitation is both impossible and undesirable. The aim of the artist should be to express the idea of his subject, and by carrying his imitation beyond a certain point he fails, for deficiencies in other points are instantly apparent. "Rubens was pre-eminently successful," he remarks, "in giving action to his figures, and Hogarth's Enraged Musician, as Fielding says, is deafening to look at. But could the eye be deceived, from that moment the figures of Rubens would stand still, and the din of Hogarth's groups would cease; and indeed such art would be unnatural, because, unless in the representation of still life, it would have the motionless and speechless appearance of wax-work, — the most lifelike in externals of all the modes of imitating nature, and for that very reason the most lifeless." The panorama and diorama are mentioned as illustrating this truth. The more the eye is deceived, the more painful is the silence which seems to brood over the scene. We presume the showman understands this when he has popular airs played during the progress of the performance. The stereoscope

gives us another striking example. So perfect is the form and so full the relief, that the immobility of the landscape is terrible. We feel as if the trees were made of cast iron, and an enchanter's wand has blasted everything with stillness. But in the landscapes of Claude do we ever miss the breeze or the sound of the brook?

As little does Mr. Leslie fall in with the fashionable mania for the works of the earlier painters which has developed into the so-called Pre-Raphaelite school. He loves and appreciates the exquisite grace and purity of those gentle and holy men, such as Perugino and Fra Angelico; but he thinks that if it were well that we became like them in these qualities, we cannot accomplish this by denying the richer and more mature beauty of their far greater successors. Infancy, in its own time, is lovely as a glimpse of heaven; but a great part of its charm is its abundant promise. Prolonged to that period when wisdom and knowledge should be superadded, it becomes vapid and unmeaning. In comparing the children of Reynolds with those of Fra Angelico, Mr. Leslie says: "They [Reynolds's cherubs] are among the most angelic things known to the art, and simply because they are the most natural, in the highest sense of the word; and I am convinced that the sincere, the truly humble, and therefore the truly teachable Angelico, would have gladly adopted all that Reynolds possessed beyond himself, could he have seen it."

Although not himself a professional portrait-painter, Mr. Leslie does not look upon this important branch of art with the contempt which is so common among (unsuccessful) historical painters. He recognizes its true value as the delineation of character. A portrait may be as highly ideal, and as noble a work of art, as an historical or fancy picture. Why not? Is it a great thing to paint Hamlet after Shakespeare, or David after the Scriptures, and a very little thing to paint the life and soul of man after nature, as he stands living and breathing before you? If it be an easy matter, it is strange that so few have succeeded in it. But Leslie says: "There has never been a *great* painter of history or poetry who has not been *great* in portrait. Even Michael Angelo is no exception. There may not remain any *painted* portraits of

known persons by his hand, but there are sculptured portraits by him, and it is impossible to look even at the *engravings* of the prophets and sibyls, without seeing that they are from a hand practised in portrait." Even higher than Vandyck as a portrait-painter he places the Spanish Velasquez; but highest of all stand the great portrait groups of Titian, especially that of the family of Luigi Cornaro. Its historical value is not forgotten; the true character is expressed in the face, and the artists can detect it there in spite of all disguise.

While we accept almost entirely the general views and principles set forth in this volume, we are occasionally compelled to differ from the author in his judgments of individual painters or pictures, as he often differs from other high authorities. Especially he seems to us, in common with most of his countrymen, to assign to Rubens a far higher rank than he merits, unquestionably great as his powers were; but his opinions are always genuine, and expressed with moderation and good feeling. Occasional notices of many distinguished artists, and of their works, form a very agreeable portion of the book. In a few pages devoted to Mr. Ruskin, he expresses the pleasure which his first essays as a writer gave him; but with great point and clearness exposes the errors in criticism, and the injustice in sweeping denunciation, to which this brilliant but faulty writer is so prone. He frequently does honor to Haydon's talent and enthusiasm for his art; but it does not blind him either to his professional or his personal faults. He differs from him entirely in his estimate of the services which the Royal Academy has rendered to Art, and adds in a note: —

"It should be known to the public that all the charges in the Autobiography of Mr. Haydon unfavorable to the Royal Academy are unfounded. The council never made a law, as there stated, after the students had presented a testimonial to Fuseli, that they should not again pay such a compliment to an officer. Many years afterwards the students gave a silver vase to Mr. Milton, then keeper, and the same tribute of respect was paid to his successor, Mr. Jones. It is also untrue, that the election of Sir Martin Shee to the presidential chair was hurried through, without the usual forms, in the fear that a command might be received from the king to elect Wilkie. It was

perfectly well known that George IV. would have been pleased had the choice fallen upon Wilkie, and equally known that the king would never interfere with any election of that body, unless he thought it right to exercise the privilege of a veto.

"Haydon's quarrel with the Academy originated in the belief that a clique of portrait-painters, in the body, tried to crush him by placing his 'Dentatus' in a bad situation. The truth, however, was quite the reverse. The picture was hung in the anteroom, in an excellent light, because it was considered that a good place in that room was better than an indifferent one in the great room."

We have selected no extracts for the purpose of giving an impression of the style of the book. Like a good picture, its merit is in its admirable keeping. It is everywhere quiet, temperate, clear, and yet richly suggestive. Perhaps it has very little new in it, but it has a great deal which deserves to become old. All who regard art as one of the chief religious educators of the human race, will welcome every such attempt to set forth its great principles simply and truly. Those who believe that its only purpose is to entertain a refined and luxurious aristocracy, may deem this author less attractive than more brilliant and showy writers; but these last can never really hold sway in Art. She is too severe and exacting a mistress for idleness and luxury to follow her long. She bestows her greatest rewards only on earnest, devoted, patient labor joined to the highest and richest gifts of genius. To such she still holds out boundless resources, and nowhere is the field more ample than in our own country. Art has always flourished in republics, and here, with a nature rich and varied, and a humanity which has a free and fair chance for development, she must embody great truths in beautiful and noble forms. We welcome every influence from abroad which may help us on in our education. The American child is well-born and vigorous, but needs long and careful training. Mr. Leslie is closely connected with us by an early and long residence here, and will rejoice at the earnest welcome which his words and his works are receiving.

ART. VIII. — *The Works of the late* EDGAR ALLAN POE; *with a Memoir by* RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD, *and Notices of his Life and Genius by* N. P. WILLIS and J. R. LOWELL. In 4 vols. New York: Redfield. 1856.

THE late Edgar A. Poe achieved a certain position in three distinct branches of literature, — in poetry, criticism, and fiction. His reputation as a writer, up to the present time, may be sectionally or geographically apportioned. In the South, it is almost altogether grounded upon his skill as a writer of fiction; in the commercial metropolis of the country, it was his critical acumen which attracted most attention; in the Eastern States, his personal qualities, carried into his literary productions, have hitherto limited the number both of his friends and his admirers. In France and England, what fame he has was earned by a series of literary impositions. But wherever his works are read, perhaps we might justly say wherever the English language is spoken, he is best known, and will be longest remembered, as the author of two brief, but exquisitely beautiful poems, "The Raven" and "Annabel Lee," — the only productions of his pen that have met with that unanimous appreciation of the learned and unlearned, which at once and forever establishes an author's claim to genius.

But though his popular reputation is that of a poet, it was in poetry that he accomplished least. Of the contents of the four volumes before us, only one hundred pages out of more than two thousand consist of poetical compositions, and in these are included all his juvenile poems and some dramatic fragments. Only one poem of his, in addition to those already named, has attained any remarkable celebrity; while, in our opinion, several of his prose tales fully equal in imaginative power, in vividness of description, and in thorough artistic finish, anything that he ever produced in a metrical form. Among several in the highest style of art, we would instance "Ligeia," and "The Fall of the House of Usher."

Mr. Poe's earliest appearance as an author was in the publication of a small volume of poems when he was in his eigh-

teenth year. In a note in the present edition of his works, it is stated that they are here reprinted, without addition or correction, as they originally appeared in 1829. We believe this; for only by recasting most of them — re-writing them entirely — could any essential emendation have been effected. No mere revision could make "Al Aaraaf" coherent, or establish to our recognition a mental succession to the juvenile author of "Tamerlane" in the matured artist who afterwards chimed forth his soul's turbulence to the wild music of "The Bells." In some half-dozen of his minor poems Mr. Poe has fully displayed his poetic capacity, in the opulence of imagination, the power of production and skilful combination, and especially in that delicate perception of the true harmonies of thought and expression, which is the soul of physical æsthetics. Yet is there something wanting to his poetry which we cannot express by any better phrase than the lack of spontaneity. It does not bear so much the impress of soul-utterings (we except only "Annabel Lee") as of word-manœuvring. His poems do not grow up in his mind; but the theme is carefully and mathematically adjusted, and the words, being marshalled out in order to a thorough inspection, are then successively dragooned into the especial service required. When completed, his work appears a rich and elaborately finished piece of art, but it lacks the *vis vitæ* which alone can make of words living things. Hence in but few of his efforts has he succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of his readers. They become admirers only, not lovers.

His theory of the legitimate purpose and end of poetry was so exceedingly limited, as to necessitate a great reliance for effect upon a skilful adjustment of the parts; and to this theory, which he claimed not only as original, but as subversive of all others, he was enthusiastically attached, and with but slight deviations, and a few exceptions, which probably he would not admit to be such, adhered to it in his own writings. Far from agreeing with Ben Jonson, "that the principal end of Poesy is to inform men in the best reason of living," he peremptorily determines that Beauty, including in that term Sublimity, is the only legitimate theme for a poem, and that "The Rhythmical Creation of Beauty" is

the poet's sole vocation; that Poesy has no connection with truth, morals, or spiritualities, unless incidentally. Indeed, he rigorously excludes these as an end, — with all didacticism, wit, reasoning, satire, and even *passionate* love. He pronounces all long poems a contradiction in terms, scouting epics as poems (though allowing them other merits), and denying the very existence of such a thing as a humorous poem. The only element of humor which his theory admitted was archness. His objection to long poems was founded on what he was pleased to consider as a "psychal necessity," namely, that an elevated mental excitement, which he deemed the true effect of poetry, could not be maintained above half an hour. This is the utmost tension of the soul which he could imagine. Any so-called poem, therefore, to be truly such, must be brief enough to admit of its perusal within thirty minutes. He even insists upon it that readers do not really enjoy such works as the "Divina Commedia," or "Paradise Lost," though they may seriously profess to do so. He might have avoided all circumlocution, and been equally modest, had he put his general proposition in regard to epics thus: "I, Edgar A. Poe, am incapable of keeping on the wing more than half an hour at any one time; *ergo*, no one else ever did, or ever can." Unity of effect he considered an essential in every work of art, and this he deemed impossible in a literary production which could not be read without fatigue at one sitting.

To be convinced of the inherent unsoundness of his theory, we need only observe that his limitation of the proper themes and uses of poetry would exclude all the noblest productions of the best poets of all times and of every tongue. Should we acquiesce in the correctness of his contracted definition, we should be compelled to go through the centuries, culling out the Homers and Virgils, the Terences and Shakespeares, the Herberts and Hebers, the Byrons and Shelleys, the Juvenals and Popes, the Scotts and Campbells, the Hoods and Holmeses; — whole scores of world-renowned bards would be driven pell-mell from the Parnassian heights, on whose summit would remain *solus* Edgar A. Poe, attended, not by the noble bird of Jove, or even Minerva's symbolic favorite, but

by that "ghastly, grim, and ancient raven," which has almost become a synonymous appellation of him who first evoked "this ominous bird" from the dark realms of Pluto, to harass a poor love-lorn poet with its melancholy plaint of "Nevermore." None of those who rank highest in the world's esteem as poets, could escape his condemnation. The ages contradict him.

The first purpose to which poetry was applied was that of adoration, or ascriptions of praise to the Supreme Ruler of the universe. Its next earliest use was the preservation of historical events, and heroic deeds of single heroes, as the legendary epics and earliest ballads of all nations testify; and these were "set to words in metrical array," and rehearsed to the people, for the express purpose of stimulating others to imitate the glorious deeds of their ancestors. The first tragedies taught the people to avoid crimes, as the later comedies held up the follies and vices of the times to ridicule. The simple creation of Beauty never has been the whole of poetry; it never will be more than a single element in it. To deny to it a moral or spiritual use, is to steal Promethean fire with which to kindle a mimic *feu de joie.*

In justifying his strict limitation of the proper themes of poetry, Mr. Poe says, "What may be better handled in prose is no subject for the Muse." This probably no one will be inclined to deny; but his inference from it is, that *no truth* can be so well taught through the medium of verse as of prose; in opposition to which opinion, it is not difficult to show that didacticisms in a poetical form very frequently procure a general favor and reception unattainable in any other way. Recognizing this fact, all successful teachers of young children have employed verse as a potent instrumentality in instilling truths, inculcating moral duties, and exciting devotional feeling. Nor is it successful with the young alone: the most mature minds are as easily reached and influenced by it. Reduce, for instance, Mr. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" to prose, and who would read it? Not one for every thousand that now know it by heart. Mr. Poe seems, indeed, to have been led into the error of excluding moral and spiritual themes from poetry, by a lack of susceptibility in his nature,

which blinded him to their intrinsic beauty. Indeed, his theory is a severe satire upon his own moral constitution; for even admitting his main proposition, that the creation of novel forms of beauty is the poet's sole vocation, how could one of his otherwise acute perception, had not his moral nature been fearfully warped, have overlooked the very obvious fact, that in moral and spiritual ideas may be found the very highest types of beauty? In his definition of poetry, Poe nearly agrees with Francis Jeffrey, who describes it as "a metrical composition productive of pleasure." But both err, in fact and in theory; for some of the finest specimens of poetry extant — Poe's "Conqueror Worm" is sufficiently good for an illustration — are compounded of horrible, shadowy things, which excite only a sad, wild terror in the mind, far enough removed from any pleasurable sensation.

For the purpose of giving as clear a view as possible of the range of Poe's imaginative powers and constructive ability, we shall divide his *Prose Tales* into four classes, — the simply horrible, the grotesque, the illusive, and the semi-scientific or philosophical. He would have added another class, the humorous; but of this we shall speak hereafter. Of course this arbitary classification only approximates to correctness; for the distinctive features of each class are occasionally all combined in one; while a few, which we have placed in a particular division, might, from possessing a nearly equal proportion of various qualities, have appeared indifferently and with perfect justice in either. In several, the grotesque and the horrible strive for a grim pre-eminence. Of the threescore and ten tales to be found in these volumes, more than half are based upon the sentiment of horror, ranging from the actual and tangible dangers of real life to the utmost refinement of intense but unreal terrors, the offspring of weird phantasms or fancies; while but a small fraction of the whole are free from terrific, sorrowful, or melancholy imaginings. Of the thirty-one tales in the first volume, twenty-two describe death in some unusual and appalling shape; while for abnormal crimes and premature burials he has a revolting and ghastly *penchant*. The general characteristics are

"Much of crime, and more of sin,
And *horror* the soul of the plot."

Yet in this class must be placed his most finished works of art. He found the most genial employment for his pen in picturing painful idiosyncrasies of temperament, monomania, and madness, — the anomalies and deformities of humanity. And not finding horrors enough in the explored arcana of sin and suffering, he invents new crimes, and novel and terrible penalties. Metempsychosis is one of his favorite themes; of which "Ligeia" and "Morella" are thrilling illustrations. To his mind the existence of *entozoa* in the brain was an ever-present fact, and the actual horrors of posthumous physical decay seem to have been his while living. In his "Colloquy of Monos and Una" he has anticipated all the phases and possibilities of sentient life after death, and during the decomposition of the body in the grave. In perusing his most powerful tales, the reader feels himself surrounded by hitherto unapprehended dangers; he grows suspicious of his best friends; all good angels appear turning to demons; *God seems dead;* and on closing the book, the first impulse is to shake off the frightful incubus by rushing out into the glad sunshine, and freely inhaling the pure fresh air of heaven, to assure himself that he is still among the living, and that nature has not been transformed, while he read, into something soul-sickening and horrible.

In his purely grotesque stories, as "The Angel of the Odd," Mr. Poe is less powerful; in most of them he has attempted to blend the ludicrous or humorous, and every attempt at humor is with him a miserable failure. His smiles are such grimaces as we should expect from some ill-starred wretch who was forced to play the part of Harlequin under sentence of hanging for the morrow. Yet in the preface to the fourth volume, we are informed that these abortions were, in the author's opinion, the most perfect and successful of his works. Elsewhere Mr. Poe distinctly disowns such an opinion. In one of his letters, he writes: —

"Omitting one or two of my first efforts, I do not consider any one of my stories better than another. There is a vast variety of kinds, and, in degree of value, these kinds vary, — but each tale is equally good of its

kind. The loftiest kind is that of the highest imagination, — and for this reason only 'Ligeia' may be called my best tale."

One of our author's most decided tastes was for all forms of mystification; to solve enigmas was to him an agreeable pastime, and to mislead and bewilder others, a strong motive to exertion. It was not enough for him to write fiction, to write it well, and to let it pass as fiction: he frequently indulged his inclination for deception in the elaboration of tales, published with the express purpose of imposing on the public credulity, which he believed to be boundless. Of his few pleasures, it was one to see his readers seizing with avidity on his wildest imaginings as facts. His first essay in this line was the story of "Hans Pfaall," commenced in 1835, and brought to a premature conclusion by the almost simultaneous appearance of the celebrated "Moon Hoax," by Richard Adams Locke, with which "Hans Pfaall" had too many points of resemblance to admit of both being pecuniarily profitable. Poe, finding that Mr. Locke had superseded him in attracting all the floating enthusiasm for lunar discoveries then recently excited by the publication of Sir John Herschel's latest work, left the field, and, after having set his hero fairly afloat in the upper ether, abandoned him to his fate, with all his elaborate scientific paraphernalia. He subsequently published his "Balloon Hoax," which was originally foisted upon the Northern press, under the form of "Express News" for a daily paper in New York, purporting to have been received from Norfolk, Va., and was in substance the pretended account of an aerial voyage across the Atlantic. But the public had become more wary since the exposure of the "Moon Hoax," and this excited comparatively little attention.

He was more successful with "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," published in 1838. Under this fictitious name he narrates the incidents of a voyage to the South Pacific; the pretended discovery of new land in the extreme Antarctic regions; the appearance of its inhabitants, as differing from all other known races of men; the peculiarities of the climate, atmosphere, and water; the singular formation of the rocks; the novelty of the plants, and strangeness of the animals; all

of which are minutely described, and in such language as would be most natural to an eyewitness. Such scenes and incidents as are familiar to seamen are related with scrupulous correctness, as are also all known scientific facts which he has occasion to introduce; exhibiting, where merely technical matters are concerned, a surprising accuracy of detail, which forms the most remarkable feature of his prose writings. Had this "Narrative" been brought to a conclusion satisfactory, or even plausible, "Arthur Gordon Pym" would have been the most perfect specimen of his imaginative and constructive powers; but whether the peculiar dilemma of his hero finally baffled him, and extrication demanded a mental effort beyond his power, or whether, by announcing the death of the alleged author (as was done through the public press of Richmond), and with this untimely event the loss of the concluding pages of the manuscript, he designed to add another proof of the authenticity of the narrative, remains, for any word of his, undecided. We incline to the latter supposition, especially as this course precluded the necessity for his naming the vessel in which the adventurer returned; and thus a certain means of detecting the imposture was cut off. That he judged correctly, appears from the fact that at the time of its publication it was generally received as a true narrative; and a publishing house in London had actually commenced arrangements for reprinting the work as a *bona fide* history, which a discovery of its real character alone prevented.

But Poe's most masterly deception still remained unperpetrated. It was subsequently to his removal to New York, in 1844, that there broke upon the disciples of Mesmer a new and startling revelation of the possible uses of his discovery. Poe had paved the way for the reception of his "Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," by a previous paper on "Mesmeric Revelation," in which he had announced some remarkable communications on the nature of spirit and matter, made as he averred through a person who was dangerously ill, and who died while under the influence of mesmerism, the answers of the patient being given, as the reader is required to believe, on the very verge of death, with a final doubt expressed by the writer whether the last sentences were not from the spirit-

land. In the succeeding case, that of "M. Valdemar," the subject is carried a step farther, being, by his own consent previously obtained, mesmerized *in articulo mortis;* the result of which is, that the operator succeeds in imprisoning a voice, if not a soul, for seven months, in a body on which all the ordinary signs of death have supervened except putrescence. At the end of this time, it was determined to attempt his revivification, no visible change having occurred in his state since death. After a few of the ordinary passes, some indications of vitality were observed about the eyes, when the question was put: —

"'M. Valdemar, can you explain to us what are your feelings or wishes now?'

"There was an instant return of the hectic circles on the cheeks; the tongue quivered, or rather rolled violently in the mouth, (although the jaws and lips remained rigid as before,) and at length the same hideous voice which I have before described broke forth, —

"'For God's sake! — quick! — quick! — put me to sleep — or, quick! — waken me! — quick! — *I say to you that I am dead!*'

"I was thoroughly unnerved, and for an instant remained undecided what to do. At first I made an endeavor to recompose the patient; but, failing in this through total abeyance of the will, I retraced my steps and as earnestly struggled to awaken him. In this attempt I soon saw that I should be successful — or at least I soon fancied that my success would be complete — and I am sure that all in the room were prepared to see the patient awaken.

"For what really occurred, however, it is quite impossible that any human being could have been prepared.

"As I rapidly made the mesmeric passes, amid ejaculations of 'Dead! dead!' actually *bursting* from the tongue and not from the lips of the sufferer, his whole frame, at once — within the space of a single minute, or even less, shrunk, crumbled — absolutely *rotted* away beneath my hands. Upon the bed, before that whole company, there lay a nearly liquid mass of loathsome — of detestable putrescence." — Vol. I. p. 130.

The great skill here displayed consists in that appearance, which the narrator so well maintains, of writing what he does from a desire to set the public right in regard to the facts in the case, in opposition to those exaggerated rumors which he states to be afloat, and which make it necessary for him to

tell "what actually *did* occur." This straightforward style, so utterly devoid of all appearance of art, carried with it almost universal conviction that the writer was telling the truth simply for the truth's sake. This case of "M. Valdemar" acquired an extensive circulation, both in this country and in Europe, and in some quarters as ready credence as celebrity.

Most of the tales and other prose articles of Mr. Poe which we should place in the semi-scientific or philosophical class, depend for their interest chiefly upon the solution of some mystery or enigma, or the untangling of a web of unusual incidents, demanding the exercise of the highest powers of reasoning, an intimate knowledge of the motives which actuate, not only common, but uncommon and peculiar minds, and the ability to apply this reasoning to novel plots and circumstances. But in judging of the merits of these tales, we must remember that in all but two the writer is the Sphynx as well as the Œdipus of his riddles, and therefore his success in their solution is by no means so marvellous as at first sight it appears. In a few papers, similar in tone to that entitled "The Power of Words," this love of the intricate and mysterious has led him to the discussion of the hidden powers of nature, and the inexplicable influence of mind over matter, in such a sweet and melancholy tone as to elicit more of the reader's sympathy for the evident unrest of the author, than could have followed any direct appeal.

The most celebrated of his writings having a philosophical substratum (except "Eureka," to which we give a separate and higher place) are "The Gold-Bug," "Maelzel's Chess-Player," "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," "Marie Rogêt," and "The Purloined Letter." In the first-named of these, the interest is concentrated on the translation of a cipher, which is supposed to contain precise information as to the place of deposit of the pirate Kidd's treasures. In the "Chess-Player" the sole object is to harmonize the apparent impossibility of effectually concealing a person within a very small compartment with the free exposure of every portion of it to hundreds of acute observers. We believe Mr. Poe's hypothesis in regard to this extraordinary machine is generally conceded to

be the most plausible of any yet given. The scenes of the three other tales are professedly laid in Paris, though "Marie Rogêt" is in fact a minute transcript, and we believe a correct analysis, of an actual occurrence in New York. Through these fabrications, and the "Case of M. Valdemar," Poe's name became familiar to the *savans*, the courts of law, and the periodical press of Paris. Two journals translated and published his "Murders in the Rue Morgue," one, however, under a disguised title. The publisher of *La Commerce* prosecuted the publisher of *La Quotidienne* for stealing *his* literary wares, when, as was shown on the trial, the former had no exclusive right, he having been simply the first to appropriate the story, without acknowledgment, from the American author. This trial drew considerable attention to Poe's writings, and a translation of his principal works soon followed.

Moral uses Mr. Poe repudiated in his prose fiction as rigorously as he demanded their divorce from poetry, insisting that the only effect sought in either should be pleasure. If any reader, therefore, finds moral or spiritual truths inculcated in his fictitious writings, they must be regarded as estrays, which have accidentally got into the author's enclosure, without his permission or knowledge. Unless by some precious secret of alchemy, known only to the reader, he can convert forbidden things to holy uses, let one never look into Poe's fictions for instruction in matters pertaining to the interior or higher life. His genius appears to have been kindled from subterranean, rather than ethereal fires. We find but one tale which evinces any recognition of moral responsibility; and this is so fantastically draped, as effectually to conceal its moral from those unaware of the idiosyncrasies of the author. Under the name of "William Wilson," Mr. Poe has sketched some early passages in his own life, terminating with a scene which we would fain believe overstates, but which we cannot help suspecting dimly shadows forth the cause of his final quarrel with his guardian; the remainder of the story keeping too close a parallel with what we know of his career, to leave us the satisfaction of believing that the close was altogether fiction. This "William Wilson" he describes as possessing

not only the same name, but almost the same external appearance with himself. He first met him as a schoolmate in England, and for some years was followed and haunted by him as by a shadow. This second self he ascertained was also of his own age, and, though at one time there seemed a possibility of their becoming friends, all prospect of this was soon terminated, and, though he inwardly respected him, they quarrelled continually. Wilson's affectionate advice appeared impertinent, his friendly interference with his dissipations and vices became intolerably annoying, and the finale is, that on one occasion, when this unwelcome mentor essayed to prevent him from engaging in a disgraceful intrigue, provoked beyond endurance, he challenged him to an immediate passage of arms, and, after a sharp but brief struggle, slew him on the spot, from which moment he declares that he also was "*dead* to the World, to Heaven, and to Hope." Was not this second self his own thwarted and stifled conscience?

There are but two other tales which appear to have any useful design, and in these our author has not risen above the sense of mere physical loveliness. In "The Domain of Arnheim," and "Landor's Cottage," the attention of the wealthy is directed to landscape gardening, as a legitimate mode of expressing the poetic sentiment; with the advantage that, while affording the utmost latitude for the display of taste and luxurious expenditure, it offers not the lure to ambition which is usually involved in a devotion to literature, music, painting, or any other of the sister arts. All natural landscapes, says the writer, in "Arnheim," may be improved in their composition, to the human eye; and the suggestion is thrown out, that our earth-scenery may have been arranged with a view to the gratification of those spiritualized ex-residents of earth who can take in the whole world-view at a glance, deriving thence the idea of perfect beauty and harmony of effect, which we cannot attain on account of our limited range of vision. He contends, too, that no purely natural beauty is as attractive as that which shows a human care, — that nature can always be improved by art. In this story it is also shown how a person possessing a poetical nature, and means adequate to his conceptions, might not only add to an extensive

domain the ordinary agreeable effect of art, but, laying out his plans on a magnificent and gorgeous scale, might be enabled to convey to the beholder the impression of a constant supervision of angelic, instead of human beings; blending actual design with the absence of all the usual technicalities of art. In such an employment as this, he imagines "the possibility of exemption from the ordinary cares of humanity." In execution, "The Domain of Arnheim" falls far short of the real magnificence of the central idea. His description in detail affects us plaintively rather than pleasurably. While we accompany his solitary voyager on a visit to this model estate, we feel a sigh of splendid desolation floating upon the breeze; a hue of selfish, solitary grandeur tinges all the magnificent scenery; and within the very portals which admit us to the inner wonders of this crystalline palace, we hear a futile demand for that very human sympathy which is merely shown to the eye, — not felt in the "scrupulous, even fastidious neatness" which characterizes all the approaches to Arnheim. We cannot be persuaded that any healthy-souled guest travels thitherward; no joy-inspiring host dwells there, nor do voices of merry children venture to startle the oppressive quietude of this splendid prison-house with young nature's unrestrained and mirthful glee.

Besides these classified stories, — all of which are very brief, except "Gordon Pym," — Mr. Poe wrote a few satirical semi-fictions; the best of which are, "How to write a Blackwood Article," and "A Predicament," which is its sequel. There are also in these volumes several nondescript papers, as obscure in phraseology as in purpose; while some better worth preserving have been omitted. Of the excluded are his papers on Autography, Cryptology, and Ciphers, on all of which he prided himself, and which certainly ought to have been included in an edition purporting to "embrace everything written by him which he himself would have wished thus to preserve"; especially as these papers exhibit a peculiar trait of mind which is not adequately represented by "The Gold-Bug," — the only article of this kind which the compiler has given us.

The central idea of Mr. Poe's *philosophy* was that a uni-

versal ether fills all space and permeates all matter; that this ether is in essence what is commonly understood by the term *spirit*, and is manifested in those subtile and inexplicable principles recognized as magnetism, light, vitality, consciousness, and thought, and that to serve the purposes of this sentient ether — the only Godhead which he acknowledged — matter was created.

In that ingenious and remarkable production, "Eureka," this philosophy is the most fully developed. This is the most interesting to us of all Poe's works, not only on account of the intrinsic attraction of the subject, which is the cosmogony of the universe, but because it is the only one of which we have any external evidence that he believed in it himself. In this, which is claimed to be only an hypothesis, but supported, in his opinion, by incontrovertible reasoning, he pronounces that the Divine Unity or Godhead has exerted but one creative volition, when, in the beginning of all things, he willed matter into existence from nihility, and that this original matter was in the simplest form, — a single unrelated particle. To account for the variety of material forms now existent, we must admit that other and less energetic volitions divided this original uniform particle, and, in place of unity, produced separation, diffusion, multiplicity. Again, this divided matter was irradiated from a centre, within a limited sphere; not, however, in continuous rays, like rays of light, but in a series of strata, the particles of which were of different forms and sizes, and at unequal distances from one another, though not differing in their essence or nature. Here, then, we have matter in a state of diffusion; yet unity or oneness being its normal state, there is an inherent tendency in each atom of this diffused matter to return to unity. But if this were immediately permitted, the design of creation would of course be frustrated. To prevent this, an antagonistic force, *heterogeneity*, is introduced. Of this essence or principle (the *repulsion* of science), he professes himself too much in awe to discuss it. This force, manifested as electricity, seems to have held in his theory the place which Spinoza assigned to his "one proper substance." But considering oneness or unity as the normal or proper state of matter, and diffusion,

or multiplicity, as abnormal or wrong, Poe argues that the normal must eventually prove the strongest force; that hence *attraction*, which is but another name for unity, will in the end conquer *repulsion*, or heterogeneity, and that thus matter will finally return to its original unity, and thence into that nihility from which it was evoked, from which, however, a new and totally different cosmogony may be spoken by the Divine volition.

"A novel universe swelling into existence, and then subsiding into nothingness, at every throb of the Heart Divine. And this heart, what is it? *It is our own.* In man, the sense of individual identity will be gradually merged in the general consciousness. . . . . The general sum of the separate sensations of created things is precisely the amount of happiness which appertains by right to the Divine Being, when concentrated within Himself." — Vol. II. p. 214.

This part of his theory — the universal diffusion of Deity in and through all things, and man's final absorption into the Divine Essence — is identical in idea with the Brahminical faith, as explained in the "Bagvat-Geeta."

That puissant knight-templar, Bois Guilbert, says Sir Walter Scott, "bore on his new shield a raven, in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*" This would have been a most fit escutcheon for Mr. Poe to assume when he entered the lists as critic-general of the American forces of authorship. In the department of criticism he essayed a revolutionary movement, protesting against the whole tone of American reviewing, and substituting, theoretically at least, an entirely new system. Critical reviews, he declared, should aim solely at the detection of faults, — a reference to the "beauties" of a work, in his opinion, really derogating from its merit; because all literary productions, especially poetry and prose fiction, ought to be so harmoniously perfected, that to single out special beauties is in effect to suggest the idea that the remaining portions are not equal parts of a perfect whole, but that there are gems of value misplaced in a setting of base and worthless metal, betraying a bad taste and a discordant mind. Another prevalent fault against which he inveighed, and which he assumed to correct, was that of generalization, — in

opposition to his own style, that of minute and precise analysis, the detailed specification of what is wrong, why it is wrong, and how the fault might have been amended. This, he insisted, is the only style of criticism which can improve authors, by compelling them to see their own defects. Another charge, brought against all his American contemporaries in criticism, was that of pioneer-worship, — the lauding of those who first gave a name to American letters abroad, irrespectively of their positive merits, and simply because they happened to be first. And lastly, *cliquism* was the citadel of wrong against which he brought to bear all the power of his editorial battery whenever he could command the use of a press. Cliquism was the one thing which he hated more intensely than he could express (he never happened to be one of a powerful clique); and the suspicion that certain literary circles looked upon him with disfavor or contempt so embittered his feelings and distorted his vision, as to make him no less unjust to them, than he fancied they were disposed to be towards him.

Entertaining these opinions and feelings, he was, like other revolutionists, desirous mainly of decapitating the sovereign, and debasing all of the blood royal. Hence the pertinacity of his endeavors to bring down in the public esteem the acknowledged chiefs of poetry and fiction in the United States. From his first successful appearance as a critic in 1846, until his death, the American Parnassus was approached with all the enginery he could command or invent, — by sapping, mining, blasting, bombardment, stratagem, and storm; his shafts being ever the most keen and swift when aimed at the highest heads. The intensity of his prejudice against all literature emanating from New England imbued his pen with a virulence quite unessential even to a rigorously just criticism. Yet in the maintenance of his opinions on the aims of poetry, which were most frequently violated by Northern productions, we believe he was not only honest, but deeply penetrated with a conviction of their truth, and their importance to literature as an art; for these opinions are reiterated directly and incidentally throughout the whole of his works. But it cannot be denied — there is both internal and external evidence of the fact — that very many of his se-

verest criticisms were written for the express purpose of "creating a sensation," and an antagonism was always far more tolerable to him, than a peace which threatened to keep him in the background.

His general style of criticism, when his private feelings were in abeyance, was acute, but not comprehensive. It treated of words, rather than of thoughts. He was a masterly analyst, and could readily reduce a literary performance into its original elements; but he did not always discern its animating principle. He was a close logician, and could assume the guise of a subtle reasoner; he had a thorough acquaintance with the resources and capabilities of language; and in the niceties of grammatical construction, and a keen perception of the harmonies and proprieties of diction, he had probably no superior and few equals. Himself unerring in precision of purpose, he had a microscopic eye for the faulty arrangement of a theme, and an equally nice ear for a false quantity in rhythm. He excelled in seizing and holding up to ridicule obscurities and affectations in language, feebleness of thought or expression, wavering of purpose, or inconsistency between aim and execution. But with all his discriminative talent, he was not a safe leader in critical literature. In his determination to be precise and to avoid generalizations, he frequently failed to grasp the spirit and the total effect of a work, while diligently engaged in hunting to the death some awkward expression, or carping at some ill-chosen word. He saw all the faults a writer had, and many which he had not. Thus, in his frequent forays against those whom he especially labelled "plagiarists," he detects proofs undiscernible to all other eyes, — including many of those who were well enough disposed to see all that he saw if they could. This charge of plagiarism was his favorite weapon, and one which he wielded with no very strict regard to the rules of honorable warfare, for he was constantly in the habit of insinuating the charge, instead of proving it. Thus he says of a very young and precocious writer: "Of course no one at all read in Eastern fable will give her credit for originality of conception." Of a female dramatist he says: "The idea in the concluding quatrain is *so well put*,

as to have the air of originality. Indeed, I am not sure that the thought of the last two lines is not original." Again, of a popular novelist: "The critic (unacquainted with Tieck) who reads a single tale or essay may be justified in thinking him original." Of another he writes: "The thought in the *finale* is, as far as I know anything about it, original." And, finally, he says of one of our most popular song-writers: "He has an excellent memory for good hits. *To those who meddle little with books*, some of his satirical papers must appear brilliant." Scarcely one of his subjects escapes the charge direct, or the more provoking innuendo. This is the more audacious, when it is well known that, far from being immaculate himself in this respect, he was a most bold and unscrupulous plagiarist, — if plagiarism is not too mild a word for the appropriation, in one instance, of a *whole book*, which he pirated from a Scotch author, and to which he merely wrote a preface, signed by himself, in which he thanks certain (nameless) gentlemen for their assistance, without giving the slightest intimation that it had ever seen the light before. The work was a text-book on Conchology, by Captain T. Brown, originally printed in Glasgow in 1833. For other plagiarisms on a less extensive scale, we would refer to the Memoir by Mr. Griswold.

The fact was, that on this matter of plagiarism his personal feelings were early involved, and became so interwoven with his critical opinions, that he was necessarily inconsistent; and many of his charges were frivolous, while others were absolutely void of meaning. In referring, for instance, to Mr. Longfellow's "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," and "The Beleaguered City," he must have meant to say, that these poems, with all that he alleges against them, either were or were not justifiable productions. If he would concede that they were so, why did he condemn their author? But if he implied that they ought never to have been written, then we are free to confess that we hold him the only man in Christendom who could have entertained that opinion. Indeed, all the poems which Mr. Poe has selected for especial animadversion on this account, are exactly those which of all others the lovers of the true and beautiful would be least

willing to lose. Doubtless our Zoilus did good service to some of the emerging literati who came within the circle of his influence, by exciting in them, for the time at least, a wholesome circumspection, lest their platitudes and shortcomings should fall under the dissecting-knife of this unflinching operator. But his influence in criticism may almost be said to have died with him, so far as the direction of the public taste is concerned. His recorded opinions were not of a nature to interest general readers. What he says of an author does not modify our predilections. He compels us, indeed, to see a writer's faults, and perhaps to perceive that he might have done better than he has done; but his strictures being chiefly directed to verbalisms and syntax, — to the mechanical portion of a work, — we retain our several fancies, our likings and our dislikes, despite of all the artistic sins which he detects in our favorites, or the mathematical correctness which he demonstrates in another with whose tone of thought we have no sympathy. The secret of his impotency over the public taste lies in the fact that his critical reviews, like all that he wrote, were destitute of moral sentiment. He stood on narrow, almost technical ground; not on the broad plane of human hopes and interests. It was not on the total effect, or the probable influence of an author's works on the civil, social, or religious condition of humanity, that he adjudicated, but on those minor points of constructive ability, in which the mass even of intelligent readers take no very deep interest. Through this lack of breadth in his views of the critic's office, his writings have been limited in usefulness, being valuable chiefly to students in *belles lettres*, and to amateur authors, — not to mere readers, who care much less about the misuse of a dactyl or anapest, than they do about the general drift of a poem, and who are frequently quite oblivious of the atrocities perpetrated on spondees and trochees if the versification is smooth to the ear. It is the sentiment in poetry or prose, the imagery, the fidelity of description, the perfection of plot, the vividness of character displayed, — the general effect of a work of art, — upon which the ultimate decision of independent readers rests. Yet it is these elements, that make not only the popularity,

but the immortality, of authors, which Mr. Poe subordinates, or entirely overlooks. Skill is never accepted by the people as a substitute for soul, nor absolute accuracy in composition for a generous devotion to principle and truth. Through this same contraction of spirit, our critic was eminently unable to discern the "coming man," — the creators of great thoughts, — the discoverers and heralds of great principles, — the poets, who not only translate, but transfigure, our highest and holiest ideals, — those who live in the hearts of their own, and will live in succeeding ages, — those who, in prose or verse, most adequately express the spirit of their time, and who will consequently stand as the representatives of that time to the hereafter. Not on such qualities as these did Mr. Poe base his prophetic opinions of the future fame of the literati whom he discussed; and thus most of his oracular judgments upon particular individuals remain, and ever will remain, unfulfilled.

From Poe's critical writings to his personal character, the transition is easy and natural; for in him they were inseparable. He was born in Baltimore in 1811, was left an orphan at an early age, and adopted into the family of Mr. Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va. As a child, he was mentally precocious, and of a proud and irritable disposition; his sensitive and imperious temper being aggravated by the injudicious indulgence of his guardian. In his sixth year he accompanied his adopted parents to England, and was there placed at school, where he remained until 1822, when he returned to the United States. After a brief term at a preparatory academy, he entered the University of Maryland, and from this time forward he appears to have been a constant cause of anxiety to Mr. Allan. Being liberally supplied with funds, he was contracting habits of dissipation, which eventually led to his expulsion. While in the University he maintained a high rank as a scholar, and was noted for feats of athletic skill, one of which, well authenticated, was that of swimming seven miles and a half against the tide, and immediately walking back the same distance, without apparent fatigue; which shows his physical constitution to have been at this time unimpaired. His first serious quarrel with Mr. Allan occurred shortly after his expulsion from the University,

upon that gentleman's refusing to pay some of his debts of honor. He now talked of joining the Greeks, then in the midst of their struggle for independence, and he did spend the next year in Europe, though he never reached the Morea. How he employed this period we are not informed, until we hear of him at St. Petersburg, where he was rescued from the legal penalties of a drunken debauch only through the kindly interference of the American consul, who also provided him with funds to return home. On his arrival at Richmond, he found Mr. Allan still disposed to aid him, and on his expressing a desire to enter the Military Academy at West Point, his guardian, through influential friends, procured him an appointment in that institution. But here his old habits of dissipation were renewed, or probably continued, for we cannot learn that they were ever abandoned; at the end of ten months, he was cashiered; and with this additional disgrace he returned to Richmond, where Mr. Allan again received him into his family, but where he so conducted himself, that the doors of the only home he had ever known were now closed against him for ever. In his Memoir, Mr. Griswold, (Vol. I. p. 27,) quoting from a writer in the Southern Literary Messenger, indirectly insinuates the cause of this final separation, without stating distinctly what charge was alleged against him. Poe himself says that he ridiculed the second marriage of his guardian, which had taken place while he was at West Point. But this youthful indiscretion, after the great forbearance Mr. Allan appears uniformly to have exercised towards him, seems hardly sufficient to account for the serious light in which the offence, whatever it was, was viewed by Mr. Allan. It was shortly after his leaving West Point that Poe's Juvenile Poems were published. He also occasionally wrote for the press, but with no marked success; and discouraged and reduced in means, in a moment of despair he enlisted in the army of the United States as a private soldier. In this situation he was recognized by some of the officers who had known him at West Point, and they applied for a commission for him, when to their great mortification it was found he had deserted.

We next hear of him, at the age of twenty-two, as a suc-

cessful competitor for prizes offered by the publishers of the Baltimore Saturday Visitor for poetical compositions and prose tales. The successful tale was that entitled "A Manuscript found in a Bottle." It is right to add, that the prize was not given on account of the superiority of the tale to all others offered in competition, for none of the others were read, — the committee voting to give the prize "to the first of geniuses who had written legibly"! It was the excellence of his chirography alone which fixed the attention of the committee upon his manuscript. This incident, otherwise unimportant, was the means of introducing the young author, then in extremely necessitous circumstances, to several gentlemen connected with the periodical press; and from this time forward, Mr. Poe need never have been without friends, or permanent literary employment. In 1835 he took charge of the editorial department of the Southern Literary Messenger, of which Mr. T. W. White was the proprietor. This connection continued for nearly two years, during all which time Mr. White's patience was severely tested by frequent irregularities and neglect of duty on the part of his erratic editor. During this period, while on a salary of only five hundred dollars per annum, Mr. Poe married his cousin, Miss Virginia Clemm; and in 1838 removed to Philadelphia, without any prospect of permanent employment. Six months later he was engaged by Mr. Burton (now of Burton's Theatre, New York) to edit for him "The Gentleman's Magazine." It was to him that Poe proposed to make a pecuniarily profitable "sensation," by unusual causticity in reviewing; exciting attention to the Magazine by spreading "havoc" among the literary stars of the country. Mr. Burton, however, did not acquiesce in the suggestion, declaring that he was more anxious that the sentiments expressed in "The Gentleman's Magazine" should be "just" than "exciting." Poe's connection with Burton was terminated in even a more dishonorable manner than that with Mr. White. Burton had left the city for a few days on business, leaving Poe to get out a number of the Magazine. On his return he found that nothing had been done in the office, and that Poe had taken his subscription list, and, with a prospectus out for a new magazine, was endeavoring to

supplant him and the "Gentleman's." The recreant editor did not succeed in his project. Of course he could do no more for Burton, and was again without employment.

His next editorial engagement was with Mr. Graham; but the same neglect of duty, growing out of his habitual intemperance, after a brief term also closed his connection with Graham's Magazine. Having no further prospect of success in Philadelphia, in 1844 he removed to New York, where he was shortly afterwards engaged as assistant editor and critic, by General Morris and N. P. Willis, then publishers of the Mirror. This was the only business engagement of his which proved satisfactory to his employers, and was terminated in a friendly manner. It lasted, however, for six months only. He was next associated with Mr. Briggs in the publication of "The Broadway Journal," of which he subsequently became sole editor and proprietor. It had for years been the prime object of his desire to have the entire control of a literary periodical; but his success was not commensurate with his anticipations, and in four months after the Journal passed into his hands its publication was suspended. We next find him writing his critical notices of the New York literati for Godey's Lady's Book, and these were brought to a premature conclusion by his taking offence at Mr. Godey for refusing to have a personal controversy which had arisen between Poe and one of the subjects of his criticism carried on in the columns of the Lady's Book. He was thus once more thrown entirely upon the chance of transient employment for an income.

Previously to 1840 he had published his "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," and two volumes of prose tales, entitled "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," from which we cannot learn that he derived any considerable profit. He was now (in the winter of 1846–47) failing in health, his wife, who had long been ill of consumption, died, and his pecuniary difficulties were aggravated into actual suffering by want of the very necessaries of life. From this sad condition he was partially relieved by an appeal to the public, through the press; but this exposure of his affairs he so far resented as to deny the fact of his destitution, in a letter prepared for publication

and addressed to N. P. Willis, though he freely acknowledged his extreme need to the individuals who came forward to his aid. Rallying from this, the darkest period of his life, he applied himself earnestly to the work of procuring funds sufficient to establish a literary journal, to be called "The Stylus." For this purpose he delivered "Eureka" as a lecture, which was well received, but was not sufficiently productive to be of much avail at this juncture in his affairs. He was now engaged to be married to a lady residing in one of the Eastern States; but for some reason — or without reason, for he gave none — he determined to break the contract, and left New York for that express purpose, intending to exhibit himself before her family in such a condition as to insure the result. He went there in a state of brutal intoxication, and his conduct precluded, as he had anticipated, any necessity for a repetition of the experiment.

In a brief but very beautiful prose poem of his, called "Eleanora," he has, it appears to us, sketched himself and his wife, idealized to be sure, but with likeness enough for recognition; and in this story he represents himself as having solemnly sworn never to wed again, after his Eleanora's death. As the story runs, he broke his vow; the sin of perjury ever after weighed upon him like an incubus, and his second marriage was devoid of all happiness. This idea reappears in several other stories of his. It is just possible that some such feeling induced the breaking of his second engagement, and also led him into that last fatal debauch which occurred a few months later. Immediately after his return to New York from this degrading episode at the East, he went to Virginia, and there, renewing an early acquaintance, entered into another marriage engagement. On his leaving Virginia to settle some business and prepare for his marriage, he stopped at Baltimore to take some refreshment; in the tavern were some of his old companions; he drank deeply, became insanely intoxicated, remained exposed without shelter during the whole night, and in the morning was carried to the public hospital, where he died, October 7th, 1849, at the age of thirty-eight.

In vain do we look in his case for any unusual temptations or peculiarity of position, which might extenuate, if they could

not justify, his gross immoralities, his ingratitude to his guardian, and the Ishmaelitish position which he so long held with the world. But we do the world that surrounded him wrong in this latter phrase. His hand was "against every man's," but the converse was not true. Particularly in the early part of his literary career, he had every opportunity of securing firm and able friends, whom his own misconduct alone alienated. For many of his follies we are quite unable to account, on any of the ordinary principles applicable to human nature; and we feel compelled to refer them to that "spirit of perverseness" which he affirmed was inherent in humanity. Of this he says: —

"Of thi spirit of perverseness philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives, than I am that perverseness is one of the primary impulses of the human heart — one of the indivisible primary faculties, which give direction to the character of Man. Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action, *for no other reason than because he knows he should not?*" — Vol. I. p. 283.

In his evident persuasion that this was an ordinary and universal experience, instead of the monstrosity that it is, he painfully demonstrates the intenseness of his own perversity. Elsewhere he speaks of this disposition "as this unfathomable longing of the soul to vex itself, — of this longing to do a wrong simply because it is a wrong." Two of his tales are based upon this idea, namely, "The Black Cat," and "The Imp of the Perverse." But though he might harbor such opinions of himself and others, we think that a great portion of his misunderstanding with the world, and continual unrest of spirit, arose from his mistaking his own comparative position and importance. The universe to him was divided, like that of Fichte, into the "Me" and the "Not Me," and, like that abstruse metaphysician, he seemed to hold that the "Not Me" owed its existence solely to the "Me," — or, in other words, that the "Me" was the only important actor, and that of which the "Not Me" was the mere creature. But here the analogy fails, for Fichte's "Me" was bounded or limited by the idea of duty, which was never admitted into Poe's philosophy. In his criticism on Anne C. Lynch, he deliberately fleers at her for "making a hobby of duty."

From this persuasion of his own mental superiority, and his uniform refusal to acknowledge any moral dictation, also sprang that feeling of contempt for others, which he never "unlearned," as did Byron. Of course he had no sympathy with the people, and could not even understand the noble devotion of Genius to the welfare of others. Speaking of Charles Dickens, to whom he grants the highest rank as a literary artist, he says: —

"Mr. Dickens has no more business with the rabble than a seraph with a *chapeau de bras*. The electric spark of genius is the medium of intercourse between the noble and more noble mind, — and not for low communion with low, *or even with ordinary* intellect. . . . . What is he to Jacques Bonhomme or Jacques Bonhomme to him?" — Vol. III. p. 450.

In this superciliousness of spirit, we find the reason why a man who has written so much and so well as Mr. Poe has, should, after all, have produced so slight an impression upon his own times. The people were nothing to him, and he is considerably less to them than he would have been had his sympathies run in a broader and more genial channel. He not only failed to make friends of his readers, as all earnest, true-hearted writers, with any measure of talent approximating to his, do; but he deliberately provoked the animosity of many of his literary peers and superiors by the bantering tone of his criticisms, — the most offensive, and not the most useful, style of reviewing. Whether this was a weakness on their part, or an unjustifiable presumption on his, each person will probably decide according to his direct or incidental interest in the question. But his frequent disagreements and quarrels in his business relations arose out of no such equivocal position.

The fact that he had at the time of his death so few friends, naturally led to the inquiry, among those who had been interested in his literary career, whether he had, or had not, any of those social qualities on which permanent friendships are based. The general response was, that he had not, — that he was irascible, cynical, suspicious, supercilious, envious, and untruthful. Whereupon Mr. N. P. Willis, appearing as his champion, magnanimously affirmed that "there *was goodness*

in Edgar A. Poe," which affirmation, thus elicited, bears in it, unintentionally we have no doubt, (for Willis is not given to sarcasm,) the bitterest irony. Mr. Poe's goodness, it seems, had escaped ordinary observation, and to establish a belief in its existence it became necessary to authenticate it by a similar process to that by which other men's crimes are substantiated. And so it befell, that writs of curiosity (with some from a better motive) were issued, and instructions were given to all volunteers in the cause of justice and humanity to "attach" this said "goodness" of Mr. Poe's, wherever it might be found, and to bring it before the court of public opinion for adjudication. For some time the returns constantly were *non est*, but a hue and cry being raised, and more joining in the search, it was finally discovered, and two witnesses were summoned to testify to the genuineness of the thing. These were the late Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, and Mrs. Clemm, his wife's mother, who was also his own aunt. Mr. Willis we may consider as his attorney, and Mr. Griswold as the prosecuting officer. The list of witnesses called by the latter is long, and some of the names are weighty; among them is Mr. Allan, his guardian, who charges him with wanton insult and ingratitude; the Faculty of Maryland University; the President of the Military Academy at West Point; the officers of the regiment from which he deserted; the publishers, White, Burton, Graham, and Godey, whose business he had injured or neglected, with others, who, being superfluous, are excluded. But one we must not omit,—the state's evidence, —*himself;* for none have accused Poe of more numerous indefensible motives and actions than he admitted to be true. He accuses himself of deliberate falsehood, for the sake of sustaining appearances; of insulting a respectful audience, and a respectable literary association, solely in order to avenge himself upon a small clique, who he fancied had slighted him; of making public, unjust, and untrue allegations against an individual, without any evidence, satisfactory to himself, of their truth; and of experiencing a "superior relish for a *row* over all sublunary pleasures." Here the prosecutor may be content to rest the case, though but a small fraction of the evidence is in; and we are glad to hear

his counsel call for the rebutting testimony. Mrs. Osgood testifies to his "chivalric, graceful, and almost tender reverence for all women who won his respect, and of his playful, witty, and affectionate behavior *at home*, both to his wife and visitors." Mrs. Clemm, who speaks with a more intimate knowledge than any mere acquaintance could, says: "He was more than a son to myself, in his long-continued and affectionate observance of every duty to me."

Here we have reached the one oasis in his checkered and unhappy life; and most cheerfully do we accede to the plea of Mr. Willis, and agree with him "that there *was goodness* in Edgar A. Poe." Indeed, this gentle home-character, which we cannot doubt, redeems his memory from many of the darker shadows that seem to rest upon it. It *is* pleasant to know, that, however irascible abroad and with strangers, he was always as kind to his delicate and gentle wife as the sin of habitual intemperance ever permits a man to be. Yet must we confess that this favorable testimony, coming from the persons who render it, impresses us more deeply with *their* charming character than with his, when we remember that those who saw this "goodness" most clearly were both unusually lovely and gentle women, who probably never hurt his self-esteem, never thwarted, never disputed him. The only other person who coincides with their view of his character is Mr. Willis, himself remarkable for general urbanity of manner, and who expressly says, in his notice of Poe, that he always treated him with "deferential courtesy," — exactly the manner to suit this sensitive and wayward child of genius. And thus we are forced to the conclusion, that it was only in a few exceptional cases, and where the sacrifice of dignity and pretension was all on the side of the other party, that Mr. Poe presented that winning and gentlemanly demeanor described by Mrs. Osgood.

That Poe had genius of a high order, both analytic and creative, no one thoroughly acquainted with his writings will deny. But he had also, to its fullest extent, and in its most virulent form, the *cant of genius;* we mean that disposition exhibited by many of the erratic stars of literature to claim exemption, on account of their peculiarly fine temperament,

from the ordinary rules of morality, ever begging the indulgence and tender judgment of their fellows on the very score of *superiority*, — a kind of perpetual plea for "benefit of clergy" in the realm of letters, which ought to have been proscribed there when it was disowned by the law-courts of the fatherland. This cant, learned from the chronicles of Grub Street, and wholly unwarranted, either by the times in which Mr. Poe lived, or the circumstances under which he made his literary *début*, we regard as the weakest point in his character. It is a plea which any man should be ashamed to make. In the name of virtue, let it be for ever banished from the domain of letters in this Western World.

The impression which is made by Poe's writings, as a whole, is decidedly painful, the contrast is forced so perpetually upon us of what he was, and how he used his talents, with what he might have been, and might have accomplished, had he applied his energies to any one noble purpose. We find in him great mental power, but no mental health. His force was the preternatural activity of a strong imagination, which, curbless and uncontrolled, bore him whithersoever it would. Even his ambition had nothing ennobling in it. He "struggled, labored, created, not," as he tells us himself, "because excellence is desirable, but because to be excelled, where there exists a power to excel, is *unendurable*." If the human brain is indeed a palimpsest, as the author of "Suspiria de Profundis" suggests, and if all the inscriptions once written there are liable to be reproduced, then most assuredly should we pray for some more potent chemistry to blot out from our brain-roll for ever, beyond the power of future resurrection, the greater part of what has been inscribed upon it by the ghastly and charnel-hued pen of Edgar Allan Poe. Rather than remember all, we would choose to forget all that he has ever written.

ART. IX. — 1. *Decadas da Asia de* JOAM DE BARROS *e de* DIEGO DE COUTO. Nova Ediçam. 24 vols. Lisboa. 1778.

2. *Vida de* JOAM DE CASTRO, *quarto Viso-Rey da India.* Por JACINTO FREIRE DE ANDRADE. Lisboa. 1798.

3. *Obras de* J. B. ALMEIDA-GARRETT. 18 vols. Lisboa. 1843.

4. *Historia do Cerco do Porto.* Por SIMAM JOSÉ DA LUZ SORIANO. 2 vols. Lisboa. 1849.

5. *Diccionario Geographico do Reino do Portugal e seus Dominios.* Por PAULO PERESTRELLO DA CAMARA. 2 vols. Rio de Janeiro. 1850.

6. *Diccionario Geographico das Provincias e Possessoes Portuguezes.* Por JOSÉ MARIA DE SONSA MONTEIRO. 2 parts. Lisboa. 1850.

7. *Mappas Geraes do Commercio do Portugal durante o Anno de* 1851. Lisboa. 1853.

8. *Almanech de Lembranças, Luso, Brasileiro para* 1856. Lisboa. 1856.

AMONG the thousand readers of the graceful pages in which Prescott has told a portion of the tale of Philip II., are there not some who will give a moment's thought to that other Peninsular nation, which Philip with difficulty subdued, — that nation which occupied (old historians say) "the marrow of Spain," *medulla Hispanica*, which founded the first of modern commercial empires, whose language is as sweet as the Spanish is sonorous, and whose manners are melancholy as the Spanish are gay, — but whose career, like the Spanish, has been a sudden glory and a long decline?

The origin of the kingdom of Portugal is the most romantic, and at the same time the most democratic, in Europe. Count Henry of Burgundy received from Alfonso VI. of Spain the hand of the fair Theresa, and the sovereignty of as much land as he could conquer from the Moors. He won province after province. At his death his son Alfonso Henriques became Count in his stead, and in 1139 the brave and chivalrous Moors made one last vain effort to resist him. On

the field of Ourique was fought a strange battle. Three hundred thousand Moors at the very least, chroniclers say, (believe it who can,) met thirteen thousand Christians, and were vanquished; the five kings who had led them were slain, one by one, and their five shields still constitute the arms of Portugal. For a "Portugal" there was thenceforth to be; the battle, as it proved, was not merely for a religion, but for a kingdom. Alfonso was crowned king upon the field by his victorious soldiers, and he in return raised the whole army to the rank of nobility.

But this was not all. It took four years to consummate his declaration of independence, and to gain the papal consent to the new royalty, and it was not till 1143 that there was beheld at Lamego a ceremony unparalleled in the history of coronations. In the church of Santa Maria de Almacava in Lamego, July 25, 1145, the cortes of the new nation was convoked, — clergy, officers, and a delegate from every town. Alfonso Henriques was present, seated on the throne, but without crown or sceptre. The assembly was organized, and religious rites were performed. Then Lourenço Viegas, Alfonso's secretary, rose and asked the assembly whether, according to the acclamations on the battle-field, since approved by the Pope, they accepted Don Alfonso for their king. "Yes!" was the enthusiastic shout. "And his children after him?" asked Viegas. "And his children after him," they eagerly repeated. "Shall we give him the ensigns of royalty?" was the next question. "In the name of God," was the answer. Then the Archbishop of Braga placed upon his head a jewelled crown, once worn by the Gothic sovereigns; and the king, drawing his sword, addressed the assembly: "Blessed be God for his aid! By this sword your enemies have been subdued; and it is you who have raised me to be your king and comrade. Let laws now be made, for the peace of our nation." Eighteen statutes were then made, called the Statues of Lamego, the Magna Charta of Portugal. The assembly assented to them all. Then came the last and greatest question. "Is it your will," Viegas said, "that your king should go to Leon, to pay tribute to that king, or to any other?" Then the whole assembly rose, and, waving their

naked swords, cried out, "We are free; our king is free; with our own hands we have won that freedom; and any king who yields it shall atone for it with his life." Then the king rose once more and said, "Though it be my own son, he shall die." And the Cortes was dissolved.

We are not now entering upon a detailed history of Portugal, and cannot dwell upon this period longer. Yet there is one deed so prized among the annals of the nation, and so worthy of Greek or Roman fame, that we must not pass it by. Before the young Alfonso had dared to speak the word "Independence," the king of Leon, fearing his ambition, marched against him with an army, and besieged him at Guimaraes. At length the fortress yielded, and the unwilling barons were compelled to pledge their yet boyish king to remain the vassal of Leon. "Who will be your security?" asked the foreign monarch. "I will answer for it with my head," replied Dom Egas Moniz, the most powerful of them all. The young Alfonso grew to be a man; his people crowned him king, as we have seen, and with the full consent of the noble Egas Moniz. But the word given must be fulfilled; the freedom of the nation was the doom of the hostage. The Portuguese Regulus called his family around him, bade his king and his friends farewell, and went, not unattended, toward the court of Leon. Arrived there, he bared his head and his feet, and bound a cord around his neck. His wife and children did the same. A sad and stately family, they appeared before the angry king. Thank God for human nature, we can add, that his anger yielded to admiration, and the noble family returned home uninjured. Egas Moniz was free, and so was Portugal. His ancient monument still remains near Porto;—on one side the mournful procession to Leon, the father, the mother, the four children (these last seated upon one horse for economy of marble); on the other, the death-bed of the hero, with two angels bearing him to heaven.

Our next glimpse of Portugal must be in the time of its greatest glory. We pass by events on which dramas have been founded, and others on which they well might be;—the follies and reform of Alfonso the Hunter; the sorrows of Iñez de Castro; the crimes and generosity of the Master of Avis;

the varied fortunes of Portugal for three hundred years. It was a history of tumult under the house of Braganza; it became a tale of glory under the house of Avis. "If Spain is the head of Europe," said a writer of those days, "Portugal is its diadem."

Human progress, philosophers say, moves in a spiral. The overland route to India, last in order of time, was also first. During the fifteenth century, of all the valuable Oriental traffic which enriched Europe, nothing passed around the unknown southern cape of Africa. The old Portuguese chroniclers delight to speak of the toil and cost with which the varied spices and jewels of India had been carried westward. The Arabian Nights seem prosaic beside the mere catalogue of the names suggested by that magnificent merchandise. Great cities were built up by the fragrant commerce, — Malacca, Ormuz, Calicut, Cambay, and Aden. To Malacca came the gold and silver of Luçon, the sandal-wood of Timor, the mace, cloves, and nutmegs of Banda, the camphor of Borneo, the spices, drugs, dyes, and perfumes of China, Java, and Siam. From Malacca they went to Ormuz, in Persia, whither were brought also the rubies of Pegu and Ceylon, the pearls of Calicare, the diamonds of Narsingah, the silks of Bengal. The accumulated treasures went up the Persian Gulf to Bassora, and thence in caravans to Armenia, Trebisond, Aleppo, Damascus, and Beyrut; or by Suez to Cairo and Alexandria. To Alexandria and Beyrut the European traders flocked for their superb traffic, and thus it was that Venice held the gorgeous East in fee. But beyond these ports the East was all, up to that epoch, in Mohammedan hands, and their wealthy dominion terminated from the moment when the little caravels of Vasco de Gama, half scattered by the Stormy Cape, dropped anchor off the River of Good Signs.

It was in 1497, the year before Columbus reached the mouth of the Orinoco; the year after that proud treaty in which Spain and Portugal divided the empire of the seas between themselves. Portugal had rejected Columbus, not from want of enterprise, but from excess of it, thinking she did not need him. For the nation had possessed, early in

the century, a prince who had no equal in that age for love of science, and energy in directing maritime enterprise. There remains a noble portrait of Prince Henry, with his books and maps around him, — a knightly figure, in complete armor, with such a brow and eyes as modern royalty can seldom show. Before Columbus, he had sent his ships (A. D. 1412) beyond Cape Non, which, as its name implies, was then the *ne plus ultra;* and then beyond Cape Bojador, so named by the sailors after they had *compassed* (*bojar*) its vast length of forty leagues. "The new labor of Hercules," this daring deed was called at the time. Then Madeira was discovered, then the Azores; then they passed (perhaps unconsciously) the equinoctial line; for we know that Henry's captains, wherever they went, left inscribed his motto, "Talent de bien faire," and in 1525 Loanza, a Spanish captain, found that device on the bark of a tree on the isle of St. Matthew (two degrees south latitude).

Four miles from Lisbon stands the chapel of Belem on the sea-shore, rich in architectural beauty, richer in one great memory. Thither, on July 7, 1497, went Vasco de Gama, with his companions, to spend a night of vigils before deeds at which the world should wonder. The monks of the convent of Thomar watched with them, their sole attendants, and administered to them the sacrament. As the voyagers went forth from the chapel the next morning, all Lisbon was before them on the beach, an innumerable host. Holy brotherhoods marched with candles; priests in gorgeous robes sang anthems; the whole multitude responded to a solemn ritual, and knelt while the captains confessed and were absolved, for the last time. Then gradually the murmurs of the people swelled into a wild outcry; one after another burst into tears; De Gama himself wept at last. Then they embarked, the sails were spread, and those weeping thousands lingered on the shore till the last of the little vessels disappeared. "Therefore," says the sympathetic old chronicler, "that spot may well be styled henceforward *Praia das Lagrimas*, the Beach of Tears."

How nice is the balance in which human glory is weighed! Columbus is the greatest of all voyagers. Vasco de Gama is

the second. But Sir Philip Sidney has well said that the fall is greater from first to second, than from second to lowest. Both these men sailed for the same great prize, — India: Vasco de Gama succeeded, and won it; Columbus failed, and won something incomparably greater. Which was really the more extraordinary man? The sailors of Columbus mutinied, so did those of De Gama; the superstition which checked navigation westward was no stronger than that which restrained it on the southward; the open sea was safer than the terrible coast of Africa; De Gama met fiercer storms and far fiercer men, for who could compare the mild West Indian tribes with the fearless and crafty Moors, monopolizing the Eastern seas and enraged at the approach of a rival?

But it needed two great men to give this new Eastern world to Portugal. Alfonso de Albuquerque was its nobler Cortez and its humaner Pizarro. Vasco de Gama made the name of Portugal the wonder of the Eastern world; Almeida made it feared and hated; Albuquerque made it feared and loved. He entered on his vice-royalty in 1506, and began his career of victories by the capture of Ormuz. The king of Ormuz had, it is said, thirty thousand men against five hundred invaders; but Albuquerque had courage and cannon. The day after the victory, an envoy happened to arrive from the king of Persia, to demand the tribute which the conquered sovereign had hitherto paid. Timidly, the vanquished monarch referred the ambassador to the victor. Albuquerque filled a vase with bullets and spear-heads. "Behold," said he, "the tribute which is paid by the king of Portugal and of India." Albuquerque conquered Goa, and Malacca, which became his eastern and western capitals. At both these places he coined money and created commerce. He planned that his successors should in these very colonies levy armies and build fleets, and it was done. The kings of Siam, Sumatra, and Pegu voluntarily did him homage. There are dark deeds enough in the history of Portuguese India; but none of these stain the fame of Albuquerque. He ruled not by martial law, but by open courts of justice. "The trophies of our victories," says the contemporary historian, "are not bruised helmets

and warlike engines; but cities, islands, and kingdoms, first humbled under our feet, and then joyfully owning our government." The princes of India put on mourning at his death; and afterwards the Mohammedans and Gentoos of Goa, when wronged by any Portuguese, were wont to go and weep at his tomb, and call upon his God to revenge their wrongs.

But ere he died, he knew the statesman's agony. Returning once to Goa from Ormuz, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, he heard that Lope de Soares, whom he had sent back to Portugal as a prisoner, had been sent out again to supersede him. Instantly there was a relapse in his disease, and he died the next day; first writing, with trembling hand, this proud last letter to his faithless king: "Sire, I leave an only son, for whom I ask your protection. I claim no other recompense for any services. What I have already done, may speak for what I might have done."

The decay of Portugal had begun. The prophecy of an Indian prince came true: "The Portuguese have conquered Asia, but Asia will soon conquer them." The new riches corrupted first the viceroys abroad, and then the court at home. We have seen how Albuquerque died. His best followers perished, De Castro on the scaffold, Ataide of despair. These were all poor men. It was said of the last-named, "Other officers carried great treasures from Asia to Portugal; he took only jars of water." The jars came from the four great rivers, Tigris, Euphrates, Indus, and Ganges, and were for many years preserved in his castle. Later viceroys denounced this poverty as madness, and soon began a different career. Fancy never conceived, Pizarro never exhibited, a cruelty more atrocious, than was daily exercised in the Portuguese East Indies. Viceroys ruled for a three years' term, brought away riches, and left agonies behind. The Indians said that the Portuguese were the lions of the human race, and thanked God that they were equally few. "Avarice and ambition," said the mourning Camoens, "now in India openly defy God and justice."

The times were evil at home also. The brave Sebastian weakened his nation, first by his victories, and then by his fall. In his rash valor he fought a hundred thousand Moors

with sixteen thousand Portuguese at Alcaçarquiver, in Africa. He died upon the field, his crown lost; since which event, in sad memorial of that deep disaster, no monarch of Portugal has placed the crown upon his head on his coronation-day. But the enthusiasm which ruined the nation so endeared him to its heart, that for years afterward the people still believed that he had not died, and looked for his return; and when his weak successor, Cardinal Henry, expired, and the strong arm of Philip II. of Spain seized the crownless throne, the peace of the nation was still broken, again and again, by counterfeit Sebastians. It is touching to see how many an oppressed nation clings to the second coming of its heroes, — *rex quondam, rexque futurus.* In the Peninsular war, Sebastian was looked for again, — again in 1838, — and even now there is a party of Sebastianistas in Portugal.

The decay of the nation had begun, but not before it had made its mark upon literature as well as history. Those glories educated, that decline stimulated, the genius of Camoens. His life commenced in the year after the death of Albuquerque (1517), and ended in the year after the death of Sebastian (1579); thus spanning the interval between triumph and decline. What a tragedy was the poet's own life meanwhile! Brave, generous, patient, laborious, accomplished, fascinating, he died sick, starving, forgotten; the defeat of Alcaçarquivir giving, it is thought, the last blow to his heroic spirit. His dying words were of sad rejoicing, that he perished with his country, — "*ao menos morro com ella.*" Fifteen years after, they wrote upon his tomb: "Here lies the prince among the poets of his age; he lived poor and miserable, and he died the same." Yet when this Camoens swam to the beach of Cochin-China, holding his poem above the waves in his hand, it was the renown of Portugal that he bore. What would his country have had remaining, if that hand had lost its grasp? But, at this day, Camoens is, to almost all, the shadow of a name. No wonder that it is so. Time has not, indeed, impaired the fame of Dante, any more than of the greater Shakespeare; but the same cannot be said of Tasso and Ariosto, and how could Camoens, writing in a less known language a poem similar in structure to theirs, expect to es-

cape their fate? Nay, there are no gondoliers to prolong the sweetness of his strain; no great astronomer, to attribute to him, as Galileo did to Ariosto, the perfect beauty of his own scientific style; no Professor Marsand, to collect a library of nine hundred commentaries, like the Bibliotheca Petrarchensis at Padua; — only the sad and patient Portuguese, clinging to their one poet, and waiting for another, as they waited for Sebastian. We have heard of the *homo unius libri;* here is a nation of one book.

Yet there are stately charms in the Lusiad, worthy of the sweet language in which it is written. It has the Italian graces, — beauty of melody, descriptive eloquence, and occasional fine touches of feeling. It is, to be sure, disfigured by a cumbrous mythology; yet perhaps its narration has a nobler interest than that of the Orlando or the Gierusalemme, even if it shows less skill of invention. Humboldt, in his Cosmos, has compared its descriptions of nature with theirs, and given the Portuguese epic the palm. Mickle has done for Camoens what Hoole did for the Italian poets, — the most, namely, that a feeble translator can do. But if the number of foreign versions gives fame, the Lusiad has it. It is said that there have been five complete translations into Italian, four into Spanish, four into French, four into German, three into English, and one each into Swedish, Danish, and Russian, to say nothing of six into Latin and one into Hebrew, — thirty in all.

We return to the annals of Portugal. Philip II. had a better claim to the throne than most usurpers have, and yet he was a usurper. His mother was the lineal heir, and forfeited the prospect of Portuguese royalty only in assuming Spanish royalty; for such was the penalty, by the statutes of Lamego, of marrying a foreigner. The crown thus devolved on her sister, Donna Catharina of Braganza; but her claim was contested by her cousin, Dom Antonio. The poor King Henry died, in 1580, and named five regents to do what he alone could have done, — to decide upon his heir. The nobles were loyal to Catharina; the people loved Antonio. It was the old story, the two disputants had the shells left to them at last, while the astute Philip devoured the oyster. But Philip had first tried in vain to seduce Antonio and to terrify Catha-

rina. Both were faithful to the nationality of Portugal. Philip bought everything that had a price; but the people could not all be bought, nor is there anything in modern history more stern and heroic than the protest solemnly prepared at Lisbon by Martin Fernandez, a ropemaker, and Antonio Pirez, a potter, against the infamy of those nobles who were conspiring to betray their country. "Beware!" was the final warning; "if every noble proves treacherous, there are still twenty thousand of the people of Lisbon who will rise against you." In vain, in vain. What were the brave Lisbon mechanics, — what were the heroic peasant-women, who, like the Moorish women on that soil before them, enrolled themselves in bands and fought for their firesides, — what was all the patriotism of Portugal, against the diplomacy of Philip and the armies of his terrible duke? The nation was conquered, and its capital brutally pillaged. "Philip did not leave one man alive in the city," says a Portuguese historian, "whose talents or character made him formidable"; and for years the peasants by the sea-side abstained from eating the fishes, which they believed to have been fed upon the dead bodies of their countrymen. Antonio wandered an exile, while no bribe could win his followers to betray him. Catharina's husband and son submitted to the conqueror, but she never did; and even when he wished, long afterwards, to espouse the widowed queen, she repelled his suit for the sake of her children. Others there were, also, who resisted him to the last. When Philip came to Lisbon, it is said, his first question was, "Where is Camoens?" It only reminded those whom he sought to conciliate, of the poet-patriot's dying words. But this people was sad and broken, deprived of many of its leaders, divided by those party feuds which always grow from a disputed succession. Philip tyrannized at will; Portugal only sighed and waited for Sebastian. Accordingly, six counterfeit Sebastians rose and fell, — rose in insurrection, fell in ignominy.

We shall pass lightly over that period of shame known by Portuguese writers, with a reminiscence of the sorrows of Israel, as the "Sixty Years of Captivity." Mr. Prescott's graceful pen will soon describe it. We shall wait with eager-

ness to see what view he takes of Philip's treatment of Portugal, and especially of his failure to protect the new dominion by the same strength and skill which conquered it. It would be sad to give, item by item, the inventory of the gradual ruin which swept away all that gorgeous foreign empire, each year now bringing fresh loss, as each year had once been marked by new conquests. The Moors at Madeira, the English at Pernambuco, the French at Rio de Janeiro, and the Dutch everywhere, found an easy prey in the Portuguese dominions, (from 1594 to 1630,) and whatever the name of Philip may have meant in Europe, it had no spell beyond the seas.

No French revolution was ever so rapid as that which at length set Portugal free once more. Philip's weak grandchild reigned. There was a secret patriotic conspiracy of five hundred men and women, with the wise head of Richelieu behind it. On the 1st of December, 1640, the Vice-queen Margaret, and her hated secretary, Vasconcellos, reigned undisturbed, at sunrise. At eight o'clock a pistol was fired, and within six hours Vasconcellos was executed, Margaret confined in her own apartments, the fortress surrendered by her order, and the Duke of Braganza "acclaimed" as Joam IV. of Portugal. In the evening the shops of Lisbon were open as usual, nor would a stranger have known that a people had been set free that day. In Brazil the Dutch, who had easily conquered a nation of slaves, were as easily expelled by a nation of freemen; Madeira and the Azores banished the Spaniards; in the Oriental possessions the change of government was hailed with enthusiasm; and there was once more a free and united Portugal. The new king reigned bravely, with his braver wife at his side, but for whose prompt heroism he would have shrunk from the leadership of a revolution so daring.

Our next glimpse of Portugal must be during the reign of Joam V., that most superstitious of modern kingly devotees. He ascended the throne in 1706. During this time the vast wealth of Brazil was flowing in upon Portugal, out of which the Pope's proportion was, at some periods, nearly one million dollars a year. All the ecclesiastical arrangements of the

kingdom were upon a corresponding scale. There were eight hundred religious establishments, comprising one tenth part of the population. There was founded a national hierarchy without parallel in Modern Europe. The vestments of the "Patriarch" were closely copied from those of the Pope, and there was a sacred college of twenty-four prelates, robed in scarlet like cardinals. For this costly toy the king paid annually $350,000, and got in return from Rome, by the bull of 1748, the title of "Most Faithful." Not satisfied with this, he erected the vast edifice of Mafra, said to be the largest building in the world, and best known by the description in Beckford's Vathek. More wonderful yet was, perhaps, that chapel which he built in the church of St. Roque, to gratify the Jesuits. It was probably the richest in the world, in proportion to its size; seventeen feet long, twelve broad, and costing more than a million dollars, for every nook and corner was gorgeous with the rarest marbles and the most exquisite mosaics, with lapis lazuli, porphyry, amethyst, chrysolite, alabaster, silver, and gold. On the other hand, there was during his reign neither order, nor industry, nor morality; all branches of business declined, the army and navy were almost annihilated, and the forts went to decay. The king died imbecile, leaving a national debt of $14,000,000, and a kingdom on the verge of ruin, which seemed inevitable had not a powerful hand been stretched in time to save it.

We refer to the famous minister of Joam VI., "o Grande Marques," — Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Mello, Conde d'Oeyras e Marques de Pombal. Pombal was one of the legitimate succession of historical great men; a man of the Cromwell stamp, yet trained, not among Puritans, but by Encyclopedists; a man of iron will, immense administrative powers, and hands clean of bribery, but not of blood. No European statesman of his day did greater things. He abolished *autos da fé*, or made them bloodless; he blessed the whole world by banishing the Jesuits; he alone of all men trembled not, when the solid earth shook beneath doomed Lisbon; he rebuilt that city, and with equal ease created finances, commerce, treaties, armies, universities, and secured thorough order in Portugal. But that word *thorough* was as

terrible on Pombal's lips as on Strafford's. Under his administration, men were beheaded, broken on the wheel, and dismembered by wild horses; and on his removal from office, eight hundred political prisoners were set at liberty in a day. It is not strange that his history has been written only by indignant or by idolizing biographers, and it is hard to strike the balance. His merits and defects both arose partly from his familiarity with England and France; his effort being to create, by force of will, institutions which national character alone could sustain. His great career began and ended with the king's; the instant the master died, the minister lost power, the priests regained it; and for the rest of his days, Pombal was a banished and persecuted man. Heir to the glory of Albuquerque and Camoens, he shared their fate. He saw his best works undone, and his name degraded. His medallion was removed from the king's statue in the market-place, and an ill-carved ship substituted. The old man looked at it with a stern smile. "An emblem of Portugal," he said, "under full sail, but with neither ballast nor helmsman."

Since the fall of Pombal, the history of Portugal has been a course of external dependency and internal revolutions. England, especially, has constantly reappeared as the "protector" of the weaker empire, with that kind of protection most galling to its recipient. "The English," said recently the London Examiner, "always behave ill to nations whom they succor. In the Peninsular war, no opportunity was lost of affronting the prejudices of the Spanish and Portuguese." Certainly, in the latter nation at least, it left more embittered feeling against the defender than against the invader, the impression being deeply rooted in Portugal, that it was the fixed policy of England to destroy the manufacturing industry of the Peninsula.

The assistance of foreign nations was again invoked in the Miguelite wars. Dom Pedro was left heir to the throne on the death of his father, in 1826; but having declared his own empire of Brazil to be independent of Portugal, he was debarred by an oath from claiming his hereditary crown. He therefore named in his place his daughter Donna Maria, offering at the same time a constitution to the people. Miguel,

his brother, usurped the throne. Every part of the Portuguese possessions yielded to his power, except the one island of Terceira, in the Azores; and thither retreated the adherents of the elder line, comprising the most honored and influential families of Portugal. They remained there for six years, after which time Dom Pedro succeeded in organizing a naval expedition, and transporting from Terceira to Portugal an army of eight thousand men. The army of Dom Miguel numbered eighty thousand. Yet there never was a reverse of fortune more complete than his; and with the aid of England and France, the Emperor of Brazil swept all Portugal. In May, 1834, Dom Miguel pledged himself to abstain from all future interference with the affairs of the nation; and in the following September the heroic Dom Pedro died, having first abolished monasteries throughout the Portuguese dominions, and established a system of public schools.

Donna Maria II. was declared of age at sixteen, and at once assumed the throne. She was married first to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and again, after his death, to Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, cousin of the English Prince Albert. Her Majesty, like the British queen, was an unimpeachable wife and mother, and her court presented a very different moral spectacle from the neighboring court of Spain. But Donna Maria, unlike Victoria, knew neither how to govern for herself, nor how to select her advisers, and hence a series of revolutions, in which only foreign support kept her throne from falling. The history of Portugal for twenty years is the history of the oppressions of its people, and of the intrigues and hostilities of its public men. Of these men we shall mention but three: Costa Cabral, who appears to have been the evil genius of the queen; Albuquerque, her good genius; and Saldanha, her perpetual compromise between the two. The sources of information respecting these men, and the events in which they took part, lie only in newspapers, pamphlets, and oral anecdotes and opinions. It is therefore necessary to speak of them with caution.

Antonio Bernardo da Costa Cabral, Conde de Thomar, the favorite counsellor of Donna Maria, and to the people the hated personification of tyranny, was a soldier of fortune from

the beginning. "In 1828," said a gentleman to us, "I saw him in Terceira without a *peso* in his pocket. When I last visited Lisbon, I saw no valuable garden or estate that was not pointed out to me as the property of the Conde de Thomar." So prominent is this love of personal acquisition, that a popular *soubriquet* has altered his name to *Tomar*, which signifies to grasp. He was identified with every oppressive measure of the late administration, and with a few wise and sagacious ones. He repeatedly regained his power over the queen when she had been compelled to dismiss him. He controlled the Cortes by systematic bribery, so that, after performing the most arbitrary acts during the intermission of their sittings, he could always obtain a bill of indemnity afterwards. The progress of popular sentiment has however permanently driven him from power, and left him wealth only.

The Conde de Saldanha, the present prime minister of Portugal, is a grandson of Pombal, a thorough soldier, and the idol of the army. "Maria," said the victorious Dom Pedro to the late queen, "Marshal Saldanha has saved your empire; regard him as your second father." The king referred to the services of Saldanha in the Miguelite civil war, since which he has been generalissimo of the forces, and often in the ministry. His political career has not, however, been remarkable for consistency. He has allowed himself to be ranked among the early supporters of more than one revolution, though he has never risked his fortunes by an entire adherence to any, whence his nickname of *Cincoenta-quatro Caras*, — "Fifty-four Faces."

Luiz da Silva Monsinho d'Albuquerque is the name of a nobler man than either of these, — a man worthy of the high associations of the name, and one who needed only a grander field of action to have made his mark on the age. We should say this, if we knew him only from his writings and from admitted history; but we have been also privileged with the personal acquaintance of his widow and his daughters, ladies whose high character and uncommon cultivation are the best testimony to the influence of their idolized husband and father. This modern Albuquerque was born at Lisbon, June 16, 1792. It is not the least of his honors, that he was the

first among the youth of Portugal to break through that fixed prejudice which more than in any other European country stamps even mercantile and professional labor as incompatible with social position. He devoted himself to the study of the natural sciences and of engineering. He spent for this purpose three years in Paris; and on his return composed works on chemical and educational subjects, which not merely astonished Portugal, but won the warm praises of Gay-Lussac, Chaptal, and the French Academy. He had previously published some volumes of poems which have become Portuguese classics. He was soon appointed Director of the Mint, and received a commission as Lieutenant of Engineers, and in the midst of these duties gave gratuitous lectures on the physical sciences. No one, who does not know the absolute torpor of the lives of Portuguese young men of good family, can appreciate the vigor of character which these things show. He was just entering upon a scientific survey of the kingdom, when the Miguelite civil war broke out. In that war he, of course, took the side of Dom Pedro and Donna Maria, and performed an honorable part, both as a soldier and as a diplomatist. After the success of the young queen, he was appointed Governor of Madeira, where, with his accustomed energy and skill, he constructed roads, bridges, and aqueducts, which still remain as his memorials. When recalled, and appointed Inspector of Public Works, he performed similar achievements at home, among which may be named the suspension bridge of Douro, and the restoration of the celebrated abbey of Batalha.

After a few years of peace, the revolutionary movements were renewed. The queen and her husband were equally youthful; their sympathies inclined to arbitrary power, and repeated encroachments were made upon the liberal charter granted by Dom Pedro. These called forth revolts, one in 1836, another in 1838, and so on; while the guerilla bands of Miguelistas ravaged the country in the intervals. The queen changed her ministry again and again. Albuquerque and Saldanha were sometimes in the cabinet, sometimes among the insurgents. In the military talents of the latter, in the wisdom and virtues of the former, the weak sovereign felt a

vacillating confidence. As the influence of the wily Costa Cabral gathered over her, she still seemed to turn to Albuquerque, in all emergencies, as the only man in whose disinterestedness she could trust; and his family still carefully treasure a long series of the notes and messages with which she summoned her truest friend to her side, whether in or out of her ministry, during the perplexities of long and weary years. His influence was always thrown in favor of a liberal monarchical government. He loved the queen, while he loved the freedom of Portugal. But there were a hundred factions whose leaders loved themselves alone, while the strong diplomacy of England aimed merely to preserve peace and order, let freedom meet what fate it might. It is not strange, therefore, if its destiny grew hopeless.

The encroachments of the court went on. Costa Cabral was in full power. The queen showed the despotic blood of Hapsburg, and learned as little by experience as if she had been a Bourbon. In April, 1846, broke forth the most formidable of all the insurrections, provoked by new oppressions under the form of taxation, vexatious sanatory laws, and restrictions on the press. It was called the Revolution of *Maria da Fonte;* its first actors were peasant-women, and their first demonstration consisted in burying an obnoxious priest up to his neck in the earth. In a few weeks thousands of peasants were in revolt. It was boasted that no murders or robberies took place, no liberation of culprits from the jails, and no acts of unnecessary violence; though on this point the interred priest might have had something to say. The revolt spread to all classes. The revolutionary forces were under the control of three Juntas, or committees, at the head of one of which was Albuquerque, who had for several years lived secluded from public affairs. The frightened queen, as usual, sent to consult with him at last. Under his influence, she pledged herself to change her ministry, and to revoke the offensive regulations. A new cabinet was formed in June, Albuquerque being Minister of the Interior. He remained in office for a month only. Within that time the intrigues of Costa Cabral had prevailed. The queen did not dare to reappoint him to the ministry, but she sent him to Madrid, and

in October she summoned Saldanha to be Premier, with the understanding that the policy of the obnoxious administration was to be restored. During this interval, the revolution had redoubled its strength. Albuquerque, with chivalrous confidence in his sovereign's promises, had personally pledged himself to the insurgents, that their wrongs should be redressed. The Queen's word was forfeited, and he had no alternative. Another Egas Moniz, he threw himself into the popular ranks once more. The object of the "Progresistas" was not a republic, but a liberal monarchy. Their policy now was to induce the queen to take refuge on board an English vessel, (by which her throne would have been legally forfeited,) and then to proclaim her young son as king, under a regency. Everything now seemed hopeful for them. Almost the whole army had deserted the queen, when the favorite general, Saldanha, who had been until this time absent from the kingdom, was recalled by the royal appointment. Contrary to all expectation, he took the side of the throne, accepted his office, brought back the army to its allegiance, marched it against the popular forces, and defeated them at the twice famous locality of Torres Vedras, on which occasion the generous Albuquerque was mortally wounded. This was on December 23d, 1846. From this moment the revolution was lowered in character, though not in numbers. The coalition between the "Progresistas" and "Miguelistas" forfeited the moral power of the popular movement. But the moral weakness of the royal party was so plainly manifest, that nothing but an external interference could save it. That interference came from England, France, and Spain.

Our readers will remember the exciting debates in Parliament, in 1847, on the Portuguese question; in which the cabinet was defended by Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Macaulay, Lord Palmerston, and the Duke of Wellington, while Lord Stanley and Lord George Bentinck united with Messrs. Hume and Duncombe in the attack upon it. It was asserted in those debates, that "the real strength, property, talent, and numbers of the nation appeared to be on the side of the insurgents," and it was afterwards estimated that the cost of the policy pursued by England was not less than a

million pounds sterling. It seems now, that the intervention was, according to the usual practice in such cases, in the interest of despotism. The queen had not yet learned her lesson; her promises to Lord Palmerston were soon forgotten, Costa Cabral was restored to the cabinet, and in 1850 occurred yet another outbreak, this time headed by Saldanha, who succeeded at last in placing himself in power, from which he has not since been ejected. His government has been on the whole a moderate one; there has been an amnesty for political offences, and no very oppressive legislation. Donna Maria died in 1854; in 1855 the young king, Pedro, assumed the throne, at the age of seventeen. His character and abilities might give the hope of a better future for Portugal, were there not some political diseases too deeply seated for the strongest to suppress, or the wisest to heal.

To give a survey of Portuguese literature would require the microscopic industry of that unfortunate Bettinelli, whose "fifty-six primary sonneteers" are embalmed in Sydney Smith's satire. Adamson has gone far enough in that direction, but has produced nothing from all his poets comparable to Elizabeth Barrett's imaginary sonnets from the Portuguese. Among the earlier names least thoroughly forgotten are those of Gil Vicente, to read whose comedies Erasmus studied the language, Saa de Miranda, Antonio Ferreira, and the accomplished nun, Violante do Ceo. For the present, the literary reputation of the Peninsula appears to be monopolized by a man who has really deserved well of his country, the Chevalier J. B. de Almeida-Garrett. This gentleman is not unknown on this side of the Atlantic, having negotiated, in his public character, the existing treaty between Portugal and the United States. He has been a traveller and a student; his writings show a remarkable familiarity with English and French literature, and, to some extent, with the German also; and his metrical translation into our language of his own ballad-romance of "Bernal Francez" is really a remarkable feat of literary skill. His writings cover quite a wide range of style and subject; his most favorite work being, perhaps, the "Viagens em minha terra," or "Travels at Home," which is a very agreeable series of sketches, though rather an ob-

vious imitation of the French models, and perhaps exhibiting less originality than some of his other productions.

In fact, Portuguese literature suffers in general, like that of many other European nations, by the usurpation of French thoughts, topics, and phrases. French is at Lisbon, as elsewhere on the Continent, the language of society and of *belles-lettres*. We have known persons in a Portuguese colony, who gave us as a sufficient reason for learning French, that "they were going to Lisbon"; and others who, more pathetically still, studied it "in order to have something to read." It is difficult to recall a nation from decay, when even its language is declining; and it is no wonder that foreigners despise the Portuguese idiom, if its very children disclaim it. But who has heard without loving it that sweet and tender tongue, — the sweetest perhaps of all the European dialects save the Italian only, — not gliding, like that, in one sinuous cascade of sound, but shivered into multitudinous syllables, forming a cadenced whole, — "the silver fragments of a broken voice"? Lacking some of the stateliness of the Spanish, it escapes also its hoarse aspirates; the predominance of nasal consonants, offending the eye, vanishes when the language is fitly spoken, and the *m*'s and *n*'s melt away upon lovely lips into the sweetness of Italian vowels. In some of the Portuguese islands the words are pronounced with a rising inflection, ascending at the end of each sentence into a sort of chant, which we have found indescribably fascinating. The more we have known of the language, the more graceful it has seemed, and we have heard an American resident of fifty years declare that he found new beauties in it every day. It was hardly fair, therefore, in Sismondi, to call the Portuguese language *l'Espagnol désossé;* as unjust as the parallel proverb, "Deprive a Spaniard of his virtues, and you have a good Portuguese." The difference between the nations and between the languages is not in strength, but in tone and key. In Spain there is still the pride of the Castilian, as in a living present, a satisfaction, though not a stimulus. In Portugal, though the same magnificent names that fill the ancient traditions still sound upon the modern ear, yet all men know that they have outlived their glory, and

belong to the past alone. There is no joy in the nation. That strain of melancholy which critics remark as unequalled in its poetry, pervades all else. The viola tinkles at the door of the cottage, but it summons to no gay fandango, only to the slow and monotonous *chimarita*. The idlest popular songs are sometimes set to music which is capable of the extremity of pathos. The spell reaches the phrases of the language. There is none of that magnificent indignation which flashes for centuries on the lips of stronger races, still lightning, though innocuous; but a perpetual "Paciencia" is the one word to which the people's tongue is turned. There are many mourning nations, but none whose doom is so deep as that of Portugal. She waited for her Sebastian, till her hope grew dim. Her remaining strength, if strength she had, has gone out into the young empire of Brazil; and she sits with her dark and sweet-voiced children around her, a widow, clad in life-long sables, and weeping eternal tears.

Art. X.—1. Lamartine: *Cours familier de Littérature.*
2. Victor Hugo: *Les Contemplations; Les Châtiments.*
3. Alexis de Tocqueville: *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution.*
4. Cousin: *Madame de Chevreuse; Madame de Hautefort.*
5. Montalembert: *Lord Palmerston et Pie IX.*

It is the commonest of all things to hear said now, (both in and out of France,) that since the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, there is no liberty of intelligence in that country, that the whole system of government goes against intellectual development, that the human mind to be fruitful must be free, and that, in short, if the present state of the nation were to endure, France would, mentally, sink into a fifth-rate power, instead of being, as she has so long been, at the head of the literature of the world. Some truth there is in all this, no doubt, and, should the present *régime* endure, in its present form, (which is next to an impossibility,) the level of men's

moral natures in France would be so low, that it would certainly be difficult for them to rise to any eminence in the sphere of intellect. But this is to be feared only for the generation to come. In the case of that which now actually exists, all the good effects of tyranny are strongly visible. We must explain. If you oppress free men, — men who have been used to let their faculties expand under the guardianship of liberal institutions, — men whose fame is the result of such institutions, and whose belief in them has the enthusiasm of a religious creed, — if, we say, you oppress such men as these, you increase their force, and therefore their value, a hundred or a thousand fold; you give them for resistance a capacity they had not for co-operation; you furnish them with a lever whereby to lift the globe, and many a one who, in his own party, is merely counted among the rank and file, becomes a general, if by attacking him you oblige him to put forth all the energies God has granted him, of which he himself was perhaps ignorant till then. No! when tyranny comes upon free men in all their maturity, it never crushes them intellectually; on the contrary, it makes combatants, and often heroes, of them. But if tyranny lasts, and overshadows the cradle of a new generation, the children who grow up and as men come to a compromise with it, who at once serve it and despise it, who sacrifice to their fear or their interest what their conscience and their honor dictate, — these are debased, and from them will spring nothing admirable, because nothing honest, — nothing elevated, because nothing true.

Power and tyranny are by no means one and the same. Submission to the utmost exercise of the utmost power may be compatible with the largest possible development of self-esteem and dignity. It suffices for this, that the power be lawful. Tyranny is illegal power, the power which men deny. Submission to it is always debasing, because, in such submission, men commit a wanton abandonment of self, and whoever obeys that which he neither respects nor believes in has commenced a moral and intellectual descent which ends only with that extreme step in the process of degradation, — the confusion of all distinction between right and wrong. France has by no means arrived at this stage. Whether she

will ever reach it, or whether the government she at present submits to, without having ratified its existence in her conscience, will maintain, unmodified, those particular forms of power which make resistance a virtue in free citizens, time must determine. For the present, the ruling minds of France are drawn by the resistance they deem a duty into the fullest manifestation of their strength, and recent circumstances have called into frequent and powerful play faculties that had for years lain dormant in their possessors.

For reasons too numerous to enter into, and which are probably more or less evident to our readers' minds, the intellectual activity of the men of Louis Philippe's day (as also, we must admit, those of the period of the Restoration) was attracted towards and absorbed by politics. To help in the work of legislation was the aim of every man of any intellectual distinction; but when he had attained that aim, the means whereby he attained it were cast by, and in the minister, the deputy, the peer of France, or the ambassador, the philosopher, the historian, or the poet was completely merged, and even forgotten. It is not our present purpose to examine whether, by this system, the country was better governed, but merely to note the fact that this *was* the system then established. We will purposely (and in order to preserve our critical impartiality) avoid saying whether Politics gained; we perfectly well know that Literature lost. From 1815 to 1851 all literary men worthy the name became more or less politicians; since 1851, all politicians of any value have become *literati*. Never in the same space of time (unless we go back to the seventeenth century) have so many solid and standard books been added to the printed capital of France, and men who were supposed to be upon the decline have suddenly burst forth upon the public with a lustre that has dazzled even their most determined admirers and disciples of former days. We will not go back too far, or we should find beneath our pen so many works calling for the utmost meed of our attention and praise, that our limits would be inevitably transgressed. We will confine ourselves within the limits of the first half of the present year; and what do we discover upon its very threshold? The two poets in whom, in modern

France, the two aboriginal tendencies of all poetry (whatever its other minor characteristics) had become incarnate, — Victor Hugo and Lamartine, the two arch-priests (in France) respectively of the Formal and of the Ideal. Of these two, one only has relapsed into verse. He who has been the longest silent, Hugo, recurs as it were to his own native tongue, and chants to the accompaniment of his lyre; — he who has scarce been silent at all since he condemned himself to prose, expresses himself in prose still, that is, virtually translates himself into another tongue; but to make up for this, it is of himself he speaks.

After the dissipation of enormous resources, of more than one kind, the author of *Jocelyn* has found himself less wealthy each year than the last; and we hasten to explain what we mean by resources of "more than one kind." It is not only money that M. de Lamartine has squandered; it is his own genius. The treasures of his purse are not more veritably lost than those of his imagination. If fame speaks truly, Lamartine has since 1846 received in hard coin more than 1,800,000 francs; yet he now tells the whole universe that the question of obtaining somewhere about a million more is one "of life and death" to him. But that which he has during the last eight or ten years been exchanging for all this gold, — his *talent*, — does it still represent the same value? Is it not as much dissipated as its remuneration? The *Méditations*, the *Harmonies*, *Jocelyn*, *Harold*, — here were the riches, — where are they now? Is the inspiration which supplied them to be found in the *History of Russia* or in that of the *Ottoman Empire*, — or even in the *Restoration* and the *Girondins*, — his two best prose works? There can be no hesitation as to the answer. However, there for the moment the question does not lie, but in the sudden return to himself of M. de Lamartine, after so many wanderings. His talent had learned, since his entrance into Parliament under Louis Philippe, to circumscribe its manifestations almost entirely to oratorical displays, or to what was little else than the written declamation of his prose works. He had been gradually becoming impersonal, which is the reverse of what is required by the poet's nature. Of the precise merits or demerits of his various works for the

last ten years, it is not our present purpose to speak in detail. In our opinion, they one and all fail from the want of conviction of their author, who too plainly shows the reader he is himself indifferent to what he is writing about, and who is utterly unimpassioned, without atoning for that defect either by scrupulous exactness or by statesmanlike breadth of vision. One fine day this indifference all gave way, and the poet was himself again ; for he was forced by stern necessity to fall back upon himself, and talk to the public of himself, and of himself alone.

It is more than probable, that, of all the succeeding numbers of the *Cours Familier de Littérature*, none will escape oblivion save the first; and it may also be predicted, that nothing Lamartine ever wrote will endure longer than that first number, for nothing he ever wrote was finer, more poetical, or more touching, because nothing was ever more intensely alive, more real. It lives, painfully if you will, but it lives; and the beat of the pulse, the vibration of the heart, the strong, unmistakable evidences of individuality, meet you on every page. It is *self-inspired.* With nearly all true poets, this would be sufficient; with Lamartine it is pre-eminently so. Five numbers of the *Cours Familier* have already appeared,—one devoted to the memory of Delphine de Girardin, and, from the author's want of conviction, and the *banalité*, as the French say, of the praises lavished to right and to left, exceedingly disapproved of by the public; and three containing very superficial notices of the philosophy and literature of the Hindoos. From these very inferior productions we revert to the opening number. After recounting at length his childish impressions, and endeavoring to prove how — when everything else in the world had grown to appear to him an illusion — the deep and ardent love of literature, of "human thought expressed," still lasted, he shows what *are* the misfortunes and disappointments from which he turned to the purely literary sentiment as to a cure.

"I began," he says, "by writing poems that I speedily consigned to the flames, and then I wrote those contemplative poems in which the world perhaps saw rather the presentiments than the promises of a poet. Everything *grew to be literary in my eyes; even my own life,*

which imaged itself by degrees, with all its affections, its joys, its sufferings, in my verses. All existence was but a poem, the universe by all its voices only sang or sighed one hymn! I lived only book in hand."

Some of this is true; not all. It is true that to Lamartine, than whom no created being was ever more essentially and exclusively a poet, the complex life of the entire creation was but "a poem," and that in his own verses was incessantly imaged his own individual life. This is true; but it would have perhaps been more exact to say, that the author himself lived, not "book," but "pen" in hand. No man of letters has read less than Lamartine, who has always produced more than he has absorbed. Let that be as it will, however; from the moment the immortal lover of *Elvire* begins to tell to the public the tale of himself, he rises naturally to the sublime, and at one bound attains anew to the heights whereon his genius in youth had been ever wont to dwell. He is full of fire and of conviction, and bitterly impassioned; his inspiration casts up a lava-flood of eloquence. It is all self, none other than self, which prompts him, and he is only so intensely poetical because so intensely selfish, in the real (not the colloquial) sense of the word.

"There are things," he exclaims, "which can be spoken but once, — but they must *have been* spoken. . . . . Far from me all timidity of words! I am unfolding my soul, even to its last most hidden folds. Away with all disguise! if Laocoön in his marble tortures were not naked in the serpent's coils, who could bear witness to his agony? When the heart breaks, the vein bursts.

"My life, under its false outward show, is no object for others' envy. I will say more: my life is ended; I no longer live, — I *outlive*. Of all the many men that lived in me, — the lover, the poet, the tribune, the man of action, — the literary man alone lives now, and he is far from blessed. Years do not yet weigh me down, though I begin to feel them; but I bear the weight of my own soul more hardly than that of time. Years mock me as the ghosts do Macbeth, pointing out to me, not crowns, but a grave. Would to God that I were laid there!

"I can find in what remains of life no smile for the future or the past; I am growing old without posterity, in a home that is empty and surrounded by the tombs of those I loved; I take no step out of doors but I strike against one of those eternal stumbling-blocks of our

affections or our hopes. . . . . What is left to me of existence is concentred in a few hearts and in a modest inheritance; and those very hearts are bleeding for me. And that inheritance? — I am not sure of not being dispossessed of it to-morrow, and condemned to die on the path that leads to some foreign land!

"The very hearthstone, the fender on which my father rested his feet, on which I am now resting my own, are but a loan, and may be snatched away at any hour. They may be bought and sold at a public auction, as may my mother's bed, and the dog that fondly licks my hand when he sees my brow furrowed with anxiety as I fix my gaze upon him. Of all this, I owe to others a strict account! Upon the faith they have in my honor and my laboriousness, they have risked their children's all, and the fruit of their own toil. If I did not work hard for them every day, nay, if I slept out my full night's sleep, or if disease (which God ward off!) were to lame my pen, these friends would with me drop off into hopeless distress, and would be reduced to seek their rightful earnings under my ashes. . . . . Life in my situation, and after what I have undergone, and what I am now struggling with, resembles only those theatres whence you come away the last, and where, waiting against your will whilst the crowd passes gradually forth, you are an involuntary witness of what succeeds to the played-out play; when the house is empty and the lights extinguished; when the lamps smoke and the stage is stripped of its decorations, and silent shadows (sad and sinister realities!) take possession of the scene but so recently brilliant with illuminations and illusions!"

We think no reader who is well acquainted with the genius of Lamartine will doubt that this passage is equal to whatever in his earliest and best days carried his name up to the loftiest eminence. The only strange thing about it all is, that the author himself seems ignorant of the excellence of what he has done. "Why should I neglect life?" he exclaims; "have I not watched the death of my own thoughts? Do you think that, with a worn-out voice, I can now desire to sing? — to sing strophes that would end in sobbing?" He does not see that this is precisely what he is doing; that he has recurred to poetry, and that, since the Muse first came to him as his heavenly bride, she has never been so sublimely, so unreservedly *his*, as in this last farewell embrace. "Happy they who expire in the troubles of their country, wherein they are called upon to become actors!" cries Lamartine. "Death

is their penalty, you say; yes, but it is their refuge too. And the penalty of living, — does that seem as nothing in your eyes?"

M. de Saint Marc Girardin, by no means an enthusiast, by no means a disciple of Lamartine, a man separated from the author of *Harold* by nearly every opinion and feeling, a sharp critic, and an excellent professor, — nothing more, — M. Saint Marc Girardin was so impressed by the beauty of the passages we have quoted, that, in his next lecture at the Sorbonne, he read them aloud to his pupils, saying that he could not let the occasion pass by of making them familiar with the utmost splendor of a genius whose first glory had shone when they were not yet in their cradles.

But, as we again repeat, this last effort of M. de Lamartine is more than a mere return, it is a *rebound*, towards poetry; and it is so because, *full of self*, he has felt acutely, intensely, excruciatingly, that which he had to communicate to the world. The agony of despair has roused him to the passion inseparable from truth.

Lamartine's literary efforts may be regarded as uninfluenced directly by the state of politics in France, inasmuch as he never allows an acrimonious expression against that which is to escape him, and in no way draws his inspiration from the defence or attack of any political system. Indirectly, the present intellectual condition of his own country may, however, be said to bear upon him, because, in an organization of things where it is impossible for him to act or speak or take part in the government or administration, he can only write; all other activity being denied him, he perforce has resort to the activity of the pen.

Such is not entirely the case with Victor Hugo, who has latterly derived at least a portion of his inspiration from the immediate pressure of outward circumstances upon his imagination. *Napoleon le Petit* and *Les Châtiments* were the unmistakable product of the fermentation of political hatred. The first was as weak and unwise as the last was magnificent. And now let us, once for all, express our rule of conduct *apropos* to this subject. We will purposely avoid entering into any estimate of an author's *motives*, but take

them as he exposes them, — whether his opinions be ours or not; we will examine his works from his own point of view, which we regard as the only fair basis of criticism, and we will see whether he attains to the end he has avowedly in view, whatever that end may be, or whether he fails in its attainment.

In *Napoleon le Petit* and *Les Châtiments* the end proposed to himself by Victor Hugo is the same, namely, the degradation, the bringing to shame, of the present chief of the state in France. We have no hesitation in affirming, that in the former he so signally fails in the attainment of his aim, that nine tenths of his readers have risen from a perusal of Hugo's pamphlet with great disgust at the writer of it, and with a strong disposition to absolve Louis Napoleon from many of the sins laid to his charge. Not so with the little volume entitled *Les Châtiments;* justly or unjustly, (and, as we said, we will not examine motives,) the castigation is inflicted. The punishment may not be deserved, but it is one which, by the terrible splendors that surround it, makes you forget that it may be excessive or misapplied. "Hugo never wrote anything half so fine in all his life as *some* parts of that volume," exclaimed Lamartine; "but six thousand lines of imprecation are too much," — and so it is. You cannot read the volume through; but if you open it by chance, the probability is that you will fall upon something finer than all you ever read before from the same writer; for instance, the following apostrophe, just after the *coup d'état*, to the banners of the French army: —

"O Drapeaux du passé, si beaux dans les histoires,
Drapeaux de tous nos preux, et de toutes nos gloires,
Redoutés du fuyard,
Percés, troués, criblés, sans peur et sans reproche,
Vous qui, dans vos lambeaux mêlez le sang de Hoche
Et le sang de Bayard.

"O vieux Drapeaux! sortez des tombes des abîmes!
Sortez en foule, ailés de vos haillons sublimes.
Drapeaux éblouissants!

Comme un sinistre essaim qui sur l'horizon monte,
Sortez, venez, volez ! sur toute cette honte
Accourez fremissants !

" Délivrez nos soldats de ces bannières viles !
Vous qui chassiez les Rois, vous qui preniez les villes
Vous en qui l'âme croit !
Vous qui passiez les monts, les gouffres, et les fleuves,
Drapeaux sous qui l'on meurt, chassez ces aigles neuves
Drapeaux sous qui l'on boit ! "

Think what you will of the cause or of the man attacked, coincide with his opinions if you choose, and defend his acts, you cannot refuse your admiration to the manner of the insult; for never did indignation inspire a more magnificent apostrophe, or the storm of anger and hate produce flashes of more withering fire. Is the indignation unjust, uncalled for? However this may be, its results are undeniably admirable, and our merely æsthetic sense is satisfied.

And so too with twenty other pieces we could name in the same volume. So with many portions of the poem entitled *L'Expiation*, which is too long, though full of fine isolated passages. So with the dialogue of Harmodius with his own conscience, when he seeks for arguments to justify the crime of tyrannicide. This latter poem, in its stern conciseness, we take to be infinitely superior to what Schiller has produced upon the same subject, namely, the famous soliloquy of Wilhelm Tell, in the mountain pass, an hour before the death of the doomed Gessler. Strange to say, too, the chief of what is known in France as the *Ecole Romantique échevelée* is more classical in his treatment of the theme they both undertake to revive, than the usually so classical German. Schiller fills the mind of Tell, upon the verge of his terrible act, with purely human considerations, — he is busied with "what *men* will say of him"; whilst the Harmodius of Hugo, after the fashion of the ancient Greeks, demands from the elements, and from all nature, the ratification of the deed that he is fatally tempted on to commit.

These sudden reversions from the internal consciousness of man to the outward consciousness, if we may so term it, of the

external world, have always been the occasions for Hugo of his most successful efforts. In France, that one line in the *Burgraves* (an irrevocably condemned tragedy), spoken by the mysterious Guanhumara, —

"Morne sérénité des nuits azurées!" —

remains engraven on men's memories, as on stone or steel, and will probably go down from generation to generation as one of the finest verses registered in the French tongue. But the completest performance of this kind is probably to be found in the apostrophe to Nature, written on the anniversary of the *coup d'état*, which we think may be not unsatisfactorily rendered into English prose: —

"O Sun! thou countenance divine! wild-flowers of the glens! caves full of sonorous sounds, perfumes latent under weeds, hoar brambles of the woods! Sacred hills, antique rocks, oaks that have worsted time! Virgin forest, limpid lake, on whose pure breast shade lies blue! chaste wave that mirrors heaven's grandeur, — Conscience of all nature! What thinkest thou of this man?"

We should hesitate before affirming that, in the two large octavo volumes just published by Victor Hugo, under the title of *Les Contemplations*, there is anything that can be compared with what the little *recueil* of *Les Châtiments* contains. Hugo's is eminently what may be styled a heavy mind, and the lever that should move it must be a strong one. We suppose this lever never to have done its full work, and the poet's mind never to have been profoundly moved, until the circumstance of his own exile, following the *coup d'état* of 1851 as a direct consequence. We are not among those who in any degree admire Hugo's character, but we should be conniving at injustice did we not with all our might endeavor to negative the idea that his action upon this conjuncture was prompted by egotistical motives. No! Hugo, though a diffuse-minded, is by no means a large-minded man, but he *is* essentially one of those in whom passion always has the upper hand of interest. He is pre-eminently capable of disinterested indignation, and to the disinterestedness of his indignation in this case he owes what marks incomparably his completest mastery over

the Muse, — what will, when contemporary passions are stilled, and contemporary wrongs forgotten, insure to the name of Hugo undying renown as a poet, and as a vindicator of Right over Force, — as one of those enthusiasts of defeat, not of victory, who are every day growing rarer in the world.

We have called Hugo "diffuse-minded," and we can find no other term to convey our meaning. He is, to use his own words when he describes himself in a burying-ground, "listening to the harmonies of his own soul and of the dead." He is "full of shade."

"L'ombre m'emplissait!"

he exclaims, and we know no fitter words whereby to characterize the habitual conditions of a genius whose fire-flashes almost always serve the better to illumine the tempestuous state of the atmosphere wherein it moves. With Hugo you may be quite sure of tracing "home to its cloud the lightning of the mind"; for cloud is its element. Cloud wraps him mentally and morally around; he is, naturally, nebulous; but when the shock comes that evokes the flame, it is real fire, the positive, indisputable Olympian element, sent blazing down from the talons of Jove's eagle.

The worst of the case is, that Hugo, who has no more critical or æsthetic sense than Lamartine, mistakes what is the accident for what he desires should be the permanent character of his talent, and he would willingly now be always thundering and lightening; the consequence whereof is, that he is very often obscure, and builds a home for his fancy in a kind of intellectual chaos.

We have spoken of the "accidents" of Hugo's inspiration. It would be fitter to say, that the chief feature of his talent is the constant intervention of the accidental. He is sometimes sublime, but quite accidentally so; he is often simple, but this is equally the result of accident; and though sublimity is always his own preconceived pretension and aim, simplicity is by no means the permanent characteristic of his Muse. Still he is oftener simple than he is sublime, and when he is so, there is about his simplicity an exquisite grace, as, when he is pathetic, there is in his pathos a tenderness and a truth,

that may deserve for him a place close to Wordsworth himself. As an example of this, we might name a story called *The Night of the Fourth of December*, told in some twenty or thirty lines, — the plain, homely tale, in homely language, of an old grandame, who is undressing and preparing for burial the body of her grandson, seven years old, shot down by the troops in the streets, — and a piece entitled *Le Maître d'Etudes*, the simplicity and tender pathos of both which place Hugo upon a level with the greatest poet-painters the world of art has ever known.

In the first volume of *Les Contemplations* we would especially point out as charming, from their elegance and grace, from their ease and felicitous turns of expression, the lesser poems entitled *Vieille Chanson du Jeune Temps*, *La Fête chez Thérèse*, *La Nichée sous le Portail*, the song *Si vous n'avez rien à me dire*, and the beautiful and touching verses styled *An Epitaph*, which we ask leave to transcribe entire for the benefit of our readers : —

"Il vivait, il jouait, riante créature,
Que te sert d'avoir pris cet enfant, ô Nature ?
N'as tu pas les oiseaux peints de mille couleurs,
Les astres, les grands bois, le ciel bleu, l'onde amère ?
Que te sert d'avoir pris cet enfant à sa mère,
Et de l'avoir caché sous des touffes de fleurs ?

"Pour cet enfant de plus tu n'es pas plus peuplée,
Tu n'es pas plus joyeuse, ô Nature étoilée !
Et le cœur de la mère en proie à tant de soins,
Ce cœur où toute joie engendre une torture,
Cet abîme aussi grand que toi-même, ô Nature !
Est vide et désolé pour cet enfant de moins ! "

We have no hesitation in saying, that, since the days of Petrarch, the language of no country has been enriched by a more perfect gem than this.

The second volume of *Les Contemplations* is almost entirely composed of pieces dedicated directly or indirectly to the memory of his daughter, a young bride of some six months' standing, who was drowned in the Seine with her husband, at the age of eighteen. We will not repeat what has been

said by some critics, that it was "no wonder" the poet was inspired by such a frightful disaster, for, to our apprehension, in such a case the father would naturally absorb the poet. However, it is but just to Victor Hugo to say, that he has been happily inspired by his great misfortune, and most of the poems consecrated to his daughter's memory are not only beautiful as to form, but true as to expression, and full of simplicity and deep feeling. One only — the verses addressed to his son-in-law, Charles Vacquerie, who voluntarily let himself drown, that he might not outlive his wife — bears the marks of all the defects that Hugo can have. It is inflated in feeling, tortured in expression, and full of that absurd, monstrous, and *naïve* vanity for which no man alive is so remarkable as the author of *Ruy Blas*. The whole effusion goes to prove, that although Charles Vacquerie in the flesh had to suffer, he ought in the spirit to be consoled, seeing that his illustrious father-in-law has resolved to make him immortal, by chanting the manner of his death. "It shall not be said," cries Hugo, with the utmost conviction, "that I let that young man pass into the other world without celebrating his virtues!"

"En présence de tant d'amour et de vertu
Il ne sera pas dit que je me serai tu!
Moi, qu'attendent les maux sans nombre!

"Que je n'aurai point mis sur sa bière un flambeau,
Et que je n'aurai pas, devant son noir tombeau,
Fait asseoir une strophe sombre!"

This specimen will suffice to convince the reader that we in no way exaggerate; for these "strophes *sitting*" upon a tomb, these "torches *put upon* a bier," all this bad poetry, and this vanity so lamentably out of place, will, we imagine, prove that Victor Hugo's extremes of bad taste, when he is on a bad road, are quite equal to his extremes of beauty and simplicity when he is on a good one.

Contrast with what we have just quoted the following beautiful lines: —

"Elle avait pris ce pli dans son age enfantin
De venir dans ma chambre un peu chaque matin;

Je l'attendais ainsi qu'un rayon qu'on espère;
Elle entrait et disait: 'Bon jour, mon petit Père';
Prenait ma plume, ouvrait mes livres, s'asseyait
Sur mon lit, dérangeait mes papiers, et riait, —
Puis soudain s'en allait comme un oiseau qui passe,
Alors je reprenais, — la tête un peu moins lasse, —
Mon œuvre interrompue, et, tout en écrivant,
Parmi mes manuscrits je rencoutais souvent
Quelque arabesque folle, et qu'elle avait tracée,
Et mainte page blanche entre ses mains froissée
Où, je ne sais comment, venaient mes plus doux vers.

. . . . .

Elle me consultait sur tout à tous moments.
Oh! que de soirs d'hiver radieux et charmants!
Passés à raisonner langue, histoire et grammaire, —
Mes quatre enfants groupés sur mes genoux, leur mère
Tout près quelques amis causant au coin du feu!
J'appelais cette vie être content de peu!
Et dire *qu'elle* est morte!"

Can anything be more natural, more touching, or more true? And do we need to furnish our readers with any greater proof of the inequality of Victor Hugo's talent, — of the perpetually accidental influences which his capricious Muse obeys?

The most continuously fine expression of Hugo's poetic vein, *Les Châtiments*, is undoubtedly the product of strong political passion, as we have said; but take the whole sum of the intellectual activity of such thorough poets as Hugo and Lamartine, and you find necessarily that the smaller portion only has politics for its source. The reverse is the case with the prose-writers of contemporary France, and upon the whole extent of the lives of such men as Villemain, Cousin, Rémusat, Montalembert, Saint Marc Girardin, Tocqueville, Ayspère, and others of their literary rank, those portions of their labors will be found to be the worthiest that are due to the spirit of protestation roused in them by the condition of France since the *coup d'état* of 1851.

Tocqueville is no new name to us on this side the Atlantic, and when we reflect upon all the bad faith and all the narrow-

minded prejudice that have been expended upon European pictures of American society, (especially where the painters have belonged to our own Anglo-Saxon race,) we cannot but feel grateful to the intelligent Frenchman who at all events earnestly strove to do justice to us in every respect, and whose fame in his own country is inseparable from his efforts to give to the world a completer and truer notion of ours. Alexis de Tocqueville is essentially one of the men who have, intellectually, most profited by the embargo laid upon the political tendencies of intellect in France. He is a conscientious, therefore a slow worker, and he is a man of exceedingly delicate health. Consequently, with him any idea of simultaneous labors in Parliament and at his desk was impossible. He could, at a serious cost to his health, undertake one or the other; both were not practicable. During the period which elapsed between the publication of his work on America and the *coup d'état* of 1851, (about sixteen or seventeen years,) M. de Tocqueville was absorbed by politics. Successively a deputy of the Opposition under Louis Philippe, a conservative Republican, and Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Presidency, his whole time was devoted either to parliamentary or administrative activity, and his pen rested, unless in the framing of a report, or the discussion of an amendment. Careful almost to timidity, as he is in connection with the public, he could, during all this period of his career, find little or no time to prepare a work for the press, and accordingly his name is not to be discovered upon any publisher's catalogue from 1834 to 1856. But although he produced nothing, he during this time was amassing the materials which, when any opportunity occurred, were to form the foundations of a future contribution to the political and historical literature of France. He dragged to light and commented upon obsolete laws and administrative regulations, pried into old registers, revived forgotten customs, sought out what more impatient or more superficial writers had neglected, and accumulated what was sufficient to furnish one of the most valuable and one of the most original books that the modern French public has had to read.

The critic of critics in France, the "Descartes of criticism,"

as he has been not inaptly called, M. Villemain, speaking a short time since in the *Journal des Débats* of M. de Tocqueville's recent work, exclaims: "Here is a book as new as it is full of ideas upon a subject so incessantly handled in our day, — upon the French Revolution!" — and the praise, if very great, is by no means beyond the author's merit. The book is as novel in its conception, as it is teeming with information in its contents. The secret of this lies probably in the circumstance of M. de Tocqueville's not having separated the so-called Revolution from what preceded it, of his having treated it as a consequence of all that had gone before, of his having deemed it what it really was, — a revolution, crowning and completing twenty others that had been taking place unnoticed and unappreciated, and not the Revolution *par excellence* without a parallel, that burst upon the French nation like a thunder-storm in a bright, clear sky, and that swept hurricane-like over the land, up-wrenching what was firm-rooted, down-hurling what raised its pinnacles on high. The French Revolution was no more this than any other revolution has ever been, or can be; a revolution being in reality nothing more than the visible breaking up of what has long been giving way. The image that to our mind conveys the most exact notion of what occurs in the great and radical revolutions of a nation, is that of a stone-built edifice, whence, by some occult process, all the cement that held the walls together should be gradually abstracted. Outwardly and apparently the edifice would continue to stand, whilst its real means of cohesion would be diminishing every day more and more, until the hour when, the cement having crumbled away almost everywhere, a hail-shower or an unexpected gale of wind should send down the walls and batter in the whole building with a crash, leaving nothing in its place save a heap of rubbish. It would be very well in this case for a casual observer to cry out at the effects of the wind or the hail; but the really attentive architect, if he came to study narrowly the whole affair, would soon see that hail and wind were both comparatively innocent of the crash, and would, on minute examination of the remains of the stately pile, shake his head and say, "*But there was nothing to keep it together!*" That

minute examiner of ruins is M. de Tocqueville in his volume on the *Revolution* and the *Ancient Régime* (for he does not separate the two); and not only does he prove to us that there was no cohesiveness between the various parts of the political and social edifice in France before 1789, but he shows us *how* the cement had been gradually dropping out and crumbling away.

It is seldom that a political writer is placed in such a condition of absolute impartiality as M. de Tocqueville. Occupying by birth and family connections a high position in the aristocracy of France, he had enlisted all his sympathies in the ultra-Liberal and even in the Democratic cause. The consequence has been a moderation, an unswerving candor and truthfulness, that render his books invaluable to the public in general, and raise up enemies for them in every man who is devoted to the mere interests of a party. More than ever this result is to be observed upon the occasion of his present work; for its subject brings him into direct collision with the two great divisions of his countrymen, each of whom accuse him of having been too lenient towards the other. The partisans of the Revolution (who comprise all the moderate and extreme Republicans, and a vast portion of the monarchical Liberals and men of 1830) are shocked at M. de Tocqueville's perception of all the mistakes of 1789 and the stupid crimes of 1793, and at the way in which he proves how marvellously little the so-called "Revolution" originated; whilst the *Réactionnaires*, as they are termed (among whom may be classed the representatives of the noblesse, and the numerous body of country gentlemen), are scandalized at the frank admission he makes of all their forefathers' follies and short-comings, and of the undeniable fact that the blindness, arrogance, and deliberate uselessness of the French nobles prepared, brought about, and rendered inevitable the tragic events of the close of the last century. The first class lay down his book, saying, "No man ever belies his origin,— M. de Tocqueville, in spite of all his pretended liberalism, is after all born an aristocrat"; and the second close it angrily, with the remark, that "no man ever quite rubs out the traces left by bad companionships and bad opinions," and that, "do what he will, M. de Tocqueville,

though a *gentilhomme* by birth, will never cease being a *demagogue* at heart."

We understand this dissatisfaction, on both sides; for the book in question is in reality a stern register of the faults, failings, and unfounded pretensions of both. To the French aristocracy M. de Tocqueville says: "You declare that the Revolution robbed you of all influence and power, — such is not the case: you had neither power nor influence long before"; — and then, turning to the fanatics of 1789, he thus addresses them: "You pretend that the existing social order is your invention, that the blessings (if blessings they be) of centralization and governmental unity are your work! This is not so: you found them all made to your hand; you *invented nothing*, but took advantage of what had gone before."

Now here is the main originality of the book, — that which distinguishes it from all previous histories, and gives it its peculiar interest and novelty, — that it naturally reduces to their real matter-of-fact value all the declamations we have been accustomed to respecting "the *conquests* of 1789," and shows the "great Revolution" in its true light, as the downfall of what had been tottering for more than a hundred years, and the bungled and botched construction of a new edifice with *nearly all the materials* of the old one; an event rendered inevitable far more by those who cursed than by those who welcomed it, and whereof the rulers and beneficiaries were forcedly the plagiarists of their victims. Few things are more lucid, or more admirable, than the picture given by M. de Tocqueville of the administrative organization of France before the outbreak of 1789, — of the way in which society was constituted, and in which the wheels and springs of the governmental system really worked. This is so utterly new to the professed students of French modern history *in France*, that, till the publication of M. de Tocqueville's work, it was a thing of every-day occurrence to hear well-informed men — men whose career is a political or administrative one — say: "What a pity that one knows nothing of how government really *bore upon the nation* before the Revolution!" or, "It is extremely to be regretted that we have no notion how the minute details of administration were carried on before '89."

The greater part of all, the want of which has been so justly lamented, is furnished by M. de Tocqueville's work, in which we see how France was administered before 1789, and how the governing power suffered to escape from its essentially central source those minor currents which were to fertilize the administrative soil of the provinces. Already everything is absorbed by the capital. All is concentrated in Paris, and no movement is communicated but from thence. Every province had its Intendant, as later every department had its Prefect, and the *sous-préfets* of the present day existed then in the person of the sub-delegates that governed the lesser circumscriptions, and duly and actively "reported" thereupon to the Intendant, who in turn transmitted volumes of paper to the minister and to the *Conseil du Roi*, which already, more than half a century before the Revolution of 1789, took upon itself those minute duties of central government that are falsely represented as among the most precious "conquests" of 1789.

"No town," says M. de Tocqueville, "could establish an *Octroi*, raise a contribution, mortgage or sell lands, farm them, bring an action at law, or dispose of its city funds unless the *King's Council* had examined and approved the report sent up by the Intendant. All municipal works were adjudged to this person or that in presence of the Intendant, or the *Sous-délégué*, and were for the most part executed by the State Architect or Engineer; and there may be in this a good deal that will surprise the persons who believe that all is new in the France of modern days."

Of a truth, the exclusive disciple of 1789, so proud to know that if a *Garde Champêtre* in the neighborhood of Perpignan, or an *Adjoint du Maire* in the Finistère, commits the slightest delinquencies, the "central authority in Paris will at once know of it and pursue the delinquent," — the Frenchman who vaunts this to you as one of the best effects of centralization and one of the most indisputable "conquests" of 1789, will, if he permit himself to be instructed by M. de Tocqueville's remarkable volume, see good reason to modify many errors of opinion and judgment ascribable to his ignorance only.

There is scarcely a subject connected with the period pre-

ceding the overthrow of the French monarchy upon which M. de Tocqueville does not afford us some detail as evidently authentic as it is curious and generally unknown. Even into the chaos of rural administration and parochial organization in France, into what has been hitherto held as the impenetrable obscurity of the municipal and communal governments of villages and small towns, he has penetrated, and we owe to his conscientious and laborious researches a more distinct idea than we ever had, how local authority, representing the central power, acted upon the interests, the character, and the passions of the rural populations in France. We see what were the relationships between the upper and lower ranks; what was the juxtaposition of the noble and the government agent; how the clergy were still in favor of freedom, whilst the people panted only for equality; how the power of royalty vexed the high-born gentleman even more than the *bourgeois;* how the *bourgeois* came to shut himself up in his democratic pride; how every fraction of society disclaimed all solidarity with others; how men of letters, who had no practical experience of anything, speculated upon everything, and in all ranks inflamed the passions of readers as unpractical as themselves; how the reality of social differences decreased, while social distinctions augmented; how court, noblesse, *bourgeoisie*, parliamentarists, soldiers, *employés*, municipal dignitaries, peasants, and priests all tended to isolate themselves, each in the interests of his own order, and not to unite together in the interests of the state. All this we see clearly reproduced in M. de Tocqueville's book, and we lay it down feeling that less than the labor of twenty years could not have engendered it, and that for twenty years' labor its four hundred pages are an adequate result.

It is doubly interesting, after a close study of the political organization of France during the whole of the last century, to remount the stream of years and see what she was a century earlier. No one better helps us to attain this end than M. Cousin, in the several volumes he has lately given to the public. Apparently the recent labors of his pen are biographical; but in reality they are far more historical. Whilst ordinary historians narrate events, here and there only sketching

some more than usually prominent personage, he, on the contrary, in the faithful delineation of individual character, seeks for what has been the influence of persons upon events.

"These studies," says M. Cousin himself, in his Preface to the *Life of Madame de Chevreuse*, "are, under somewhat romantic appearances, strictly historical studies, for which, in default of other merits, we claim that of the most scrupulous exactness; nay, they are even in some degree the fruits of a new method of historical writing, the plan whereof is on one hand to abandon entirely all conjectures, all hypotheses, all cosmopolitan or general views, and to substitute for them the simple and naked recital of facts, authenticated by dint of untiring research, and on the other hand to track out the *causes* of events, — not such as have too often been admitted, the foreign, abstract, and as it were outlying causes, — but such as have wrought in the hearts of men, on their ideas, their feelings, their virtues, and their defects, — the *living* causes, namely, of events. We would desire in History to follow up the study of humanity, which is after all the study supreme, — the eternal basis of all true Philosophy."

In these words lies the ablest description of the services rendered by M. Cousin to a certain period of French history. With what precedes the death of Henry IV., or follows the death of Mazarin, he does not much occupy himself, and even within those limits he is more especially attracted by the events which occurred between the murder of Concini, in 1619, and the coming of age of Louis XIV., in 1656; and in the first half of the seventeenth century he finds morally, socially, intellectually, and politically a greatness, which makes him over and over repeat that this is the last ascendant period in the history of France, and that after this period — after the majority of Louis XIV. and Mazarin's death — France gives unmistakable signs of decline. There is, we think, no inconsiderable truth in this view; but that is not at this moment for us the subject under discussion. What we are quite certain of, and what is likely to interest our readers, is that in M. Cousin's historical biographies of the seventeenth century is to be found the most accurate narrative of events of vast importance, conveyed in a form incomparably interesting, and in language worthy of Bossuet or Pascal. In a purely literary point of view, and as to style, the French tongue has nothing superior

to M. Cousin's late productions, and the illustrious translator of Plato, and with him his contemporary and friend, M. Villemain, take their places among the world-famous masters of French prose.

As with M. de Tocqueville, so with M. Cousin, the mainspring of his recent works lies chiefly in the actual political condition of France; and probably, were the Orleans dynasty still ruling in that country, and were M. Cousin still a member of the House of Peers, a Minister of Public Instruction, a Grand-Master of the University, or were he (*could* he again be) merely a parliamentary orator, we should not have had his eloquent justification of Madame de Longueville, his curious revelations upon Madame de Chevreuse, or his lofty panegyric of Marie de Hautefort.

Although the celebrated writer of these in France so celebrated works does not write them in order to find a framework wherein to adjust his criticisms upon the present *régime*, and attack what is, under cover of the praise due to what is no more, still it is quite evident that he is mainly induced to write them by a strong and ardent desire to flee from the pressure painfully exercised upon him by the tendencies of his own age in his own land. In thus frequenting a society more generous, more chivalrous, and, above all, more honest, you plainly perceive that he seeks to escape from the sordidness, the meanness, and the impurity of the contemporary society of France; and the manifest direction of his sympathies towards whatever is magnanimous gives you a kind of satisfaction in your admiration of the author, and inspires you with involuntary respect for the man.

M. Cousin unites in his genius the two apparently incompatible qualities which, combined, help to constitute the great charm of his writings. He is both impassioned and impartial. When he has found in a character (like that of Madame de Hautefort, for instance) sufficient beauty and truth to warrant his enthusiasm, he sets no boundaries to his enthusiasm, and carries his reader away with him as might the most ardent romancer or poet; but this does not prevent him from doing the amplest possible justice to what may occasion, or even constitute, the misfortunes of his heroine or hero. We will

take as an example Madame de Longueville and Madame de Chevreuse. M. Cousin was accused, by some of the more superficial of his countrymen, of absolutely blind idolatry for Anne de Bourbon, Duchesse de Longueville. It was positively reported that, for her sake, he detested the now living descendants of La Rochefoucauld. Yet where has her determined enemy, Madame de Chevreuse, found a more determined apologist than in M. Cousin? No! wherever M. Cousin fixes his intellectual gaze, he seeks before all, beyond all, for truth. This is a merit which his opponents, if they be conscientious, cannot refuse him. Rumor — what is lightly styled "public opinion" — had set down Madame de Longueville as an *intrigante*, who, to satisfy her own vanity, and in some degree her brother's ambition, dragged her lover, La Rochefoucauld, into all the complications and treacheries of the *Fronde*. By dint of lynx-eyed and incessant research, it turns out (and M. Cousin establishes the fact beyond discussion, by documents in hand) that Madame de Longueville was an indolent, tender-hearted woman, wholly mastered by La Rochefoucauld, to serve whom, and for nothing else, she rushed into all the troubles of that troublous time, and to expiate her love for whom she did deep and sincere penance for twenty-five years. La Rochefoucauld was the *intrigant*, she was his obedient tool; and all the faults that have been laid to her charge are easily to be condensed into the one only sin of an ill-placed, illicit, and apparently irresistible affection. But Madame de Longueville, as we have said, had no more bitter enemy than Madame de Chevreuse, and no one would have thought it unnatural had M. Cousin treated her with at least the same harshness to which her other historians have been accustomed. But no! Although in some points (and those all-important ones where a woman is concerned) there is little good to be said of Madame de Chevreuse, her brilliant qualities, her lofty contempt of danger, the sincerity of her friendship for the queen, and her statesmanlike talents, strike her biographer with admiration; and, refusing to join chorus with the host of her detractors, he rescues for her memory the glory at least of having been "the only individual whom both Richelieu and Mazarin feared." And so too, when chronicling

the disdain of self-interest, and the chivalrous opposition of the virtuous Madame de Hautefort to both these ministers, who, each in turn, appear as persecutors of a heroine for whom M. Cousin lets you perceive his passionate sympathy, he yet — impartial as ever — points out the immense services rendered to France by both Richelieu and Mazarin, and in a national sense defends the policy of both, in some of the most eloquent pages ever penned, — pages as full of sound political judgment as of elevated sentiment.*

It is difficult to speak of M. Cousin, even as an historian, without reverting to many of the questions which at the present moment so strongly agitate the two great divisions of the Church of France. Generally speaking, the great philosopher's more recent writings upon metaphysical subjects — for instance, his work entitled *Le Vrai, le Beau, et le Bien* — had almost entirely reconciled to him what are termed the Gallican Catholics, while only the extreme among the Ultramontanists, with the Bishop of Poitiers and M. Veuillot (editor of the journal *L'Univers*) at their head, committed the folly of anathematizing the avowedly Christian follower of Descartes, as though he were an atheist. But, strange to say,

* A circumstance of quite recent occurrence may be interesting, inasmuch as it exemplifies the immense intellectual influence of M. Cousin, even in foreign countries. Some thirty years ago a Professor of Logic and Metaphysics was to be named by the University of Edinburgh, and Sir William Hamilton was one of the candidates. Him Cousin did not then know, but he knew of his talents, for he had read an essay of Sir William's upon himself in the Edinburgh Review, in which he (Cousin) was attacked and refuted. The contest was going against Sir William, which, when Cousin heard, he seized his pen and wrote a letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, saying that, if the Town Council did not nominate him, the school of philosophy in Scotland would be shorn of its honors, for that Sir William Hamilton was a thinker in a million. The letter had its effect, and Hamilton was nominated. A few months ago, Sir William having suddenly died, the same Professor's chair became again vacant, and great anxiety was manifested to know what candidate Cousin was disposed to support. Professor Fraser, Sir William Hamilton's friend and pupil, was opposed by a strong party in favor of Mr. Ferrier, Professor Wilson's son-in-law; but, added to Professor Fraser's great capacity (he is the author of a collection of *Philosophical Essays* of high renown in the United Kingdom), it became well known that M. Cousin had said, if he were not chosen, Sir William's principles of teaching would be lost, and he accordingly was chosen, the Lord Provost in his public speech saying, as a conclusive argument, that Professor Fraser had upon his side "the illustrious M. Cousin, the first authority in the science of mind in Europe."

the very chief of Ultramontanists in France, Montalembert, no longer goes all lengths with his own party, but all at once shows symptoms of liberalism and tolerance.

It would require more space than we can occupy here to enter into this religious dispute, (one of the gravest that have agitated France since the war of the Jesuits and Jansenists,) but it has had a few results which may as well be briefly pointed out to our readers. First in order of date comes Montalembert's book upon England; next, the remarkable Essay published by M. de Talloux in the *Correspondant*, and entitled *The Catholic Party;* after that, Montalembert's pamphlet upon Lord Palmerston and the Pope; and, but a few weeks ago, the Narrative, by M. de Corcelles, of his Embassy to Rome in 1849. All these publications have deeply taken hold of the public mind, and have been discussed with an ardor that proves France at the present day to be anything but indifferent to topics connected with religion. It is but fair, however, to say, that upon M. de Montalembert has been concentrated by far the greatest portion of public attention. His appreciation of England's present condition, and her probable future, has met with a reception on both sides the Channel which seldom attends any book of serious discussion now-a-days. So exceedingly was curiosity excited as to the opinion formed upon the Protestant state *par excellence* (inasmuch as it is the most intolerant one) by one of the most bigoted Catholics in the world, that Montalembert's work achieved a far greater (momentary) success than did the very far superior work of M. de Rémusat upon the same subject, which came out at precisely the same epoch. But the Catholics of France and of Rome were of one mind in thinking that M. de Montalembert had been infinitely too lavish of praise towards "perfidious Albion," and some there were who even said they felt inclined to ask whether Montalembert was a Catholic at all. It was to reply to this feeling on the part of his former adherents and friends, that, a few months ago, M. de Montalembert published his considerations upon the attitude of the Palmerston Cabinet with regard to the Pope and the affairs of Rome.

Upon this occasion, as upon some other recent ones, M. de

Montalembert is decidedly moderate in all he says upon the religious part of his subject. Of course he speaks all along as a Catholic, and it would be useless to expect from him certain views which he could not have and remain a Catholic still; but he is moderate in that he admits the necessity for much reform, and in what he says touching the Papal sway there is no exorbitant or furious zeal, but merely the enunciation of those sentiments and opinions, and the profession of those dogmas, which the most liberal Gallican, supposing him to be a sincere Catholic, must subscribe to. There is, in a word, no trace of pure Ultramontanism in the pamphlet. In what regards Lord Palmerston, M. de Montalembert is less moderate; but it is to be doubted whether any one, out of England, could be found to blame his warmth of indignation; and many persons, we hope, in England will not quarrel with the language in which he clothes it. He tells the English prime-minister, more severely than any one has told him yet, that the secret springs of his political conduct are being made more and more evident every day, and that they are not such as will win for him the esteem of the honest or upright-minded in any country. He applies to him the whole pith of those lines of Percy Shelley's, whereof no politician was ever a more perfect exemplification than Lord Palmerston: —

> "He was a coward to the strong,
> A tyrant to the weak";

and he unsparingly reproaches him with the readiness he has shown, according to circumstances, either to bully or to cringe.

But a very important part of Montalembert's essay is that in which he clearly shows the English nation what is really the position in which Lord Palmerston's policy has placed it; and the sense of his words is as follows: "You, the Whig Cabinet, say your vital principle is the French alliance. So be it; but if that be your vital principle, you must abandon your exaggerated Protestantism; for France is the ally of Rome, and cannot allow the Pope to be insulted. One of the two, therefore, you must give up, — either your sudden devotion to the Emperor Napoleon, or your old habits of insult towards

the Pope!" This puts the English government on the hip, and silence is its safest, if not its only way, out of the dilemma.

If Montalembert's pamphlet were generally read in England, we are of opinion that it would go farther than most things in proving to the English nation what is the *bonâ fide* inferiority of the position to which the French alliance and the policy of the Palmerston Cabinet have reduced it. However, upon this subject we Americans are perhaps just now not quite impartial witnesses, and we will therefore leave the Whig government to the "tender mercies" of the champion of Pius IX.

One thing we must be allowed to remark, — and it amply bears out the truth of what we observed in the beginning of this article, — namely, that at the present moment none of the most liberally administered countries of Europe, none of those that have the largest amount of freedom, have anything like the intellectual activity of despotically governed France. Whether this proves that the extreme of self-government is incompatible with the extreme of intellectual and literary cultivation, or simply that the utmost development of man's force is never provoked but by opposition, we leave to others to decide. Meanwhile we register the fact, and find in its various manifestations frequent matter for admiration.

ART. XI. — 1. *English Traits.* By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 312.

2. *Impressions of England; or Sketches of English Scenery and Society.* By A. CLEVELAND COXE, Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 321.

3. *A Month in England.* By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. [A New Edition.] New York: Redfield. 1856.

THESE books are of a description which always attracts and seldom wearies us. Yet we enjoy them less as the rec-

ords of what has been seen and heard, than as autobiographies. It has been well said, that we cannot thoroughly know even a kinsman or an intimate, till he has been our companion in travel. The attrition of new and strange objects, nationalities, and experiences brings out traits that may have been latent in familiar scenes, — powers that may have been only possibilities in the home-circle, — merits or defects that may have been merged in the routine-life of domestic, professional, or public duty. This same revelation, which the traveller inevitably makes to fellow-pilgrims, he who publishes his adventures imparts of necessity to his readers. We learn what he carries with him by what he finds. We ascertain what questions were in his mind by the answers he puts on record. We test his temper by his opinions of men and things. We probe his culture by the depth or shallowness of his observations. We trace his sinuosities by the track they leave on his path. Therefore it is that, even in England, where every place of interest and monument of note and man of mark is too well known for any added intimacy of acquaintance through the testimony of others, we still love to renew the round with each new tourist; and, if we gain nothing else, we have at least hung up in our repository another well-analyzed specimen of our own race.

Conversely, if the traveller is one whom we previously knew, or if his individuality is patent in his book, we learn much by his descriptions even of the most familiar persons and objects. He presents them from a new point of view, which we can compare with others. He gives us a fresh perspective, by which we may correct outlines previously in our own mind. He discloses to us bearings and relations, which have their counterpart in fact. For his impressions, preferences, or aversions, be they well or ill grounded, there are existing causes, which, if we know him, we can divine. Especially is all this true, if our tourist is a man of genius, taste, or large specific attainments in art or literature. Then, however strong may be his prejudices, however abnormal his standard, we can allow for his parallax, and even his one-sided representations may give us more accurate knowledge than his own senses gave him. Thus, while Ruskin's entire

artistical creed may have hardly a disciple, who would not gratefully adopt him as a guide through the whole world of art, though often finding food for admiration in what he might denounce, and repudiating what he might praise?

Mr. Emerson's book, did it profess to describe all of England, would be justly open to the severest criticism. It ignores pauperism, ignorance, and crime, aristocratic pretension and plebeian sycophancy, sinecure laziness and under-paid labor, — in fine, all the inequalities of condition, realized right, and availing privilege, which assimilate the moral and social landscape of Great Britain much more nearly to the broken surface of Switzerland, than to the gentle alternations of hill and valley on its own soil. But all of the less pleasing "English traits" have been set forth with ample minuteness of detail by the greater portion of recent travellers, and we are glad to open one book that revives our early pride in our mother-land, and makes us feel anew the unparalleled queenliness of her position and belongings. We by no means say that the tourist who beholds only the glory of England, and is blind to her shame, possesses our moral sympathy. This we must reserve for itinerants of the Heraclitus school; but while we read their writings with heightened emotion, they do not entertain or edify us.

With the intense *subjectivism* of Mr. Emerson's philosophy we are at swords' points. We hesitate not to say, that, pushed to its legitimate consequences, it neutralizes moral distinctions, eliminates duty and accountability, obliterates religion, and excludes the conception of a personal and self-conscious Deity. And even in the book before us, when religious or ethical subjects are touched upon, (which they are but seldom, and lightly,) we discern traces of the indifferentism which proceeds from the author's philosophy. But this very element is propitious to merely æsthetic observation and impression. Mr. Emerson threw open his own broad, rich, delicately organized, and generously cultured intellect, with an Argus-eyed passiveness, with a receptivity which no emotion or affection weakened or distorted, to take the exact impress of what he heard and saw.

The greatness of England is in fact the theme of all his

chapters. And there are many aspects in which she is the greatest of the nations. She has enriched herself with the spoils of every zone and soil. Her language, a conglomerate from all the tongues of ancient and modern civilization, is the type of her national personality and genius. With hardly a tithe of the learning of Germany, she is the fountain of elegant scholarship. With often a paucity and never a redundance of creative talent, her literature embodies the wealth and beauty of all times and lands. Inferior to France in science, she immeasurably transcends her in its concrete forms and practical uses. Later than the Continental nations in almost every branch of lucrative industry, she has domesticated all their processes, and has made her manufactures the staple of the world's commerce. Limited in her natural resources, she supplements them by the empire of the sea, and the lordship of the tropics and the Orient. What her arms might fail of, her diplomacy secures. Her defeats bear the fruit of victory. Her one signal loss during these latter centuries, that of her rebel colonies in America, has but erected the best market for her products, opened the most humane asylum for her surplus population, and furnished the most genial seminary for her intellectual and moral influence. In her home economy, her greatest of national debts only consolidates her government, and insures the loyalty of her myriad creditors. Her enormous landed estates but strengthen the conservative and cripple the revolutionary elements of her population. Her monopolies and arbitrary prescriptions have worn deep niches in her constitution, and are clothed with all the semblance and prestige of sacred right. Every decaying timber in her political and social fabric is so buttressed, that it cannot fall till slow time disintegrates it; every weak member of the pile is so built around and over, that it bears no strain.

Mr. Emerson gives few details of his English sojourn. The titles of his chapters are such general heads of remark as "Land," "Race," "Manners," "Wealth," "Aristocracy," "Religion." Under each he gives rather the sum total of his observations, than the specific instances that served for his generalizations. He delights in antithesis and contrast, and

brings out with unequalled rhetorical force very many of the anomalies of the English commonwealth and society, — those balancings and co-workings of seemingly opposite and antagonistic forces, by which strength is born out of weakness, and the ever fresh and new from decadence and decline. Among the most striking specimens of this style of delineation, (and in felicity and point it can hardly be surpassed,) is the following, under the running-title "Factitious."

"A proof of the energy of the British people, is the highly artificial construction of the whole fabric. The climate and geography, I said, were factitious, as if the hands of man had arranged the conditions. The same character pervades the whole kingdom. Bacon said, 'Rome was a state not subject to paradoxes'; but England subsists by antagonisms and contradictions. The foundations of its greatness are the rolling waves; and, from first to last, it is a museum of anomalies. This foggy and rainy country furnishes the world with astronomical observations. Its short rivers do not afford water-power, but the land shakes under the thunder of the mills. There is no gold mine of any importance, but there is more gold in England than in all other countries. It is too far north for the culture of the vine, but the wines of all countries are in its docks. The French Comte de Lauraguais said, 'No fruit ripens in England but a baked apple'; but oranges and pine-apples are as cheap in London as in the Mediterranean. The Mark-Lane Express or the Custom-House Returns bear out to the letter the vaunt of Pope, —

> 'Let India boast her palms, nor envy we
> The weeping amber, nor the spicy tree,
> While, by our oaks, those precious loads are borne,
> And realms commanded which those trees adorn.'

The native cattle are extinct, but the island is full of artificial breeds. The agriculturist Bakewell created sheep and cows and horses to order, and breeds in which everything was omitted but what is economical. The cow is sacrificed to her bag, the ox to his sirloin. Stall-feeding makes sperm-mills of the cattle, and converts the stable to a chemical factory. The rivers, lakes, and ponds, too much fished, or obstructed by factories, are artificially filled with the eggs of salmon, turbot, and herring.

"Chat Moss and the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire are unhealthy and too barren to pay rent. By cylindrical tiles, and gutta-percha tubes, five millions of acres of bad land have been drained and put on equality with the best, for rape-culture and grass. The climate

too, which was already believed to have become milder and drier by the enormous consumption of coal, is so far reached by this new action, that fogs and storms are said to disappear. In due course, all England will be drained, and rise a second time out of the waters. The latest step was to call in the aid of steam to agriculture. Steam is almost an Englishman. I do not know but they will send him to Parliament next, to make laws. He weaves, forges, saws, pounds, fans, and now he must pump, grind, dig, and plough for the farmer. The markets created by the manufacturing population have erected agriculture into a great thriving and spending industry. The value of the houses in Britain is equal to the value of the soil. Artificial aids of all kinds are cheaper than the natural resources. No man can afford to walk, when the parliamentary-train carries him for a penny a mile. Gas-burners are cheaper than daylight in numberless floors in the cities. All the houses in London buy their water. The English trade does not exist for the exportation of native products, but on its manufactures, or the making well every thing which is ill made elsewhere. They make ponchos for the Mexican, bandannas for the Hindoo, ginseng for the Chinese, beads for the Indian, laces for the Flemings, telescopes for astronomers, cannons for kings.

"The Board of Trade caused the best models of Greece and Italy to be placed within the reach of every manufacturing population. They caused to be translated from foreign languages and illustrated by elaborate drawings, the most approved works of Munich, Berlin, and Paris. They have ransacked Italy to find new forms, to add a grace to the products of their looms, their potteries, and their founderies.

"The nearer we look, the more artificial is their social system. Their law is a network of fictions. Their property, a scrip or certificate of right to interest on money that no man ever saw. Their social classes are made by statute. Their ratios of power and representation are historical and legal. The last Reform-bill took away political power from a mound, a ruin, and a stone-wall, whilst Birmingham and Manchester, whose mills paid for the wars of Europe, had no representative. Purity in the elective Parliament is secured by the purchase of seats. Foreign power is kept by armed colonies; power at home, by a standing army of police. The pauper lives better than the free laborer; the thief better than the pauper; and the transported felon better than the one under imprisonment. The crimes are factitious, as smuggling, poaching, non-conformity, heresy, and treason. Better, they say in England, kill a man than a hare. The sovereignty of the seas is maintained by the impressment of seamen. 'The impressment of seamen,' said Lord Eldon, 'is the life of our navy.'

Solvency is maintained by means of a national debt, on the principle, 'If you will not lend me the money, how can I pay you?' For the administration of justice, Sir Samuel Romilly's expedient for clearing the arrears of business in Chancery was the Chancellor's staying away entirely from his court. Their system of education is factitious. The Universities galvanize dead languages into a semblance of life. Their Church is artificial. The manners and customs of society are artificial; — made-up men with made-up manners; — and thus the whole is Birminghamized, and we have a nation whose existence is a work of art; — a cold, barren, almost arctic isle, being made the most fruitful, luxurious, and imperial land in the whole earth.

"Man in England submits to be a product of political economy. On a bleak moor, a mill is built, a banking-house is opened, and men come in, as water in a sluice-way, and towns and cities rise. Man is made as a Birmingham button. The rapid doubling of the population dates from Watt's steam-engine. A landlord, who owns a province, says, 'The tenantry are unprofitable; let me have sheep.' He unroofs the houses, and ships the population to America. The nation is accustomed to the instantaneous creation of wealth. It is the maxim of their economists, 'that the greater part in value of the wealth now existing in England has been produced by human hands within the last twelve months.' Meantime, three or four days' rain will reduce hundreds to starving in London." — pp. 98 – 103.

Mr. Emerson has been twice in England. His second voyage thither was in 1847, at the invitation of several Mechanics' Institutes in Lancashire and Yorkshire, to deliver a series of lectures. The greater part of the work purports to give the impressions received during the tour made in pursuance of and in connection with that engagement. His first chapter, however, is devoted to an earlier visit, in 1833, and is chiefly filled with his interviews with persons well known in the literary world, such as Landor, Coleridge, Carlyle, and Wordsworth. He does not heighten our reverence for Coleridge, who overwhelmed him with a torrent of windy declamation, fraught with the intensest egotism and the stalest commonplaces. "The visit," says Mr. Emerson, "was rather a spectacle than a conversation, of no use beyond the satisfaction of my curiosity. He was old and preoccupied, and could not bend to a new companion and think with him." His visit to Wordsworth afforded him much greater edifi-

cation, and presents the same amiable picture, so often given us, of the simple, true, kind, reverent old man, full of unconscious oddities, and, with virgin modesty, not one whit less egotistical than the pompous philosopher of Highgate.

In passing to Mr. Coxe's book, we exchange our æsthetic for an exclusively ecclesiastical point of view. As a devout son of the American branch of the English Church, he makes his tour a religious pilgrimage. This side of the Apostolic age, he finds no names so great and holds none so sacred as in England among the dead and the living; this side of Palestine, he can tread no ground so holy and trace no monuments so venerable. He therefore gives us very numerous and happily drawn sketches of cathedrals and churches, introduces us to a large number of distinguished prelates and clergymen, and describes with great minuteness all the variable parts of the public religious service, as performed at various altars and by diverse functionaries. His book contains, indeed, much else, for it seems to be a faithful transcript of his daily experiences; but enthusiastic reverence and love for his Church led him to make cathedral-towns his resting-places, to cultivate clerical society chiefly, and to search above all things for the memorials of Christian fidelity and heroism that have come down from earlier centuries. In all this there is nothing otherwise than just, courteous, and kind towards those of forms and creeds alien from his own. He evidently has no theological enmities to gratify, but only that honest, hearty, tender interest in men and things connected with his own dearest convictions and profoundest loves, which we would gladly see manifested by the members of every separate section of the Christian fold.

We are ready to accord with his estimate of the merits and the short-comings of the English Church. So far as it is a religious organization, it is true to its calling and its trust; so far as it is a state establishment, dependent on secular patronage, and bound by laws and liabilities not of its own choice, it often lies open to censure and reproach. But it must be remembered that Erastianism has never been denounced more vehemently by Dissenters than by loyal members of the Establishment; that the most devout, earnest, and

philanthropic Churchmen at the present day, with hardly an opposing voice, deem the connection of Church and State little better than a Mezentian embrace, the living with the dead; and that among the most zealous advocates of that unblessed union have always been and still are the least religious of British statesmen. But on this point we must let Mr. Coxe speak for himself, and would express our cordial assent to every sentiment in the following paragraph, unless it be to the full breadth of the comparison which we have taken the liberty of italicizing.

"I cannot forbear to remark, that when American travellers go to England, and copy the false statistics of some infidel almanac, to justify their railings against the National Church, they are about as wise as John Bull is, when he takes the statistics of our (immigrant) pauperism and crime, as a test of the true state of American society. It is true that there are great abuses connected with the establishment; and it is also true that they are deplored by no class of Englishmen half so much as they are by the true Churchman. If the Church could be left to herself, they would be immediately reformed; but the very creatures who rail at her, because of them, are they who refuse to give her the freedom which she claims, and who do the most to enslave her to the State power. I am no friend to that power in the Church of GOD; but they who prate against the Church, because of her misfortunes, deserve the rebuke of all thinking men, whose knowledge of history, and of the existing state of the world, enables them to compare what has been done for England, by that Church, even in her fetters, *with what all other religions put together have done for the residue of the world.* When we reflect upon the three great achievements of that Church for English liberty, — the Reformation, the Restoration of the Constitution and Monarchy, and the repudiation of the Popish Stuarts, we may well afford to laugh at such sneers as a Macaulay endeavors to raise against her, on the ground of blemishes with which his own reckless and treacherous political allies have deformed and afflicted her. And when we attempt to estimate the blessings she has diffused through the whole Anglo-Saxon people, and by them through the world, who can refrain from blessing the dear Church which has placed the English Bible in every cottage, and which, for three centuries, has read the *Ten Commandments*, every Lord's day, in the ears of millions of the people? It is only when we think of what that Church has done, in spite of the golden chains which fetter her, and in spite of the political miscreants who have always hung like hounds upon her heels and hands, that we

can rightly estimate her strong vitality, and her vast beneficence." — pp. 316, 317.

Mr. Coxe wields a graceful and graphic pen. His sense of the beautiful and the grand is prompt and true. Eloquent descriptions of natural scenery, of architecture, life, and manners, are interspersed with the personal narrative in almost every chapter. A delicate reserve draws the line between what may rightfully be given to the public and what belongs to the confidence of friendship and the sacredness of domestic retirement. There is nothing in his book which the most fastidious of his English hosts could be unwilling to see in print. At the same time, he has not carried his reserve to that extreme of prudery which would make his story jejune and almost impersonal. The work does equal credit to his taste and discretion, his head and heart; and though, as we have intimated, it deals principally with ecclesiastical topics, it is incidentally instructive on a large range of subjects, and on all betrays keen powers of observation, and a uniform candor of judgment and kindness of feeling, that win our entire respect and sympathy.

We have space but for a single additional extract, and it shall be the description of his visit to Keble, who is known no less by the apostolic piety and benevolence with which he irradiates his comparatively obscure home-sphere, than by those sweet strains of evangelic verse which inspire and feed devotion wherever his native tongue is read.

"From Winchester I went by post, in the twilight, over downs, and through dingles and dales, to Hursley, where I entered the Church, and found Mr. Keble and his curate celebrating Evening Prayers. I had brought with me, from Hampton Court, a feeling of overpowering depression, and having seen the admired poet in circumstances so fitting to his character as a Christian priest, I was about to turn away, and drive back to Winchester, when another impulse suddenly prevailed, and I ventured to present myself. I had a preconception of his piety and unworldliness, that affected me with awe, and embarrassed me, in approaching him; nor did anything in his cordiality divest him of something that restrained me in his presence. Nothing could be more simple and unaffected than his manner; and yet, in a word, it was as if George Herbert had risen from his grave, and were talking with me,

in a familiar way. He would not hear of my departure, but instantly made me his guest; and thenceforth I was in a dream, from the time that I first saw him till I bade him farewell. Nothing could be more kind than his hospitality; nothing more delightful than the vision on which I opened my eyes, in the morning, and looked out on his Church, and the little hamlet contiguous. Hursley is a true poet's home. It is as secluded as can well be imagined. England might ring with alarms, and Hursley would not hear it: and it seems all the more lonely, when one learns that Richard Cromwell retired hither, from a throne, and, after waxing old in a quiet contentment, died here in peace, and now sleeps beneath the tower of the Church, just under the vicar's windows, with all the cousinry of the Cromwells around him. A wise fool was Richard! But to think of a Cromwell lying still, in such a Church as Mr. Keble has made this of Hursley! It has been lately rebuilt, from the foundation, all but the tower, and its symbolism and decoration are very rich, though far from being overdone. The taste that has enshrined itself in 'The Christian Year,' has here taken shape in stones. One of the windows, the gift of friends, is an epitome of that delightful work, and displays the chief festivals, beginning with the Circumcision. In the minute adornment of the corbels, my attention was called to a beautiful idea, which runs through the whole series, and which is said to furnish the hint for interpreting the ornaments of older churches. Entering the south porch, you observe the sculptured heads of the reigning sovereign and the present bishop of the See; and then, at the door, those of St. Helena, and St. Augustine of Canterbury. At the chancel arch are St. Peter and St. Paul; and over the altar, beneath the arch of the east window, are the figures of our Lord, and of His Virgin Mother. Thus, from the present, the mind is carried on to the past; and from pastors and rulers, through doctors and apostles, up to Christ. The north porch exhibits the heads of Ken and Andrewes, of Wykeham and Fox; while the corbels of the exterior arch of the east window bear those of Ambrose and Athanasius. The tower of the Church is finished by a graceful spire, and the gilded cock surmounts the pile, —

'to tell
How, when Apostles ceased to pray, they fell.'

"A grateful feeling comes over me at every remembrance of my visit to Hursley, for I felt all the time like an intruder, receiving privileges beyond my power to repay, while my kind entertainer seemed as one who desires no such tribute to his genius as mere tourists are wont to afford. An inferior character might be flattered to find himself sought out, of every traveller; but all the heartfelt kindness of the vicar of

Hursley was no disguise, to me, of a spirit that loves the Paradise of a blessed seclusion from the world, and which nothing but benevolence can prompt to welcome the stranger, that desires to see him face to face, and to thank him for the soothing influences and inspiring harmonies of his perennial songs." — pp. 247, 248.

Mr. Tuckerman's "Month in England" is not a new book; but it is one that should not be suffered to grow old. On its first appearance, in 1853, we expressed in a single paragraph our high appreciation of it, and we gladly avail ourselves of the new edition to recall attention to it. Here too "the ruling passion" gives character and tone to the entire narrative. The author's pervading aim seems to have been to verify on their own soil the local associations connected with the great names of English literature. There are indeed vivid portraitures of external nature, of the memorials of antiquity and the monuments of art. There are finely drawn sketches of life and manners, perhaps too much in outline, and too seldom enlivened by conversation or adventure. But wherever Mr. Tuckerman goes, if he records no living presence, the dead are with him; a retrospective fancy dresses up the scene as it was when they gave it life, and, where illustrious men were wont to resort, they come back in throngs in the very forms they bore, and surrounded by the very reminiscences which most clearly mark the place of each in the muster-roll of genius and fame. Few descriptions are so rich and suggestive as this of a visit to Christ's Hospital.

"Unmindful of the vapory pall that hung ominous and thick over the reeking streets, ever and anon condensing into showers, I left my cabman to his India-rubber envelope, and his horse to the bag of corn tied over his proboscis, and hurried through the archway into the vast quadrangle and dusky corridors of Christ's Hospital. On that winter day they wore a sombre look; the rain dripped from every cornice; little pools gleamed darkly in the hollows of the broad paved area; and I felt as once, during a storm, in Pisa, when I took shelter under the arcades of the Campo Santo; only here the architecture was of a heavier cast, and there were no pale frescos to enliven the time-worn vaults, nor even a spire of herbage, or timid wall-flower, to whisper of the leafy web that, in softer latitudes, hides the ravages of time. In one of the school-rooms, on the ground floor, the light of a coal-fire in the huge

chimney fell on the wan countenance of a solitary boy, who, in the midst of hacked forms, blackboards, and scattered benches, was stooping dejectedly over his book. I glanced through the window, as I passed, at the 'kept' urchin, and thought of the 'objectless holidays' of the orphans described by Elia; but the reverse of the picture was visible a moment after, when a dozen little fellows ran across the vast court, their laughter waking strange echoes through the gloomy pile. Their costume was a long coat of blue cloth secured by a leather belt, and surmounted by a white collar folded neatly over the neck; this attire gave them so much the look of a juvenile priesthood, and so elongated and solemnized their slender figures, that their childish gayety seemed curiously inappropriate. As I walked beneath the pillared archway, I read the tablets inscribed at intervals along the walls; one announced that no boy could see his friends during school-hours; one designated the wards of the nurses; and another proclaimed the benefactions of friends, or the merits of stewards. But that which caused me to linger and muse was dedicated to the memory of Master Boyer, whose character has been so vividly yet inconsistently described by three of his illustrious pupils. I recalled his 'passionate wig,' his 'storms that came near, but never touched,' recorded by Lamb; and Coleridge's testimony to the 'inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though, at the same time, very severe master.' I seemed to hear his scornful voice criticising a theme: 'Harp? lyre? — pen and ink, boy, you mean; Pierian spring? oh, ay, — the cloister pump, I suppose.' De Quincey calls him the greatest villain of the nineteenth century, declares flogging was his life, and that Coleridge's admiration of him was a monomania. The truth doubtless lies between these extremes of judgment; and their contradiction may be accounted for by the intensity, both of gratitude and indignation, with which we revert to those toward whom the sense of intellectual obligation is balanced by rankling wounds inflicted on our self-love. The name of the old master was a spell, however, that revived the images of those who profited by his classic discipline, for, with all his eccentric despotism, according to Lamb, he 'made scholars.' His name is at least associated with the freshest reminiscences of genius. Here, I thought, as I looked round upon the old quadrangle and massive corridors, knots of childish admirers would gather about the 'inspired charity-boy,' and listen reverently to the musical voice destined, in after years, to chant immortal Genevieve, and reason eloquently of 'foreknowledge, will, and fate'; in yonder angle, perhaps, sat the kind soul, Lamb's old relative, to bestow on her darling 'the extraordinary slice of bread and butter from the hot loaf of the Temple'; and by her side stood the grateful boy,

inwardly struggling between hunger and generosity, his pale features lit up with expectancy, and 'contending passions at the unfolding.'

"In that chamber, perchance, whose ancient window overlooks this broad arena, the devout Baxter expired; over these wet stones the youthful Addison sped to his recitation, meditating, as he walked, a Latin epigram; lighting with his smile the gloomy shadow of this vestibule, jovial Steele threw his arm caressingly over the shoulders of his comrade; and, in the twilight nook of the opposite porch, Leigh Hunt dreamed many an Arabian tale. Stillingfleet practised his first rhetoric, Blackstone felt, on his palm, the majesty of offended law, and Richardson caught his earliest dramatic glimpses of life touched by the mellow hue of sentiment — afterward to expand in 'Clarissa Harlowe' — here, amid the sports, lessons, and monastic seclusion of Christ's Hospital. In historical, not less than personal association, is the edifice rich and impressive: the greater part of the victims of the plague were buried there, in the reign of the third Edward. Kings, nobles, friars, pensioners, and charity boys, have had their dwelling-place here in succession; every variety of human character, from Wesley to Tooke, and from Barrow to Camden, have here imbibed the milk of knowledge; and, as I invoked the forms of the departed, a throng consecrated by genius, piety, or adventure gathered to my mind's eye, in every gallery and over the hollow square, until a vision as glorious as ever filled the brain of the opium-eater, of whose school-days also this was the scene, irradiated the venerable and lonely cloisters. Gazing up at the enormous roof, I thought of the donkey secretly tethered there, for whom the schoolboy-tyrant (made eternally infamous by 'Elia's' record) kept bread from his younger companions; and, in their lofty dining-hall, 'hung round with pictures by Verrio, Lely, and others,' I wondered if blue and tasteless milk-porridge was still the order of the day for Monday, and mutton-scrags on Friday; I could almost taste the smack of ginger and cinnamon which there endeared millet to the then unsophisticated palate of the child, who was indeed 'father of the man,' and reverted to his boyhood with a moral zest indicative of its perennial quality. I looked into the faces of the crowd of blue-coated urchins, then listening to 'grace after meat,' and would fain have asked if there were yet among them a young stork like him immortalized in the 'Recollections,' as a martyr to the imputation of meanness, while starving himself to feed his parents. I longed too to recognize Master Matthew Field, that rare combination of 'gentleman, scholar, and Christian,' whom his quaint pupil so loved to honor; and above all, by slow degrees, yet with a clear and palpable impression, there stole upon me, as it were, the very atmosphere wherein was lapped the boyhood of

Charles Lamb. As I felt in the Temple his infant environment, here came home to me the spirit of his school experience. I realized how the traditional mysteries of these old cloisters aided his dawning imagination; how he felt a peculiar dignity from the 'magnitude of the body' to which, at so tender an age, he was bound; and how the sentiment of the past was breathed into his soul from being thus allied to one of its monuments. It seemed to me, then, quite natural, that, from such a school, boys should go in search of Quarl's island. I felt no surprise that a noble sense of relation to the great world should grow up among children already predestined to the navy and the church, nor that the Grecians and the sea-boys were arrayed to the eyes of their gentle brother, the poor annuitant to be, with prophetic interest. I watched the 'young monks' through the lens of Lamb's sympathy, and all the effect of 'substituted paternity,' of 'no bills,' of 'the civic pleasantries of the dispensing aldermen,' and 'the prescriptive title of admission to the lions of the Tower,' in lending a sacred importance to the blue-coat boy of Christ's, was thus fully realized. I thought, too, of the boy Elia lying awake in some part of this vast building, listening to the Christmas carol, — 'transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem'; and of his reverent love for 'that godly and royal child, Edward VI., flower of the Tudor name, — the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer and Ridley, — the young flower untimely cropped,' and whose effigy he wrote on his garments."

Here it could hardly be that, with Lamb so fresh in the memory, — the last rites of literary friendship just performed for him by Talfourd and De Quincey, — the figure of the gentle, bashful boy should not at every turn have come between Mr. Tuckerman and the other forms evoked from the more remote past. But in the busy thoroughfare, with the shifting crowds, thought moves quicker, and returns not upon itself so readily; the shadowy forms chase one another across the scene in a procession that never rests, and, it might seem, could never end. What scores of characteristic traits and anecdotes, what volumes of our early reading when "the dead alone were great," are brought to mind by this paragraph about the London streets!

"In the crowded Strand, how pleasant to remember the boy Coleridge thrusting his hand against a gentleman's pocket while in the fanciful act of swimming the Hellespont, — an instance of classical delusion that so won the wrathful man, that he subscribed to a circulating

library, in the urchin's name, for a twelvemonth! How charming to think that inductive Bacon and heroic Harry Vane were born there, and that against yonder pillar of Temple Bar Dr. Johnson leaned one night, going home with Boswell, and indulged in such an unprecedented fit of laughter as to frighten his puritan satellite! Walking, after nightfall, by the cheerful shops of Oxford Street, how vividly De Quincey's pallid and lofty brow rises before us; here he first bought opium, and met poor Ann, a hungry wanderer; and subsequently apostrophized that busy thoroughfare as a 'stony-hearted stepmother that listens to the sighs of orphans and drinks the tears of children'! At the Tower, who, with a heart in his bosom, does not turn from armor and regalia to the inscriptions on Sir Walter Raleigh's cell, and to the thought of Otway dying at a neighboring tavern, choked by the bread that came too late? In front of Apsley House, who, with a ray of imagination, does not glance at Beckford's old residence adjacent? Is not Cornhill glorified by the memory of Gray who was born there, at number forty-one? Shall we cross Westminster Bridge, and not think of poor Crabbe pacing to and fro, with his verses in his pocket, the night before his fortunate application to Burke? or enter Bloomsbury Square, nor try to identify Steele's fine house upon which Addison vainly levied an attachment, to bring his improvident friend to his senses? or pass through Smithfield, unmindful of Bunyan and Wesley? or Green Arbor Court, and not bless the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'The Deserted Village,' who there taught poor children to dance? Is it quite grateful to ascend the old stairs at Somerset House, on our way to the Royal Society, and imagine Cromwell, grim and stalwart, lying in state, and not elegant Sir Joshua Reynolds lecturing on art? Let us ever behold, in fancy, when in Duke Street, our own Franklin a journeyman-printer; in Brooke Street, be haunted by Chatterton's suicide; in the Poultry, imagine Hood, an infant; in Great Russell, near Bow Street, do homage to Dryden in his oracular seat at Will's; and opposite, to the author of 'Cato,' escaped from domestic annoyance, at Button's; let us not return from a party, beneath the stars, through St. James Street, without a pitiful recollection of Savage wandering there, at the same hour, for want of shelter; and fail not, by way of contrast, in Pall-Mall, to moralize on the prosperity of Sir William Temple, near the site of his noble mansion. Let the 'Elegy,' and the law of gravitation, recur to us in Jermyn Street, where Gray and Sir Isaac Newton lived. Let us not despise Hartshorn Lane, for Ben Jonson was born there; nor forget to smile once more at Isaac Bickerstaff's wit, in Salisbury Street, where Partridge the almanac-maker dwelt. It is worth while to say to one's

self, in passing Old Bond Street, that Sterne died there, and in Berkeley Square, Horace Walpole; and among the 'bachelors of the Albany,' as we enter that shrine of celibate luxury, to recall Byron, Canning, and Monk Lewis. Thus, at every step, rise up familiar beings, to solemnize or cheer, and people the memorable sites of London. The variety of character is as great as that of gifts; and the mind is bewildered by the number and contrast of these intellectual almoners, whose bounty is thus recalled where the place that once knew them knows them no more."

It is only as the land of literary pilgrimage that England presents to the American traveller attractions which must needs outrival those of all the Old World besides. The artist may well prefer the favored seats of spontaneous genius and unforced achievement in art. The student of human nature finds it far more freely open to his scrutiny, and with wider diversities of type, in Paris than in London. The lover of society can with less of ceremony, and with easier admittance, frequent a Continental court than an English drawing-room. To those whose quest is magnificent scenery, Great Britain exhibits but in miniature the mountains, lakes, rivers, and waterfalls of Central Europe or of North America. But nowhere else has literature so multiplied its shrines, and lavished its oil of consecration, and become so truly the *genius loci* of almost every rood of soil, as in England. Some of the reasons for this are obvious. Strong and enduring associations between persons and places can spring up only where domestic life is stable and cherished. A home-loving people of necessity attaches interest and curiosity to the homes and haunts of its great men. Then, too, in such a people every man has a home. Even poverty, instead of making a poet or an artist a life-long wanderer from city to city, as it might and has in Italy, only contracts and attenuates his dwelling, and thus transmits a garret instead of a library, or a cottage instead of a villa, as the shrine to be held sacred to his memory. It might further be alleged, that the personality of a man of distinguished literary powers has for several centuries been greater and more honored in England than anywhere else upon earth. On the Continent, with rare exceptions and those comparatively recent, a work of plebeian genius does

little towards elevating the social position or enlarging the social sphere of its author; while in England the essential nobleness of genius has been recognized for many generations; and, though pecuniary rewards have often been slow and meagre, seldom has one, whom posterity has delighted to honor, failed to be an object of interest and distinguished regard while living. Thus literary localities have so fixed themselves in the grateful memory of the nation, that there is hardly a name eminent in letters that is not identified with the habitation or the wonted resorts of its possessor. Add to these considerations the fact that literature (considered apart from erudition and science) has undoubtedly been the profession or constituted the fame of hundreds in Great Britain for scores in any other country.

For these reasons, there is peculiar pertinency in such a narrative of travel as Mr. Tuckerman has given us. He went from home well furnished for his work, thoroughly read in the choicest English literature, with profound yet discriminating reverence for its luminaries, and with that intimate conversance with their biography which taught him what to seek and where. His book, modest and devoid of egotism, is virtually the record of his own liberal culture. We close our notice of it by his closing paragraphs, which happily describe the grounds of peculiar interest that England offers to an American traveller.

"With a foreigner for his companion, when travelling in England, an American soon becomes aware of the greater intimacy of relation which he enjoys with the past and present of the country. No infantile reminiscence, musical with nursery-rhymes, startles the Frenchman beside you, when the guard bawls at the car-window, 'Banbury Cross'; the German friend, on whose arm you lean, walking through Holborn, does not pause instinctively, as if his boot-nails were glued to the pavement by a magnet, at the sight of Day & Martin's sign; and the Italian, full of patriotic memories of Canova, wonders at you in St. Paul's for standing so long before Abercrombie's monument, ignorant, as he is, that the position of the dying general taught Kean how to fall naturally in his tragic death-scenes. An hour by 'Shrewsbury clock' is no more significant to a Continental than that noted by any other dial; he will scarcely think at Bath of Frances Burney, Jane Austen, or Smollett; or of Coleridge, Southey, and

Wordsworth, at Bristol. The cliff at Dover to his eyes is only an abrupt elevation of jagged chalk; no blind Gloster stands on the ledge, nor samphire-gleaner, midway down, follows his 'dreadful trade.'

"It is from our sympathy with the mind of the country that her landscape often wears an occult charm. We have an *à priori* attachment to London because the soul of Shakespeare encamped so long in its midst. To us, England is the land where Wordsworth, with heroic love and patience, waited at the pure altar he had built to Nature and the Muses; where Carlyle, with his logical hammer, knocked away the flimsy incrustations with which hypocrisy and conventionalism shroud reality, and vindicated the essential and true in life and man; where Mrs. Hemans sung of home; Miss Edgeworth applied the test of sense and prudence to social life; Shelley kindled into aerial fantasy the dreams of classicism and reform; Bentham benignly advocated the greatest good of the greatest number; Macaulay made brilliant rhetorical digests; and Hood sent forth lyrics and puns alike provocative to tears of mirth and pity. When vexed by her arrogance, therefore, or restless under the vast shadow of her civic power, we find, in the thought of intellectual obligation and kindred, a constant antidote for the bane.

"The national characteristics of the English prove, upon personal experience, to be derived from extremes; and hence the apparent inconsistency of prejudice and praise bestowed on them by foreign writers. Hospitality, for instance, is a proverbial trait; but he who imagines that this virtue springs from a rare facility of intercourse, and a voluntary extension of kindness, will be greatly disappointed. The French and Italians far excel their insular neighbors in outward and ready courtesy. It is the quality, and not the universality, of this noble trait, that has given England her fame as its legitimate exponent. The access to her domestic sanctuaries is jealously guarded; but once opened, the confidence, freedom, and heartiness are entire. Nowhere do the arrangements of private life so aptly fit the needs of the stranger; in no dwellings is he sooner made unconscious of that name; and the consequence is, that two quite distinct impressions are borne away from the country; one critical, and relating to England as a whole, to the idea of the nation in the abstract; and the other a sentiment of grateful attachment and of high respect toward individuals, families, and friends; than which no reminiscence of travel can be more permanent and earnest."

ART. XII. — *Life of William Plumer* [Governor of New Hampshire]. By his Son, WILLIAM PLUMER, Junior. Edited, with a Sketch of the Author's Life, by A. P. PEABODY. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 543.

IN these days, many students of the history of Presidential Elections will remember, that on the tabular record of the votes of old times there is the notice of an election, in which one elector threw his single vote against two hundred and thirty-one others. It was on the occasion of Mr. Monroe's second election, and this single vote robbed him of the honor which, thus far, no one has shared with Washington, of receiving the unanimous choice of the Electoral Colleges. This solitary vote was thrown by Governor William Plumer of New Hampshire, the subject of the biography before us. It deserves special notice, as the only instance in which an elector, chosen by the people, has voted without complying with a previous understanding, and in accordance with the supposed theory of the Federal Constitution. That instrument confides the choice of President, not to the people, but to the electors. It seems to have been supposed that they, rather than any earlier caucus or convention, would weigh candidates, and decide who best would answer the necessities of the time and position. In reality, however, — as at this moment we know, — no discretion is now left in the electors' hands. The people vote for them, with the distinct understanding, amounting to a pledge, in our present practice, that they will vote for a candidate already fixed upon.

In the single exception which we have named to this general practice,* in the ninth election for President, at that period of political calm, just before the storm of the great Missouri debate, which was called the "era of good feeling," Governor Plumer had been chosen, as a "Republican," at the

* In the election of 1824, some votes were thrown for "unpledged electors." But we believe no electors were chosen whose vote was not pledged or known beforehand. In the election of 1816 — and possibly on some other occasions, where the minority chose electors simply for form's sake — by the legislature, and not by the people, electors whose vote was not pledged were chosen in some instances.

head of the electoral ticket in New Hampshire. Nobody asked him if he would vote for Mr. Monroe, and he had never said he would. But Mr. Monroe was supported, throughout the country, with what Mr. Randolph called the "unanimity of indifference." In Richmond, the capital of his own State, he received seventeen votes only, no one voting against him. Indeed, there is said to have been no ticket run in opposition to him, except in Pennsylvania, where an "Antislavery ticket" received some votes, mostly in Philadelphia. In this "unanimity of indifference" the Electoral Colleges met. All the electors in all the States voted for Mr. Monroe, — with the single exception that Governor William Plumer of New Hampshire, in opposition to the expectations of those who chose him, to the seven other electors of that State, and two hundred and twenty-four electors in other States, gave his vote for John Quincy Adams.

History will be apt to say, that this simple protest was well and wisely made, — if, indeed, History ever has the leisure to go back and look up James Monroe in his oblivion. It is really matter of satisfaction that the splendid tribute of unanimous approbation given to Washington should not have been repeated, even through indifference, in the election to the Presidency of a man who left the army in the midst of the Revolution, "when superseded of his lineal rank";* who used all his influence in Virginia to prevent the adoption of the Federal Constitution;† who compelled Washington to recall him from the foreign mission which had been intrusted to him only in a spirit of conciliation;‡ whose energy displayed itself most eminently when he forced Mr. Madison and his Cabinet into the war with Great Britain, for which they knew they were not prepared;§ whose own administration is chiefly distinguished by the success with which it abetted the efforts to maintain slavery west of the Mississippi;‖ and whose name is now repeated only in connection with that remarkable "Monroe doctrine," which, misunderstood and

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* See J. Q. Adams's Eulogy on President Monroe. † Ibid.
‡ Ibid.
§ See T. H. Benton's Thirty Years' View, p. 6. ‖ Ibid, p. 8.

abused by politicians of the present day, yet in its first intent and true meaning both wise and timely, was originated not by him whose name it bears, but by another.*

This solitary vote of Governor Plumer was justified by him because

"He thought Mr. Monroe's capacity by no means equal to the place. 'We mistake,' he said, 'if we suppose that any but the ablest men are fit for the highest place. The government of weak men must always be disastrous. "*Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.*"' He was influenced in part, perhaps, by a desire to draw attention to his friend Adams, whom he thus first nominated for the Presidency; but more by his disapprobation of what he regarded as the wasteful extravagance of the public expenditure, during Monroe's first term of service, which, instead of paying the public debt, had compelled a resort to loans in a time of peace.

"This dissatisfaction with the course of public events was by no means confined to Governor Plumer. I was in Congress at the time, and saw much of it in that body. I received many congratulations on this vote of my father, from such men as Randolph, Macon, and other Republicans of the old school. Not that they liked Adams (Randolph assailed him with the fury of hereditary hate); but they disliked Monroe, whom they regarded as having adopted, chiefly under the influence of Calhoun, some of the worst heresies of the old Federal party. Randolph said in the House, with his usual felicity of sarcastic expression: 'They talk of the unanimity of his re-election. Yes, sir; but it is the unanimity of indifference, and not of approbation. Four years hence, he will go out, with equal unanimity; and the feeling will then be, not indifference, but contempt.' This bitter prophecy was, in some measure, verified, by the almost total oblivion into which Mr. Monroe fell, amidst the din of the contest which preceded and followed the election of his successor. Forgotten even before he left the White House, he was remembered afterwards, for a moment only, as an humble suppliant for the bounty of Congress, on one of whose most important acts he had, just before, put his veto."—pp. 494, 495.

We speak of this single act of Governor Plumer's life,

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* "It is now understood that the tone of this message [of 1823], if not its very language, was that of John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, rather than of President Monroe."—*Memoir*, p. 512. It is worthy of notice, that John Quincy Adams, in his Eulogy of James Monroe, reviewing his administration, makes no mention of the "Monroe doctrine."

not wholly unimportant in itself, as an illustration of a sturdy, sometimes almost surly independence of character, which gives great freshness to his biography. The briefest sketch of his life will show that this independence of the views of his associates distinguished him from beginning to end.

He was born in 1759, in Newbury, Massachusetts, and removed, when a boy, with his father, to Epping, New Hampshire, which was his home till he died in 1850. Armed simply with the resources of such training as came from the diligent study of every book he could get at in this little town, he started upon life, under intense religious impulse, as a Baptist revival preacher. But he soon found himself overwhelmed by sceptical doubts, originating in the peculiar theology of his teachers, — and in spite of their entreaties, and those of all his friends, he relinquished the pulpit, and returned from his itinerancy to his home. Resorting to the study of the law, he prosecuted this, in the face of all advice to the contrary; at last overcoming the scruples against it of his father and mother. He became a leading member of the New Hampshire bar, through a period when he measured strength with the Sullivans, Jeremiah Smith, Jeremiah Mason, Daniel Webster, and their associates. He was an active laborer in the formation of the Constitution of New Hampshire. He used all his efforts to secure the adoption of the Federal Constitution by that State, and afterwards in completing the organization of the Federalist party there. By that party he was sent to the United States Senate for the term which began at the same time with Mr. Jefferson's administration. He opposed the measures of Mr. Jefferson's first term with ardor, and acknowledges that he was at that time a "Disunionist"; but the triumphant re-election of the President produced a great change in his mind, not as to his measures, but as to the policy of further combined opposition to them. He attempted to break down party distinctions, and gradually drew nearer to the Democratic party. At the end of his term of office he was not re-elected, being "too much of a Federalist to have Republican votes, and too much of a Republican deeply to interest Federalists." He voted for Madison as Jefferson's successor, as the best man that could

be chosen; and, in 1812, he was himself elected Governor of New Hampshire, by the Democratic or Republican party. He had not been Governor three weeks, when he received a requisition to detach militia troops for the defence of the State, which requisition he obeyed, "not taking counsel of flesh and blood," as the political gossip of the times said that he declared. Whether he said so or not, it is certain that one of his customs was to take counsel of himself alone. He voted again for Madison in 1812, when all the States but Vermont, north of Pennsylvania, opposed him.* He sustained and signed the "Dartmouth University" act, which was afterwards set aside by the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1818 he left office, retired to private life, and never entered the public service again, except on the occasion of voting against Mr. Monroe, to which we have alluded. When the old Democratic party broke up, he voted for Mr. Adams for President, and looked with distress on General Jackson's election. He occupied the leisure which remained to him, after leaving public life, in historical studies, and has left some valuable manuscripts unpublished.

Through his life he maintained a close friendship, and in some instances an active correspondence, with prominent men in different parts of the country. And he was a keen observer. John Quincy Adams thought he saw more clearly and judged more coolly of men and things relating to the political world, than almost any man with whom he had acted in political life. It will readily be understood, then, that this biography of a man whose public life was mixed in, all through, with the history of the nation, from its very birth to the present time, presents constant points of interest. The author, Mr. William Plumer, Jr., the son of Governor Plumer, executed his work with great care and skill. The narrative is classical in style, and everywhere attractive. From his immense mass of materials, his selections have been wisely made. We think no one will be offended at his admiration for his father's character, and we are sure that the dignity and spirit of the narrative will conciliate all readers.

* The Legislature of Vermont chose the Madisonian electors. "The people, if allowed to vote, would have voted for Clinton." — p. 461.

It is evident that Governor Plumer was not a man of genius; nor is there anything peculiarly brilliant in any of the extracts from his own writings which are here presented to us. But as a man of stern principle, and of that energy and perseverance to which God intrusts the practical work of this world a thousand times oftener than he leaves it to sudden flashes of inspiration, this self-taught chief magistrate, who "took no counsel with flesh or blood," — this elector who voted as he chose, and not as his constituents intended, — is an admirable illustration of the kind of men who, in a quiet way, have done the most for American institutions. Even the little sketch we have attempted of his life will evince that what he did was not at all insignificant. He was a conscientious man, who showed remarkable efficiency in some very important exigencies, who had great success in doing the duty next his hand, and to whom New Hampshire owes, undoubtedly, a great deal in position and in character.

Apart from the circle of the men of New Hampshire, and of his personal friends, the book will attract interest as a contribution to American political history. Our political history will probably never be accurately written. The changes in our politics are too rapid to make it worth while for posterity to study their secret springs, had it the power. But it seldom has the power. The material is not preserved. When a knot of two or three men get together, weigh different names of statesmen who are unconscious that they are in the balance, or of adventurers who have never thought of themselves as statesmen, and thus determine, long before an election, which man shall be forced upon a great party for its nomination, they leave behind them no record of their combinations. All that history knows is little more than the public knows, — that, at the given moment, two or three such combinations of men meet at a presidential convention, and that one of their candidates is offered to the nation, which accepts him or rejects him. Here is a single illustration of the darkness which settles on our political history, mainly because it is not worth while to disturb it. It is only occasionally that a ray of light worth notice is flung upon that darkness. Some such rays,

however, which we are sure will command a moment's attention, shine out from the book before us.

The subject of most curiosity, which thus receives elucidation, is the supposed desire of some Northern men in 1803 — on occasion of the annexation of Louisiana — to establish a separate Northern confederacy. Our older readers will recollect the excitement which was aroused when, in October, 1828, Mr. Adams, then President, and a candidate for re-election, permitted the publication, in the National Intelligencer, of a statement, that the object of "certain leaders" of the Federalist party in Massachusetts, in 1808, "was, and had been for several years, a dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of a separate confederacy." This, he said, he "knew from unequivocal evidence, though not provable in a court of law." When appealed to by Mr. Otis and others to bring forward this evidence, he declined, but said: "The design had been formed in the winter of 1803–4, immediately after, and as a consequence of, the acquisition of Louisiana. It had gone the length of fixing upon a military leader for its execution. The author of the written plan was named to me, — a distinguished citizen of Connecticut. I was told it had originated there, and had been communicated to individuals at Boston, at New York, and at Washington." This remarkable charge, made by the President of the nation while in office, met with immediate replies from various quarters. In especial, Harrison Gray Otis, and several other of the leaders of the Federalist party in Massachusetts, published an "Appeal to the Country," — a pamphlet well worth reading even now, — in which they "solemnly disavow all knowledge of such a project, and all remembrance of the mention of it, or of any plan analogous to it, at that or at any subsequent period."

In the midst of these publications Governor Plumer came forward, acknowledged that he was a disunionist himself in 1803 and 1804, "in favor of forming a separate government in New England," and declared that in the long session of those years he was consulted on such a plan by Federalist members of Congress from the New England States. On returning home, however, he had found the great majority

of the well-informed leading Federalists of New Hampshire decidedly opposed to the project, and, "from the partial and limited inquiries he made in Massachusetts, the result appeared nearly similar to that in New Hampshire." This statement was made by him in a letter to the President, which, with his consent, was printed. It does not, as will be seen, fully substantiate the charge, which indeed was too vague in its terms to admit of full substantiation or refutation. But it led to a private correspondence between President Adams and Mr. Plumer, in which the President stated the grounds of his information, which he had refused to make public. They are found in the following extracts, which comprise all the information as yet published which the President sent to Governor Plumer.

Having called on Rufus King, April 8, 1804, in New York, Mr. Adams says: —

"'I found there sitting, Mr. Timothy Pickering, who, shortly after I went in, took leave and withdrew. Mr. King said to me, "Colonel Pickering has been talking to me about a project they have for a separation of the States, and a Northern confederacy; and he has also been, this day, talking of it with General Hamilton. Have you heard anything of it at Washington?" I said I had — much — but not from Colonel Pickering. [Adams and Pickering, though colleagues, were not friends.] "Well," said Mr. King, "I disapprove entirely of this project; and so I have told him; and so, I am happy to tell you, does General Hamilton."'

"The preceding extract is from a pamphlet, written by Mr. Adams in 1829, but not yet published. The following extracts are from his letters to Mr. Plumer, the first dated December 31, 1828: —

"'Much of my information, at the time, was collected from Mr. Tracy, the Senator from Connecticut, who disapproved the project, but was, I believe, made acquainted with it in all its particulars. I think, though I am not sure, that it was he who named to me the writer of the plan by which the separation was to be effected, with three alternatives of boundary. 1. If possible, the Potomac. 2. The Susquehanna. 3. The Hudson. That is, the Northern confederacy was to extend, if it should be found practicable, so as to include Maryland. This was the maximum. The Hudson, that is, New England and a part of New York, was the minimum. The Susquehanna, or Pennsylvania, was the middle term. There were moments of weariness and

disgust in my own mind at the errors and vices of Mr. Jefferson's administration, when I almost despaired of the Union myself.' " — pp. 303, 304.

This is all of Mr. Adams's testimony here brought forward on the subject, which is not contained in his letter published in the "Appeal" of Mr. Otis and his friends. From Mr. Plumer's journals and letters near the time, the following statements are given, to the same point.

"Under date of November 23, 1806, in his journal, the following statement occurs, in a notice of Aaron Burr. It is given as an instance of Burr's art in producing an impression on others, without committing himself by an express statement of his own opinions.

"'In the winter of 1804, Timothy Pickering, James Hillhouse, myself and others dined with him (Burr) one day. Mr. Hillhouse unequivocally declared that it was his opinion that the United States would soon form two distinct and separate governments. On this subject, Mr Burr conversed very freely; and the impression made on my mind was, that he not only thought such an event would take place, but that it was necessary that it should. To that opinion I was myself then a convert. Yet, on returning to my lodgings, after critically analyzing his words, there was nothing in them that necessarily implied his approbation of Mr. Hillhouse's observations. Perhaps no man's language was ever so apparently explicit, and, at the same time, so covert and indefinite.'

"This extract relates principally to Burr, whose character was the subject of remark, and but indirectly to Mr. Hillhouse, yet it shows what was his opinion on the subject, at that time. Another conversation with the latter, on the same day, will be noticed in a subsequent extract. Under date of February 6th, 1809, he says: 'When the late Samuel Hunt intimated to me the necessity of receding from the Union, he observed that the work must commence in the State legislatures; so that those who acted should be supported by State laws. This he said was the opinion of ——, of Uriah Tracy, and of many others.' I omit the name of one person here introduced, as Mr. Plumer had no personal intercourse with him, and knew his opinions only as reported by others. It is the name, however, of an individual, for many years prominent in the politics of Massachusetts, and whose known opinions and conduct render his views on this question very little doubtful." — pp. 295, 296.

It will be observed, that of these extracts, that of 1806,

nearest the time alluded to, compromises only Burr, whose reputation, by this time, had gone, and that there is no memorandum whatever of the views of *other men*, made in 1803, or 1804. So careful are public men, even in their private journals, of noting the opinions expressed in confidence. Of his own views at that time, however, we have the following notice: —

"'The ratification,' he says, (October 20, 1803,) 'of this treaty and the possession of that immense territory will hasten the dissolution of our present government. The Constitution never contemplated the accession of a foreign people, or the extension of our territory. Our government may be compared to a company in trade. With as much propriety might a new partner be admitted, and the firm changed, without the consent of the old partners, as a new State, formed from without the limits of the original territory, be admitted into the Union, without the preconsent of each of the present States. Adopt this Western world into the Union, and you destroy at once the weight and importance of the Eastern States, and compel them to establish a separate and independent empire.' . . . . .

"To Oliver Peabody (January 19, 1804) he gives a glowing picture of the evils suffered by New England, and then asks: —

"'What do you wish your Senators and Representatives to do here? We have no part in Jefferson, and no inheritance in Virginia. Shall we return to our homes, sit under our own vines and fig-trees, and be *separate from slaveholders?* These are serious questions. What is your opinion, and that of the few in whom you can confide?" — pp. 285, 286.

Rev. Jedediah Morse, of Massachusetts, wrote to him in the following words: —

"'I cannot but hope' (February 3d, 1804) 'that New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut will outride the storm that threatens the ruin of our country. If we were peaceably severed from the rest of the United States, with perhaps some other States joined with us, and left to manage our own affairs in our own way, I think we should do much better than we now do. Our empire is growing unwieldy; and must, I think, erelong break in pieces. Some think the sooner the better.'

"To this Mr. Plumer replied (March 10th): —

"'I hope the time is not far distant, when the people east of the North River will manage their own affairs in their own way, without

being embarrassed by regulations from Virginia; and that the sound part will separate from the corrupt.'" — p. 289.

These extracts comprise all the intimations of a distinct expression of a desire for disunion, written at or near the time referred to, which are here published. We do not include among them passages which simply prophesy disunion as possible, or even inevitable. At a later period, when Governor Plumer's attention was recalled to this matter by President Adams's charge against "certain leaders of the Federalist party in Massachusetts," he made the following entry in his journal: —

"'There is no circumstance in these publications that surprises me so much as the letter of James Hillhouse. I recollect, and am certain, that, on returning early one evening from dining with Aaron Burr, this same Mr. Hillhouse, after saying to me that New England had no influence in the government, added, in an animated tone, "The Eastern States must and will dissolve the Union, and form a separate government of their own; and the sooner they do this the better." I think the first man who mentioned the subject of dismemberment to me was Samuel Hunt, a Representative from New Hampshire. He conversed with me, often and long, upon the subject. But there was no man with whom I conversed so often, so fully and freely, as with Roger Griswold. He was, without doubt or hesitation, decidedly in favor of dissolving the Union, and establishing a Northern confederacy. He thought it might be effected peaceably, without a resort to arms; and entered into a particular detail of the mode of effecting it. Next to Griswold, Uriah Tracy conversed most freely and fully upon this subject. It was he who informed me that General Hamilton had consented to attend a meeting of select Federalists at Boston, in the autumn of 1804. I do not recollect that he said Hamilton was in favor of the measure; but I know he said Hamilton had consented to attend. Tracy said the day for meeting was not appointed; nor were the persons who were to attend selected; but that I should be notified of the time, and invited to attend. It was Tracy who, in the session of 1804 – 5, informed me that the death of Hamilton had prevented the meeting in Boston; but, he added, the plan of separation is not abandoned. The three men last named, Tracy, Griswold, and Hunt, were the men with whom I principally conversed on that subject.

"'One day, in the session of 1804 – 5, I distinctly recollect walking, about two hours, with Timothy Pickering, round the northerly and

easterly lines of the city of Washington; and on that walk no other person accompanied us. I perfectly recollect his conversing with me at that time, as if he were desirous of saying something to me, which he hesitated to communicate. His manner made such a strong and deep impression on my mind, that I shall never forget it. At length he said, that he thought the United States were too large, and their interests too variant, for the Union to continue long; and that New England, New York, and perhaps Pennsylvania, might and ought to form a separate government. He then paused, and, looking me fully in the face, awaited my reply. I simply asked him, if the division of the States was not the object which General Washington most pathetically warned the people to oppose. He said, "Yes; the fear of it was a ghost that, for a long time, haunted the imagination of that old gentleman." I do not recollect that he afterwards mentioned to me the subject of dismemberment.'

"It should be here observed, that before the date of this conversation Mr. Plumer had himself ceased to be a disunionist. Of Hunt, Mr. Plumer, under date of July 31st, 1831, says: 'His object was to divide the United States into two separate independent governments; the States easterly of Maryland to unite and form a government more energetic and more favorable to commerce than the one which then existed. To effect this object, he corresponded with a considerable number of influential Federalists in various States.' Under date of June 4, 1840, he says, that Tracy told him, in the winter of 1804, 'that he was in favor of the Northern States withdrawing from the Union.'

"On reviewing this testimony, it may be remarked that there is no direct contradiction between the statements of Messrs. Hillhouse and Plumer. The former says, that he knew of no combination or plot to dissolve the Union. The latter, that Hillhouse told him the Eastern States must and would dissolve the Union, and the sooner they did it the better. The one is the avowal of an opinion merely; the other, the denial of any plan formed to carry that opinion into effect. It is observable that Mr. Pickering, though alive at the Adams controversy, took no part in it. He was not the man to deny any well-considered opinion which he might have entertained, because it would subject him to reproach. Mr. Plumer believed, on evidence which he deemed conclusive, that some other prominent men, several especially in Massachusetts, were concerned in this design, or approved of it; but they are not named here, as he had no direct personal communication with them on the subject." — pp. 298 – 301.

These extracts are curious, though they add little to our knowledge of the supposed intrigue. It may be presumed that there was little to add. President Adams, in his letter to Mr. Otis and others, argues, with some care, to show that such a plan, if entertained, embraced "no overt act of treason." It contemplated resistance to the annexation of Louisiana; but it was the general confession, that that annexation was unconstitutional; and a citizen, by the abstract theory of our government, owes no obedience to an unconstitutional law.* Arguing thus, Mr. Adams is, of course, eager to show that he did not think that the annexation justified secession. It is clear from the letters brought forward, that, as in every crisis in our country, there were those who considered this a question worth discussion. As yet, however, there is no evidence, brought forward in detail, that this discussion resulted in any digested scheme. We are not without hopes that the publication of these passages of old correspondence may bring forward more; but we are disposed to believe that it will prove that there is little more to know. We do not feel that Governor Plumer's son need have been pained at the duty of bringing forward these passages from his father's diaries and letter-books. There is no reason why any one should be disturbed by their publication. Indeed, as we have said, very little appears in them which had not already been made public.

As he justly remarks, the whole chapter is instructive. By way of introducing all this old correspondence, he reviews with singular success the early history of the Union, and brings together a surprising mass of authorities, which show how freely public men in all sections then spoke of a proposed severance of it. It would seem to be more remarkable if a leading man of those days had not threatened disunion than to find that he had. We are willing to own that the study of this chapter has given to us a decided feeling of satisfaction, resulting from this very circumstance. It seems to us to teach that this Union of States — the greatest Peace Society which the sun ever looked upon — is more strongly woven

* President Adams's "Reply," pp. 25, 26.

together than the politicians of an hour suppose. To find that it was gravely denounced and bitterly threatened in its infancy, when scarce any ties of interest and affection were twisted in with those of the Constitution, — that it survived threat and denunciation, and gained that power which in later times we have seen, controlling men's political speculations, and winning their sentimental loyalty, — all this makes one hope that it may yet survive the dangers which bid timid prophets cry, "Ruin," and that our children may write of the disaffections of 1856 as indifferently as we do of those of 1803.

We intentionally confine our extracts from this curious and interesting memoir to those which illustrate this single subject. There are, however, many other points of historical and of local interest illustrated in it. The book renews our old impressions of the genius and graceful literary power of the author. Governor Plumer appears in it less as a man of commanding talent, than as the careful and successful lawyer, the diligent student, the faithful legislator and chief magistrate. But his son shows, in his own work, all the gifts of genius which, with filial regard, he could claim for his father. He has made a most attractive book, — attractive for its easy style, for its tender and affectionate spirit, for the completeness with which its details are wrought out, and the skill with which they are set in order. It was a labor of love, of course; the reader feels that it was a labor which had become a pleasure; and that, if Mr. William Plumer, Jr. could have been tempted to undertake any other biography, where his hero had not been a governor nor a senator, — had he written the life of an old woman in the poor-house, — had he studied the history, not of the country, but of some unnamed gore in the mountains, — he would have given to the world a book worth reading, for which it would have gratefully remembered his name.

He died September 8, 1854, just before completing his father's biography. The work of completing it devolved on the editor named on the title-page, who has prefixed a short sketch of the life of the son to the biography of the father.

Governor Plumer left some manuscripts of an historical and biographical character, which may yet furnish important materials for the student of American history.

ART. XIII. — *Consolations of Solitude.* Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 261.

THE copyright of the volume of poems bearing this unpretending title is secured to John W. Randall, of Boston, who from that circumstance, and from internal evidence, may be presumed to be the author. Dr. Randall is known to the public as the writer of several valuable papers on subjects of natural history, and as having been at one time a member of the scientific corps attached to the United States Antarctic Exploring Expedition, under the command of Lieut. Wilkes. The internal evidence to which we refer is the acquaintance with natural history incidentally shown in several of the poems, and, especially, in the admirable notes to "The Mountain Journey." These notes,* and some of the poems, could have been written only by one whose mind was imbued with a strong love of the beautiful, and, at the same time, trained by scientific study to be observant of nature, not merely in its more prominent features, but in its minute forms and evanescent traits. The Introduction closes with the following graceful lines, addressed

"TO THE READER.

"If aught, here painted to thy soul or sight,
Of moral truth or natural scenes, delight,
Welcome! for thou art straight a comrade grown,
Who oft before hast walked with me unknown.
Yet if thy taste reject a thoughtful book,
Forbear upon these pictures e'en to look;
Seek not to know me, lest, thy labor o'er,
We grow more perfect strangers than before." — p. 6.

* In one of them, descriptive of a mountain summit, he mentions the interesting fact of his having there found certain species of insects not found in the valleys below, which were collected about the same time by the exploring party under the command of Sir John Richardson in the extreme north of the British possessions; thus verifying, on this continent, the law announced by Latreille, — "that when a traveller ascends among mountains to a height at which the temperature, the vegetation, and the soil are the same as those of a country much more northern, he there discovers many species [of insects] which are characteristic of boreal regions, and for which he would search in vain among the plains and valleys at the foot of the mountains."

The epithet *thoughtful* applied to the book in these lines is aptly descriptive of one of its leading characteristics. A deep thoughtfulness, called into vigorous action by whatever subject arrests his attention, and embodying itself in language always simple and perspicuous, often singularly strong, terse, and elegant, seems to be a predominant feature of the author's mind. In these and other respects the volume offers a striking contrast to the inanity, affectation, and obscure and strained phraseology of much of the popular verse of the present day. The reader finds in it no far-fetched conceits, no vapid accumulation of mere words, no attempt to disguise commonplace ideas by distorting them into unnatural shapes and decking them out in glaring colors.

The subjects of the different poems are quite various in character, and are treated with a corresponding diversity of style. Our limits forbid us to speak of them in detail; but we cannot refrain from referring to a few which have left a strong impression upon our mind. One of the most striking, and the only one founded upon a classical theme, is "The Lament of Orpheus." It is admirably conceived, and executed with a vividness of imagination and a condensed forcefulness of expression hardly surpassed, we think, by any poem on a classical subject in English literature. The measure in which it is written is original, and is suited to heighten by its cumulative structure the effect of the author's conceptions. We extract a few stanzas which describe the spell diffused by the lyre of Orpheus in the infernal regions, whither he had descended to recover his lost Eurydice. The rapid succession and sharp outlines of the pictures, deficient though they be in delicate limning, betray the bold and masterly touch of a genuine artist.

"Ah! how each listening ghost, 'midst twilight pale,
Wailed, gazing from his melancholy jail!
While Charon, resting on his oar, forgot to sail.

"The torturers, at the tone,
Seemed as if changed to stone,
And backward turned to hear the strain,
And dropped their instruments of pain.

Those sooty depths ne'er heard such sounds before;
The very damned dared dream of bliss once more,
And, in amazement hushed, some time forgot to roar.

"The blood-born sisters listening,
Their eyes with pity glistening,
Looked upward from their iron bench,
And ceased the mangled wretch to wrench;
Their dark cheeks were bestained with crimson tears;
The clustering snakes uncoil; each, as he hears,
Hangs flouting to the time, prone o'er his mistress' ears;

"Until all, soothed to rest,
Droop down each Fury's breast;
While through the vast unechoing deep
Pain and despair were hushed to sleep;
And the charmed dog, on his three chins asprawl,
Crouched to the ground, and towards the sounds 'gan crawl,
Low whining to the chords, in many a lengthening drawl."
—pp. 41, 42.

"The Retrospect" and "The Spring Morning of a Bereaved Man," which are nearly allied to each other in character, possess a high degree of artistic beauty. They combine deep pathos, accurate description of nature, exquisite imagery, symmetry of form, and harmony of coloring. Those readers only who are endowed with a lively sensibility to the beautiful, and who have closely watched the varying aspects of nature in company with "the loved and lost," can fully appreciate their power to affect the mind with mingled emotions of pleasure and sadness. "The Retrospect" is composed of parts so exquisitely adjusted to each other, and so closely and skilfully combined into one symmetrical whole, that to detach a passage from its connection for quotation is like rending away for exhibition a fragment from a beautiful statue. Nevertheless, though aware that in mutilating it we are hardly doing justice to the author, we are unwilling to withhold it entirely from our readers. The scene of the poem is laid on the margin of a bay, where a friend of the poet, now no more, had parted from him for the last time.

"How oft I 've stood and scanned the bay,
And fancied thou wert ferrying o'er, —
Seen the tides swell and sink away;
And when I knew thou wast no more,
Still faithful to unfriendly time,
I 'd haunt the beach that skirts the main,
And hear the hope-deceiving chime
Sing, 'He will yet come back again.'

"'Forget me not!' Ah, not alone
The yearning heart or plaintive bells
Echo those words; with solemn tone
All nature's voice the chorus swells,
Thy mournful warning fain to mock
With myriad tongues of subtle skill,
Which, restless as the ticking clock,
Keep the tired mind remembering still.

"The fading flower, the withering leaf,
Yon crumbling arch, those grassy graves,
Comrades resigned with tears and grief,
Some laid in earth, some whelmed in waves,
Old friends whom now estranged I see,
The time-worn clock that tells the hour,
These trunks of many a mouldering tree,
The roofless cot, the ruined tower; —

"The murmuring wave, the autumn breeze,
Those wedgèd ranks which high o'erhead
In screaming armies cross the seas,
Each tolling bell that wails the dead;
Old faces, once so fresh and bright,
Now sallow, wrinkled, lean, and wan,
Each parting day, each passing night,
All works of nature and of man; —

"Sorrows and cares that will not slumber,
Sweet life, that like yon sun must set,
And faults and follies without number,
All ceaseless clamoring, 'Don't forget!' —
Ah, friend! if wearied memory clings
With its first fondness thus to thee,

'Midst hosts of so distracting things,
That memory must immortal be!

"Yet, as the primrose scents the air
More sweetly when the sun is fled,
Remembrance thus to my despair
Makes thee more dear that thou art dead.
Thine image flits among these trees;
Yon chimes each evening ring thy knell;
And o'er the dusky bay the breeze
Comes laden with thy last farewell.

"Hark! the deep bells once more are pealing;
The winds are hushed, the waves are bright;
And, o'er the dreamy waters stealing,
That voice, upon the wings of night,
Names me once more. Old friend, I 'm near;
Speak once again; O fly not yet!
'T is hushed; no other sound I hear,
Save that faint whisper, 'Don't forget.'

"But now no lingering beam betrays
The footsteps of the sunken sun;
And through the soft and silvery haze
The stars come twinkling one by one.
Farewell! yet if I might behold
Through the long past without regret
All fair as thou — But eve grows old;
I must remember to forget." — pp. 37 – 39.

The following extract is part of a passage descriptive of autumn, selected almost at random from "The Spring Morning of a Bereaved Man."

"But the green will turn to gray again, when autumn hath come back,
And the chestnut sheds in prickly beds its burs upon my track.
Then birds that lately were so blithe shall cry with mournful sound,
While falling leaves in every breeze fly whirling round and round,
And the waterfowl in clouds shall howl, slow trailing through the sky,
While warblers light in gusty flight to warmer regions fly.
O gladly would I join their train in foreign lands to roam,
And amongst thoughtless things forget the solitude of home.

They shall sing the songs of summer, they shall prate on every tree,
While I, in the lone greenwood, must ponder silently.

"And grove and wood as red as blood shall next October glow,
When morning bright shall chase the night through mists as white as snow;
When the wain comes creaking through the field, and ripe fruits have grown mellow,
And the maples flout their boughs about in crimson and in yellow,
And red oaks, mingling with the mists that all the mountains crown,
Shall change their hue of vapory blue to a deep russet-brown;
When the sumach on the hill-side glows like a flaming cloud,
And the mill-wheel plies merrily, and the cataract grows loud.
Fair forests! once in happier days how sweet ye seemed when sere!
Ye mind me now of vanished joys; — ah, why were ye so dear?"
— pp. 156 – 158.

The author seems to have taken a comprehensive survey of human society, and to have acquired by a sort of imaginative induction a keen insight into numerous and diverse types of character. He measures life by a lofty standard, and has a warm sympathy with its highest forms. He pays a noble and just tribute to the memory of Samuel Adams, one of the purest, firmest, most disinterested, and magnanimous patriots of any age or country; — another to the memory of Captain Nathan Hale, who with accomplishments, talents, and character that gave promise of distinguished eminence, shrank from no service, nor from the imminent hazard of an ignominious death, provided he could be useful to his country, and perished in early manhood, lamenting that he had but one life to lose in its cause; — and another to the transcendently great and glorious character of Washington, in which he illustrates, by a series of fine analogies, the proneness of mankind to underrate that superlative form of greatness in which all its elements, practical, intellectual, and moral, are blended in the truest symmetry and the highest perfection. In striking contrast to these poems is "The Dying Vision of Benedict Arnold," in which the author portrays, with great power, the conflicting emotions of that bold, bad man; now scourged by remorse, — now, in total isolation from all human sympathy,

cowering before the universal scorn and abhorrence of which he is the conscious object, — now defying mankind in impotent rage, — now courting death with courage borrowed from despair.

In "The Hermit of Melvern Water," two friends, designated as "The Gay" and "The Grave," are represented as journeying "forth to shun the city's noise," —

> "Until they reached the rocky glen
> Where Melvern waters foam and roar.
> Here long ago, when younger men,
> They 'd roamed before, — to roam again
> Now came once more." — p. 103.

There they descry "the ancient hermit," and alternately moralize, unheard by each other, in strongly contrasted soliloquies upon his character and mode of life. The poem is original in its plan, and pleasingly and strikingly illustrates the reflex influence of men's own sentiments and characters on the impressions made upon them by the external world. The leading idea embodied in it is somewhat analogous to that of Milton in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," though the poem is in no respect an imitation of those magnificent creations of genius.

The longest poem in the volume is the "Ode to Conscience," and we think it the most powerful, though not so artistically constructed and finished throughout as some others. It displays great vigor of conception, keenness of moral vision, and completeness of view; and, in some passages, a rare clearness, compactness, and force of thought and expression. We present to our readers the following extract: —

> "Thou wilt disdain to ask, 'Was crime committed?'
> Who but designed, or willingly permitted,
> Hath done the deed, and may not go acquitted.
> He starved the famished that refused him bread,
> And he hath stolen who hath only coveted;
> He slays his foe who will not save his life;
> For 't is the mind that murders in thy sight;
> The heart is guilty though the hands are white.

Man is deceived; he sees, as in a dream,
Not what things are, but only what they seem.
He knows the act, but cannot judge the will.
The thief who walks in light loves darkness still;
Hatred can smile, hypocrisy can pray,
Silence can lie, embraces can betray;
And fraud, even with true words, from truth can lead astray.
But thou wilt track imposture; thou wilt trace
Guile to the altar's self, and face to face
Wilt meet, and wilt unmask, reckless of time and place." — p. 87.

In descriptive poetry the author, we think, merits a high rank among his contemporaries. We regret that we cannot lay before our readers the grounds of this opinion in the form of copious extracts. There are passages in "The Retrospect," "The Spring Morning of a Bereaved Man," "The Mountain Journey," "Assabet Brook and River," "Morning, Noon, and Night," and many other of his poems, which might bear a not unfavorable comparison with parallel passages of Bryant, the acknowledged living head of this department of American, not to say of English, literature. In some of his descriptive poetry, he has shown a kind and degree of skill which it can hardly be deemed a fanciful conjecture to attribute in part to the study of the great masters in the kindred art of landscape-painting. He has certainly applied to practice with the happiest results the following precept contained in his admirable didactic poem entitled "The Poet": —

"And learn betimes in Nature's face
Each nicer feature to descry,
Each transient character to trace;
Hold fellowship with cloud and sky,
With bird, and beast, and flower, and tree,
The running brook, and roaring sea." — p. 209.

We intended to call the reader's attention to several other poems of much originality and beauty, but we must refrain. The extracts we have made will give some idea of the author's manner, but they furnish no adequate exhibition of his wide range and affluence of thought. A few of his poems from the nature of their subjects, and a few from their requiring more intellectual culture and a more thoughtful habit of

mind than belong to the great mass of readers, cannot be extensively popular; while there are many that cannot fail to commend themselves to all readers of taste and judgment. The volume breathes a pure, genial, and elevated moral tone, and abounds in wise thoughts and noble sentiments, expressed with a strength that "comes of strength and imparts strength." We have observed a few blemishes, and a few passages which, we think, would be improved by retrenchment; but it would be invidious to particularize defects which the general correctness of the author's taste warrants us in attributing to inadvertency, occasioned not improbably in no small part by the importunate calls of the printer. They will doubtless disappear in the second edition, which, as we learn, is already in press.

Art. XIV. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — 1. *Bibliothèque Grecque, avec la Traduction Latine et les Index.* 66 vols. Grand in-8°, à deux colonnes. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères. 1856.
2. *Glossarium Mediæ et Infimæ Latinitatis*, conditum a Carolo Dufresne domino Ducange, auctum a Monachis Ordinis S. Benedicti, cum Supplementis integris D. P. Carpentieri, et Additamentis Adelungii et aliorum, digessit G. A. L. Henschel. 7 vols. 4°. (With the French Glossary.) Paris: Firmin Didot Frères.
3. *Thesaurus Græcæ Linguæ*, ab Henrico Stephano constructus. Post Editionem Anglicam novis Additamentis auctum, Ordineque alphabetico digestum, tertio ediderunt Carolus Benedictus Hase, Gulielmus et Ludovicus Dindorff, secundum conspectum Academiæ Inscriptionum et humaniorum Litterarum, die 29 Maji, 1829, approbatum. To be completed in 60 numbers, small folio, 52 of which are now ready (to the letter Υ). Paris: Firmin Didot Frères.

It is with feelings of just pride that the scholar now points to the late revised texts and editions of the classics, as a palpable proof that sound learning still lives and flourishes. However arduous may have been the labors of an Aldus or an Etienne, — however proud we should ever be of the monuments which they have raised to the glory of poets,

orators, and historians whom the world will never cease to admire, — we must not forget that there are still men whose literary labors and devotion to the advancement of learning are worthy of the best days of classical erudition in France and Germany. They do not ask, before printing a book, whether it will sell, but whether the interests of the republic of letters demand its publication. They are constantly on the alert for those precious fragments which now and then reward the indefatigable scholar for his nights of toil and study; and when a lost passage from a Diodorus or a Menander has been discovered among the dusty folios of the St. Marc or the Vatican, they spare neither time nor expense to acquire, expound, and publish it. So long as there shall be such men, the writers of antiquity will be upheld in the public estimation, and their incomparable merits preserved from oblivion.

The Didots, who, for upwards of one hundred and twenty-five years, have done so much for the promotion of letters and the art of printing, are not less celebrated for the beauty of the books they have published, than for scholarly attainments worthy of the task they have undertaken and the enviable reputation they have acquired. From Francis, the syndic of the Paris corporation of booksellers, born towards the end of the seventeenth century; Francis-Ambrose, his son, who greatly contributed to the improvement of the art of type-founding; Peter, whose fables will ever be so fresh and graceful; Firmin, "the most skilful and celebrated of modern printers"; and Ambrose-Firmin, his son, the learned translator of Thucydides, and a member of the French Institute, — a succession of truly beautiful editions of the classics, French, Latin, and Greek, has graced the literary world, and made the name of the Didots dear to all true lovers of art and literature. They still continue their labors, and are now publishing a new series of the Greek authors, to which we beg leave to call the attention of our readers.

The first work which we notice on the list contains a complete edition of Homer, with the fragments from the Cyclic Poets; then a collection from Hesiod to Panyasis, — the first-cousin of Herodotus, some say; the idyllic and didactic poets from Theocritus to Aratus, — the poet quoted by St. Paul; a reprint of the remarkable edition of Nicanor and Oppianus by that poor Lehrs who died so young; Ahren's Sophocles, the Latin translation of which is very literal and readable; the fragments of Euripides and of eighty Grecian tragic writers; the remains of the Christian dramas (among which we notice the ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΠΑΣΧΩΝ of St. Gregory of Nazianzus); Dindorff's Aristophanes; and one hundred and fifty newly published verses from Menander.

Among the historians, we have in this series Herodotus and the fragments from the ancient chronographers, otherwise almost inaccessi-

ble; Thucydides, by the learned Haase; a most complete edition of all that we possess of Diodorus Siculus, — not "the most celebrated of the Greek historians," as Justinus the Martyr and Eusebius call him, but certainly the most interesting after Herodotus; the fragment from Photius concerning the history of the Jews, — exceedingly curious, and not sufficiently known; Polybius, with the fragments discovered by Cardinal Angelo Maï; Arrian and the remains of thirty-two of Alexander's historians; Plutarch, edited from a collation of fifty-one manuscripts; and the fragments of the primitive historians, Hecatæus, Charon, &c., now collected for the first time.

Then we have Demosthenes, with new fragments; Plato, by Professor Schneider; and three volumes of Aristotle. Aristotle is to be completed in four volumes, and, when finished, this will be as good an edition as we can possibly obtain. More has been done for the great Peripatetic in the last twenty years than during the whole scholastic era. The Aristotelia of Professor Stahr, Ravaisson's, Michelet's, and Frank's essays, the remarkable translation by Barthelemy St. Hilaire, and the texts of the Politics and the Ethics given by the Royal Printing-Press of Paris, have all been published within the last few years. And it is a great satisfaction, that the better we understand that philosopher, the more we admire him. It is not, to be sure, the blind admiration of the Middle Age, but a sincere and enlightened respect for principles enunciated by him, which, despite the severest criticisms, are and ever will be at the very foundation of several of the modern sciences.

After the Greek geographers, novelists, and epistolographers, we remark in the series Nonnos of Panopolis, — a very bombastic and uninteresting poet. When Simonides called on Count Marcellus, the editor and translator of the present edition, the first question asked by the learned "ex-minister plenipotentiary" was, whether he could not favor him with some few details concerning the life of the author of the Dionysiacs, inasmuch as, so far as he knew, there was a great scarcity of materials for a biographical sketch. Simonides coolly replied that he thought he could; and a few days afterwards sent him an extract from a brand-new manuscript of the seventh or eighth century: *A Collection of homonymous poets and writers, by the most holy Lord Dionysios, by the grace of God Metropolitan of Lybia, Demetrius of Magnesia, &c., &c., collected from the writing of Demetrius, son of Meander, &c.*, and so on for a page folio or more. Unfortunately there was a mistake, a very great chronological mistake in it, and Count Marcellus thought it best not to buy the manuscript. The Academy of Berlin, which it seems is not so particular about such matters, purchased it, and now poor Simonides of Stagyra is in jail.

Our limited space does not permit us to speak of all the other works published in the *Bibliothèque;* we can only mention the Septuagint and the New Testament by Tischendorff. We cannot well dismiss this subject, however, without adverting to two most important publications, which should find their way into every scholar's library. One is the *Glossarium Mediæ et Infimæ Latinitatis*, by Ducange, — a new edition, much preferable to that of the Benedictines, which is becoming quite rare and expensive; and the other, the *Thesaurus Græcæ Linguæ* of Stephanus.

Not many years have elapsed since a well-known Grecian (the English editor of Callimachus) remarked, that no one could pretend to dispute Stephanus's claim to the rank of the most learned of printers (which is certainly no mean compliment, when we think of the Aldi and Elzevirs), and "his just celebrity for an almost vernacular intimacy with the Greek language, in which he was nearly unrivalled." The opinion of scholars, notwithstanding the great progress lately made in a critical knowledge of the Greek tongue, is still unanimous in regard to the merits of the Thesaurus. We could almost apply to its spirit and style the untranslatable χνοῦς ἀρχαιοπινῆς which Dionysius of Halicarnassus bestowed on those Attic authors who, despite the attacks of time, still preserved the freshness of their youth.

It matters but little whether one or two critics point with an envious hand to the three hackneyed desideranda which Olaus Borrichius found many years ago in that great work. All that the present state of our knowledge could afford has been used to improve it. The marginal notes of the manuscripts in the Imperial Library at Vienna, written in the hand of Stephanus himself, together with the additions of Walckenaer and Hemsterhuys, have been faithfully inserted; and yet this new edition, though claiming some affinity with the English, is far from resembling the ridiculous undertaking of Dr. Valpy, a vast reservoir, as Bishop Bloomfield calls it, which threatened by the length of its undigested dissertations to swell the work to at least fifty folio volumes.

Didot's edition has met the approval of the most celebrated philologists of Europe, and, we are glad to learn, is finding a ready sale. *We* have need of the work; no Scapula, no modern lexicon, can supply its place; and although we do not think of recommending it to tyros or college students, yet we feel constrained to say that it should be found at every professor's elbow, and should occupy the most conspicuous place among philological works in every library at all worthy of the name.

2. — *The Hallig, or, The Sheepfold in the Waters. A Tale of Humble Life on the Coast of Schleswig.* Translated from the German of Biernatzski, by Mrs. George P. Marsh. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1856. 12mo. pp. 322.

Of Biernatzski we have never before heard. But we shall be quick hereafter to read any new translation from his writings. Mrs. Marsh, in her modest Preface, has not exaggerated the interest of this beautiful story. Its wisdom is quaint, its piety is fervent, its morality is pure, and its descriptions are as graphic as intense reality can make them. It acquaints us with a most singular region of Europe, — hitherto, so far as we know, entirely overlooked by lovers of the picturesque. The book is a series of pictures, bright and sad, of sunshine and of storm. The love-story is simple and touching. Perhaps the best revelation made by the volume, however, is of the ability of Mrs. Marsh as a translator, not only of German prose, but of German poetry. It is difficult to believe that the spirited lyrics, of which so many are here given, are versions. They have the freshness and fire of original composition. Where have our translators been, that they have so long passed by these exquisite morsels of verse? We trust that this contribution to our lighter literature is only the beginning of what so accomplished a translator as Mrs. Marsh intends to do.

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3. — *Provinces Danubiennes et Roumaines.* Par MM. Chopin et A. Ubicini. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères. 1856. 8vo. pp. 720.

This volume makes the thirty-ninth of the series of the *Univers Pittoresque.* It is in two parts. The first and larger part treats of that portion of ancient Dacia which is now included in the territory of Austria, — the provinces of Bosnia, Servia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Slavonia, Illyria, Croatia, Dalmatia, Montenegro, and Albania. The materials for an exact and thorough history of these provinces are not abundant, and those within reach are of so fragmentary a character as to make it difficult to arrange them. M. Chopin, considering the nature of his work, has done it remarkably well. He has succeeded in giving a clear picture of the ancient as well as the present life of these rude and almost unvisited regions, and in joining the present to the past in a connected historical chain. His details concerning those

strange tribes that dwell on the mountains east of the Adriatic are very full and curious, and show very painstaking research. He has quite rescued Ragusa from the obscurity into which it had strangely fallen, and given it a place beside Venice, Genoa, and Pisa. On the history and condition of Servia, in treating which he has been aided by numerous unpublished journals of travel, deposited in the Imperial Library of Paris, he has condensed a mass of information which cannot be found in any English work. He has furnished in an appendix a complete abstract of the elaborate code of laws established for Servia by the Czar Stephen in the year 1349, — a code in which the national spirit is perfectly embodied, and which, with all its defects and absurdities, is far in advance of that tyranny which now abuses the Servians in its mockery of justice. The appendix also contains the new code of Montenegro, established during the past year, of which the preamble asserts the principles of our Declaration of Independence, and the statutes, though sufficiently bloody, are incomparably more wise and humane than those of the Territory of Kanzas, as recorded in our statute-books. Another novel feature in the appendix is a table of the heights of the mountains, passes, and elevated cities and towns, to the number of several hundreds.

M. Chopin is not a spirited writer, and his style is not equal to his erudition. He lacks the faculty of clothing his facts in an attractive dress, and his chapters are more German than French. He dwells with equal minuteness upon the dry and the interesting parts of his story, and often indulges in needless repetition. It is unfortunate, too, that a work to which a copious index, and a full table of contents, seem indispensable, should be without these aids. Index there is none, and the table of contents covers hardly one page of the five hundred. One has to search a long time to find the information buried in the vast plain of the narrative.

A good Frenchman, of course, feels called upon to glorify his own nation in every way, even were he writing about the Antipodes; and the patriotism of this scribe breaks out frequently in disquisition and prophecy. The doubt about the author's nationality which his long sentences might have suggested, is set right by the tone of his speculation, which is thoroughly that of the Paris *Revue*.

The second part of the volume, treating of Wallachia, Moldavia, Bukowina, Transylvania, and Bessarabia, is in every respect admirable. M. Ubicini, whom we suppose to be an Italian, writes in the French tongue like a master. His work is free from the defects noticed in that of M. Chopin, and goes over ground which the recent war in the East has made very interesting and important. We hope to consider it more

at length in a future number. A work by Ubicini on the Turkish Empire, translated by Mrs. Easthope, has recently been published in London. It is described as very able.

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4. — *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle, Depuis les Temps les plus Reculés jusqu'à nos Jours, avec les Renseignements Bibliographiques, et l'Indication des Sources a consulter.* Sous la Direction de M. le Dr. Hoefer. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères.

None of the great literary enterprises which Messrs. Didot have undertaken is more praiseworthy or more difficult than this of a Universal Biography. The work has been done more thoroughly in France than in any other nation; but the number and cost of the long series of volumes of the old *Biographie Universelle* prevent most persons from easy access to them. The present series is a marvel of cheapness, and, were its defects tenfold greater than they are, would still be worth more than it costs. The volumes, containing each nearly a thousand octavo pages, in double columns, in small, clear type and on excellent paper, are furnished in Boston at the incredibly low price of *seventy-five cents*. They appear once in two months. The prospect now is, that, if the publishers fulfil their promise, about half of the work will be *given* to the subscribers, since, instead of the thirty-two volumes designated as the maximum, we are likely to have *sixty*, if the work goes on as it has begun. *Fifteen* volumes have been published without finishing the first five letters of the alphabet. All beyond thirty-two volumes is to be delivered gratuitously.

A work of this kind, of course, requires more research and ingenuity in compilation and condensation, than original ability in its writers. Its writers, however, are numerous and eminent. Besides the editor, Dr. Hoefer, we have several of the most distinguished of the staff of the Imperial Library, and many well-known professors, scholars, and members of the French Institute. Villemain and De Barante head the list. Isambert, Breton, and Leblanc have contributed many fine sketches. From the cursory examination we have been able to make of the fifteen volumes, we may pronounce the literary execution excellent, and the comprehensive plan well carried out. The whole family of "Adam," from the first man down to the late engraver of the Vienna Bible, receive due and respectful notice. More is said about "Cain" than strict justice would require, and the prophecy about Cassius M. Clay, that he will doubtless be *President of the United*

States, if the Free-Soilers get power, is rather extravagant. The French department of the work and the mediæval department are exceedingly thorough, the ancient Greek and Roman reasonably so, and there is no ground for complaint that injustice is done to the Orientals. The poorest portion of the work is the American, — poor both in the number and in the selection of names. Emerson, for instance, is not mentioned at all, nor Dana, while we have notices not only, as is just, of William C. Bryant, but of his brother, John Howard Bryant, scarcely known to fame. John Quincy Adams and Channing have less than a column each, while to Brigham Young (or "Brigham le Jeune," as the writer amusingly calls him) are given more than sixteen columns. Senator Clayton of *Maryland* is eulogized, but no hint is given of the existence of Senator Benton of Missouri. The only *Beecher* whose life is sketched is "Madame Harriet Beecher Stowe," in the account of whom are found several of those indispensable blunders which mark all French writing about Americans. We are told that Cincinnati is a "city on the borders of Kentucky and Virginia." A mysterious personage, the "juge Seel Parker," is mentioned. Her book is called Uncle *Tum's* Cabin. The sources of information concerning America and its people are fewer and less valuable than concerning any other country.

There are some omissions, too, in the English department which are rather unaccountable, and sometimes references are given which mislead rather than aid. But, on the whole, the enterprise thus far must be considered as greatly successful. It is a work which ought to be, according to the common phrase, "in every gentleman's library."

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5. — *The History and Antiquities of Boston, the Capital of Massachusetts and Metropolis of New England, from its Settlement in* 1630, *to the Year* 1770. *Also, an Introductory History of the Discovery and Settlement of New England. With Notes, Critical and Illustrative.* By SAMUEL G. DRAKE, A. M. Boston: Luther Stevens. 1856. 8vo. pp. 840.

ALTHOUGH the recent publication of the closing number of this History precludes more than an outline of a review, we esteem it of too much importance to omit all notice of its appearance. For several years it has been a matter of regret, that there was extant no history of our city worthy of notice when compared with the volumes which filial pride had called forth in the neighboring towns. Within a score

of years, many of the older towns have had their history illustrated by works which the well-known English antiquary, Joseph Hunter, referred to as unsurpassed in laborious accuracy. The announcement in 1852, that Mr. Drake, already favorably known as the historian of the Indians, had determined to publish the results of a life-long study of the history of Boston, was greeted with pleasure by the public; and, as the author's preface gracefully acknowledges, rallied to his support a host of sympathizing friends and assistants.

It was at once evident that the history of Boston would differ from all other local histories, because its official movements were generally the precursors of the political and religious movements of the Province and the State. It would be no fanciful analogy to compare our capital in this respect to Paris. Boston having been almost invariably the seat of the General Court and the residence of the Governors, it would be absurd for its historian to omit to interweave the history of the Province with that of the town. Mr. Drake, we think, has touched the happy medium; and while his story reaches to the discovery and colonization of all New England, he has not obscured his book by irrelevant episodes.

The account of the planting of the colony at Boston is full and interesting, and the numerous notes show an exhaustive examination of authorities. We must, however, express our regret at the controversial character of the references to Savage's editions of Winthrop's History of New England; for though the fencing of such practised combatants can injure neither, the effect is bad as regards the public confidence in the attainableness of historical truth. This criticism, of course, does not extend beyond the first part of the book; and the remaining notes will often be found extremely curious and entertaining.

The narrative continues with unflagging interest through the exciting period of the reign of James II., the time of Andros's usurpation, the reception of the New Charter, the various French and Indian wars, — detailing the growth of our cherished municipal institutions, free schools, and congregationally governed churches, tracing the episodes of witchcraft-delusion and gubernatorial controversies, and marking throughout the progress and diffusion of the spirit of liberty in the Colonies. As we approach the Revolutionary period the interest of the narrative deepens, and the sentiment of the citizens, as evinced by the town votes, is shown as becoming firmer and stronger in support of those rebel chiefs. It is interesting to compare the feelings with which the Loyalists here and in the mother country regarded what was to become the brightest page of our annals, with the remarks of the London Times on Mr. Peabody's Fourth of July dinner this year. At length justice is done to

the expediency of our separation, and Boston in America now reaches her hand, as she did recently, to her namesake in England, without a word of apology for her conduct in 1776, — without a stronger justification than her Transatlantic parent hastens to offer for her.

Mr. Drake's style is simple and animated; and throughout the reader has the impression, that, though the author's collections are by no means exhausted, a judicious eclecticism has carefully winnowed the choicest of the grain. We learn with regret, that, owing to the heavy expenses thus far incurred, it has been deemed advisable to postpone the continuation of the work until the present issue is disposed of; but we doubt not that the public will promptly remove this hinderance, and authorize the conclusion of the History in accordance with the original plan.

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6. — *The Modern Whitefield: The* Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, *of London. His Sermons. With an Introduction and Sketch of his Life, by* E. L. Magoon. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 357.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is a youthful preacher of London, now but twenty-two years of age. His popularity is immense, exceeding that of any man since the days of Whitefield. His chapel stands on the Surrey side of the Thames, near Southwark Bridge, on the very spot where the great expositor Gill preached. It will seat eighteen hundred persons, but it is crowded in every corner each Sabbath, and a multitude turn away for want of room. This volume contains fifteen discourses, delivered, as we understand, in the ordinary course of his Sabbath ministrations. It is certainly difficult, from the perusal of these sermons, to account for the throngs which attend upon his ministry; but not more so, it may be, than for the reader of Whitefield's sermons to discover the elements of that mighty power with which he held and moved the vast audiences that gathered wherever he preached.

But if the sermons in this volume are not remarkable, the Introduction to them by Rev. E. L. Magoon certainly is remarkable. We doubt if one could select, in the whole compass of this species of literature in the English language, a more curious specimen. If the writer has failed in any measure to introduce Rev. Mr. Spurgeon to his readers, he assuredly has not failed to introduce himself. We cannot, however, withhold the expression of our sincere pity for any man who is so unfortunate as to be ushered before a new reading public by such a rhodomontade as that which fills the first thirty-six pages of this volume. Fifteen sermons which could bear such an introduction must possess no

ordinary merit. We have great admiration for Robert Hall, but we should tremble for his reputation if any volume of his were subjected to such an ordeal. The following precious morceau is a specimen: —

"He was no pet of indulgent fortune, familiarized with golden spoons, and fondled in the lap of effeminate ease. Nor was he cautiously secluded in the hot-house of supercilious pedantry, to eat and sleep out a regular course of *hic haec hoc*, with the plus excellence of sines and cosines, under the auspices of some erudite ignoramus, whose potency for turning the world upside down himself, and his aptness to teach others how such work is done, consists mainly in a diminutive quantity of antique roots in a perfumed head, a pair of green spectacles on a pimpled nose, and two lily hands buried near dyspeptic bowels."

The reader who is curious to see the above extract as it stands in the book may find it on the eleventh page of the Introduction. There is one better sentence in these thirty-six pages; but a friend of ours assures us it is not original, and therefore we will not quote it.

This Introduction is an offence against taste, decency, reverence, and piety, — a travesty of sacred things such as we hope we may not again encounter from the pen of a professed religious teacher.

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7. — *Life, Explorations, and Public Services of John Charles Fremont.* By Charles Wentworth Upham. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 356.

We are happy in having as our present candidates for the chief magistracy men who need not a pen versed in romance to adapt their memoirs to the moral taste of a virtuous public. Of each of the three for whom our suffrages are now solicited, it might be said with equal truth and equal emphasis, —

> "Being not propped by ancestry, whose grace
> Chalks successors their way; . . . . .
> . . . . . neither allied
> To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
> Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
> The force of his own merit makes his way."

The lives of Buchanan and Fillmore have not been submitted to our criticism; and this of Fremont does little more than to verify the impressions derived several years ago from the perusal of his reports. We traced in them other and higher qualities than those of the mere surveyor, engineer, and explorer. Their author seemed to us to possess extensive and varied knowledge, large fertility of resource, and no small

measure of administrative and executive talent. We learn through this memoir, that whatever genius he had was fashioned into efficient ability by a thorough education, classic, mathematical, and industrial, and that, so far as he has occupied places of civic trust, he has made good the *prestige* of his pioneer tactics. Independently of its bearing upon the Presidential election, the book has a permanent worth, at once as affording a fresh example of the success that waits on persevering endeavor, and as giving wide currency to a chapter of our country's history, which has to-day an importance that Fremont himself can hardly have imagined when he accumulated the materials for it.

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8. — 1. *Exercises on Words. Designed as a Course of Practice on the Rudiments of Grammar and Rhetoric.* By WILLIAM RUSSELL. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 1856. 12mo. pp. 225.

2. — *The Elements of Punctuation; with Rules on the Use of Capital Letters. Being an Abridgment of the "Treatise on English Punctuation." Prepared for Schools.* By JOHN WILSON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 152.

MR. RUSSELL has been well known for thirty years or more as an elocutionist of rare taste, skill, and power, and as an eminently efficient teacher in that almost indefinitely extended department which embraces the derivation and form of words, and their use, whether in conversation, oratory, or written composition. In smaller, yet numerous circles, he has been no less favorably known as with few peers and no superiors in those graces of social intercourse which constitute that "highest style of man," — the Christian gentleman. The book before us is worthy of his reputation, and we can hardly give it greater praise than this. It covers the entire department indicated above, and as a guide in orthoepy, orthography, and the choice and arrangement of words, it is all that could be desired, and is a model work both for conciseness and thoroughness of treatment. While it is perfectly adapted for the use of schools, we doubt whether there is any one, unless it be a professed and accomplished teacher of grammar, rhetoric, and oratory, who could read it without profit.

We have already expressed our sense of the superlative merit of Mr. Wilson's larger work. The abridgment is carefully made, and is adapted to do excellent service as a school manual. One could hardly fill an editorial chair for the briefest period, without being impressed, by the diversity of systems and no-systems of punctuation submitted to

his revision, with the carelessness with which this important subject has been treated, and its essential moment as a branch of school education.

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9. — *The Marble-Worker's Manual. Designed for the Use of Marble-Workers, Builders, and Owners of Houses.* Translated from the French, by M. L. Booth. With an Appendix concerning American Marbles. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856. pp. 256.

It strikes us that there are some inaccuracies of nomenclature in this Manual. For instance, granite is called a marble. We had supposed that it lacked the calcareous properties involved in the very name and idea of marble. But, with some few and slight exceptions, the treatise seems to be perfect in its kind. It gives in detail the composition, properties, and adaptations of the different stones, with the modes and instruments employed in working them, together with a full vocabulary of technical terms. The treatise on American marbles describes all the marble-quarries at present worked in the United States. It appears that "Vermont is *the* Marble State." Among its choicest varieties — the most precious of all — is a serpentine closely resembling the verd antique, but superior to it in durability and in its resistance to the action of fire and acids. "When polished, it is a rich and beautiful green, veined with white, and mottled." It is found in the town of Roxbury, — the only source now open in the world for the supply of this surpassingly beautiful material for building and ornament. The marble-quarries of Vermont earn at the present time a gross annual revenue of more than a million of dollars.

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10. — *Chronological History of the United States. Arranged with Plates on Bem's Principle.* By Elizabeth P. Peabody. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 312.

Bem's mode of teaching history is a system of pictorial mnemonics. Each century is represented by a plate or section of a plate, divided into four quarter-century blocks, which are subdivided by thinner lines into year-compartments. Each of the leading nations has its color. Each year has nine divisions or *loci*, to which are assigned respectively "Battles, Sieges, Beginnings of War"; "Conquests, Annexations, Unions"; "Losses and Disasters"; "Falls of States"; "Foundations

of States, and Revolutions"; "Treaties and Sundries"; "Births"; "Deeds"; and "Deaths of Remarkable Individuals." By connecting charts on this system with a local or general history, it is designed to fix on the mental retina of the pupil a visual image of the events narrated in the text, so that by recurring to this image he can recall the events. The plan has worked well in the hands of practical teachers on both continents. We were conversant in our boyhood with two no less complicated systems of mnemonics, and know from experience that a diagram with a hundred squares may so phototype itself on the memory, as to facilitate the recollection of disconnected series of names, events, or ideas. But with us what we learned by such helps has survived our recollection of their details, and is remembered while they are forgotten. We therefore imagine that "Bem's Principle" will be found more efficient in the acquisition than in the preservation of historical knowledge. However this may be, Miss Peabody has performed her work with great fidelity; and, even were no use made of the charts, she has furnished, independently of them, an accurate and valuable school manual of the history of the United States.

11.— *Signs of the Times: Letters to Ernst Moritz Arndt on the Dangers to Religious Liberty in the Present State of the World.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D. D., D. C. L., D. Ph. Translated from the German by SUSANNA WINKWORTH. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 440.

THE Chevalier Bunsen's writings are not easy reading, but they are always worth the effort it costs to master them. With all his lack of method, he is in no sense a desultory writer. Every thought, argument, and illustration has a direct relevancy to the subject in hand; but the materials of a book, chapter, or letter are suffered to lie where they chance to fall, instead of being artistically grouped. The work before us is devoted to the elucidation of the two leading phenomena of the religious world at the present day, which Bunsen defines to be "the spontaneous and powerful development of the principle of association, and the evident increase of the power of the clergy or hierarchy." This last in its personal form is precluded in our country by the voluntary system; but it may be questioned whether there has not been even among us a growth of impersonal church-power, concurrently with the increase of scope and power in extra-ecclesiastical associations. The specific details discussed by Bunsen appertain to Prussia and Con-

tinental Europe; but the principles which they are made to elucidate belong equally to all Christendom. The book ought to be read with peculiar interest here; for the author is a strenuous advocate of the largest religious liberty. To his eye, too, the signs of the times favor freedom; for he beholds the association principle on the ascendant, while it is the death-spasms that give a brief strength to the pontifical and hierarchical element.

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12. — *Sermons on Various Subjects, written and preached at different Places and Times, during his Public Ministry of Forty-four Years.* By Adam Empie, D. D., late Rector of St. James's Church, Richmond, Virginia. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 24mo. pp. 511.

The Preface to this volume makes the author an object of sympathy and reverence. Almost all the sermons bear dates prior to 1818, since which period impaired health has compelled Dr. Empie to be in great part an *ex tempore* preacher. He yet remained for thirty-five years longer in the diligent and earnest discharge of the duties of his sacred office, to which, till growing infirmity forbade their continuance, he was also obliged to annex the labors of an instructor. Now disabled for public service, and prevented, as he says, by "diseased eyes and half-paralyzed fingers," from performing the task of revision, he yet cannot persuade himself to remain inactive, and publishes these Sermons, most manifestly with no thought of fame, but that he may still plead with those who were wont to listen to him, in behalf of the great themes of Christian faith and duty. Tried by the standard which this personal narrative affords, the discourses are worthy of the highest praise. They display neither surpassing genius nor extraordinary erudition; but they are chaste in style, elevated in thought, fervent in feeling, direct in appeal, and redolent throughout of a spirit self-consecrated to the noblest ends. These characteristics give them (their age considered) a wonderful freshness and timeliness, — properties which do not attach themselves to vague and purposeless religious harangues, but which cleave permanently to discourses that had a close adaptation to the time when and the place where they first did service; for, human nature and its needs remaining essentially unchanged, the sermon which has once successfully met those needs cannot easily be out of place or grow obsolete.

13. — *Elements of Moral Philosophy; Analytical, Synthetical, and Practical.* By HUBBARD WINSLOW. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 480.

THIS is, so far as we know, a unique treatise, and enters on its sphere of service without a rival. It is "synthetical and practical," much more than it is "analytical." It for the most part shuns discussion, and, whenever possible, evades the ground for it. Yet it embraces a positive, clearly defined, and comprehensive system of ethics. The author's aim is to elicit the facts of consciousness, and so to expand and interpret them as to make them cover the entire field of duty. Under this treatment intuition supersedes argument, and propositions, which could be reached only by weary and doubtful ratiocination, appear self-evident. Under every head, the coincidence of Christian morality with the deductions from consciousness is clearly indicated, yet never in such a way as to throw the burden of proof upon revelation, but, on the other hand, so as to derive from natural ethics a cumulative argument for the Divine origin of Christianity. As an educational text-book, this work will command a ready preference before others, where the object is to impress sound and systematized views of moral obligation, its basis and its scope, without reference to the history or polemics of the science. As to the general reader, we know of no other ethical treatise that can meet the wants of so large a public. The very simplicity of method and precision of style, which will commend it to the perusal of persons of limited culture, can only insure for it the higher appreciation from those who know how much easier it is to be obscure than to be perspicuous on subjects of abstract science.

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14. — *The Imitation of Christ.* By THOMAS Á KEMPIS. Rendered into English from the original Latin, by JOHN PAYNE. With an Introductory Essay, by THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D. Edited by HOWARD MALCOM, D. D. A new, improved Edition, with a Life of the Author, by C. ULLMAN, D. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1854. 24mo. pp. 283.

THERE seems here a needless array of "middle-men" between the mediæval saint and his American readers. What Dr. Malcom has done for the work does not distinctly appear; but whatever it is, his name is our warrant that it is well done. Dr. Chalmers's Essay is an apology for the intense and seemingly exclusive importance attached by Thomas à Kempis to personal goodness, an importance which there is little danger of exaggerating in our day. The Scotch divine probably errs in ascribing to his author a latent assent to the dogma of

"justification by faith" in the form in which it has been held by modern Protestants. Ullman's memoir embraces all that is known of the good monk, with a critical analysis of his writings; and this renders the present edition of "The Imitation" preferable to any other. Of the work itself it is superfluous to speak. On the table, in the closet of every Christian, if there are but two books, this should be the second.

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15. — *Western Africa: its History, Condition, and Prospects.* By Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, eighteen Years a Missionary in Africa, and now one of the Secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. With numerous Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 527.

This book is another of the very numerous contributions made by the missionary enterprise to the world's science and knowledge. It leaves nothing to be desired as regards the topography, history, social state, and capabilities of the vast region which it covers. It is hopeful in its view of what Christian philanthropy may do for Africa. It seems to us one of the most strongly marked books of the year. It has no attractiveness of style; but it possesses the merit of painstaking accuracy, and is a precious memorial of the author's skill and energy as an explorer, no less than of his zeal and heroism as a captain in the "sacramental host."

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16. — *The Recent Progress of Astronomy; especially in the United States.* By Elias Loomis, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of the City of New York. Third Edition, mostly rewritten and much enlarged. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 396.

It would require a full-length article to say what we should wish to say concerning this treatise. With improved instruments and rapidly multiplied observatories, the last twenty years, without essentially modifying previous theories, have greatly enriched the domain of descriptive astronomy, and accumulated ample materials for larger generalizations. Professor Loomis's work comprises not only the discoveries of these latter years, but descriptions (with plates) of improved instruments and new observatories. The author, though for the most part he confines himself to narrative and description, enters occasionally upon the discussion of questions still open; as, for instance, with reference to the asteroids, which, he maintains by an elaborate and cumulative argument, are not fragments of a larger planet. It is gratifying to find how

prominent a place our own country is prepared to occupy in future discovery, both through the scientific genius now enlisted in astronomical observation and calculation, and by the means of prosecuting research afforded and maintained through public and private munificence. The recent endowment and inauguration of the Dudley Observatory mark a proud and hopeful epoch in the history of American science.

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17. — *The Camel. His Organization, Habits, and Uses, considered with Reference to his Introduction into the United States.* By GEORGE P. MARSH. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1856. 16mo. pp. 224.

IN this pleasant volume, Mr. Marsh has condensed a great deal of valuable and curious information, not only about the physiology and habits of the "Ship of the Desert," but about its proper use and management. His book is more than a treatise: it is as entertaining as a book of travels, and abounds in pictures from memory of life in the desert and in the East. In the earlier chapters there are evidences of that extensive scholarship and acquaintance with many tongues, for which the writer has so enviable a fame. We are not so sanguine as Mr. Marsh seems to be of success in the introduction of the camel on our Western plains and deserts, but we are glad that so good a beginning has been made in the experiment. The camel properly belongs to a rude and stationary civilization, which his slow pace and simple food aptly represent. We hope that the completion of the Pacific Railroad will forestall his race in New Mexico and Utah.

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18. — *Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical: or the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Illustrated with nearly 300 Wood Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 8vo. pp. 649.

THIS book comes to hand too late in our quarter for the critical examination which it deserves. We perceive, however, that it is full and thorough beyond all previous similar treatises that we have seen, and that as to descriptive detail and the entire theory of organization, it comprises the latest discoveries and embodies the latest conclusions of science. As to the more general reasonings, which form but a small portion of the volume, it will not command universal assent; and the closing chapter on "Social Mechanics," while it contains very valuable materials, seems to us to lack completeness and point.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. I. Part I. Cambridge. 1856.

Statistical Information relating to certain Branches of Industry in Massachusetts, for the Year ending June 1, 1855. Prepared from Official Returns, by Francis De Witt, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston. 1856.

Thirty-sixth Annual Report of the Directors of the Mercantile Library Association of the City of Boston. Boston. 1856.

The Signet-Ring and its Heavenly Motto. Translated from the German. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1856.

Address at the Social Festival of the Bar of Worcester County, Massachusetts, February 7, 1856. By Hon. Emory Washburn. Worcester. 1856.

Annual Report of the American Peace Society, together with the Speeches and other Proceedings at its Twenty-eighth Anniversary. Boston. 1856.

Norton's Literary Register, or Annual Book List, for 1856. A Catalogue of Books, including New Editions and Reprints, published in the United States during the Year 1855; containing Titles, Number of Pages, Prices, and Names of Publishers, with an Index of Subjects. New York: Charles B. Norton. 1856.

Catalogue of the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Ohio, and Kenyon College, 1855–56. Gambier. 1856.

Circular and Catalogue of the Albany Female Academy, founded A. D. 1814, incorporated February 16, 1821. Albany: Sprague & Co. 1856.

Annual Report, presented by the Executive Committee of the Bible Society of Massachusetts, at their Annual Meeting, Boston, May 26, 1856, being the 47th Anniversary. Boston. 1856.

Religion in Common Schools. By Rev. R. S. Rust, A. M. New York. 1856.

The Method of introducing Religion into Common Schools. By Rev. R. S. Rust, A. M. New York. 1856.

Library of Select Novels. No. 201. John Halifax, Gentleman. By the Author of "The Head of the Family," "Olive," &c. — No. 202. Evelyn Marston. By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," "Two Old Men's Tales," "The Heiress of Haughton," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

Harper's Story-Books. By Jacob Abbott. No. 20. Rambles among the Alps. — No. 21. The Three Gold Dollars; or, An Account of the Adventures

of Robin Green. — No. 22. The Gibraltar Gallery; being an Account of various Things both Curious and Useful. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, held at Longwood, Chester County, Fifth Month, 1856. New York. 1856.

Twenty-sixth Annual Report of the Boston Port Society, 1855–56. Boston. 1856.

The Sumner Outrage. A Full Report of the Speeches at the Meeting of Citizens in Cambridge, June 2, 1856, in Reference to the Assault on Senator Sumner in the Senate-Chamber at Washington. Cambridge. 1856.

Address of the Rev. Lyman Whiting, of Portsmouth, N. H., at the Anniversary of the American Home Missionary Society, New York, May 7, 1856. New York. 1856.

A Brief Sketch of a Lecture delivered before the Essex Institute, May 12, 1856, respecting the Founders of Salem and the First Church. Salem. 1856.

"Whosoever committeth Sin, is the Servant of Sin." A Sermon preached to the Second Parish in Saco, on Sunday Morning, June 15, 1856. By J. T. G. Nichols. Saco. 1856.

Life the Test of Learning. A Discourse before the Graduating Class of Harvard College, delivered June 15, 1856. By Frederic D. Huntington, D. D., Preacher to the University, and Plumer Professor of Morals. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1856.

A Reign of Terror. A Sermon preached in Union Street Church, Bangor, on Sunday Evening, June 1, 1856. By Joseph Henry Allen. Bangor. 1856.

Address illustrative of the Nature and Power of the Slave States, and the Duties of the Free States; delivered at the Request of the Inhabitants of the Town of Quincy, on Thursday, June 5, 1856. By Josiah Quincy. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856.

Fifth Annual Catalogue and Circular of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, for the Year ending June 27, 1856. New York. 1856.

Reports of the Board of Visitors, Trustees, Superintendent, Treasurer, and Building Committee of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, June Session, 1856. Concord. 1856.

Fourth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Free Public Library. Presented to the City Council, March 31, 1856. New Bedford. 1856.

Statement of the Relations of Rufus W. Griswold with Charlotte Myers (called Charlotte Griswold), Elizabeth F. Ellet, Ann S. Stephens, Samuel J. Waring, Hamilton R. Searles, and Charles D. Lewis, with particular Reference to the late unsuccessful Attempt to have set aside the Decree granted in 1852 by the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia County, in the Case of Griswold *vs.* Griswold. Philadelphia. 1856.

The Martins of Cro' Martin. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

Religion in America; or, An Account of the Origin, Relation to the State, and Present Condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States. With Notices of the Unevangelical Denominations. By Robert Baird. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. pp. 696.

Life of General Daniel Morgan, of the Virginia Line of the Army of the United States, with Portions of his Correspondence; compiled from authentic Sources. By James Graham. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 475.

Confidential Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, including Letters from the Time of their Marriage until the Death of Josephine, and also several Private Letters from the Emperor to his Brother Joseph, and other important Personages. With numerous illustrative Notes and Anecdotes. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 404.

Victoria; or, The World Overcome. By Caroline Chesebro'. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 465.

The Daisy Chain; or, Aspirations. A Family Chronicle. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," etc. In 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 314, 309.

Memorials of his Time, by Henry Cockburn. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 442.

The Confessions of J. J. Rousseau. Period First. New York: Calvin Blanchard. 1856. pp. 309.

The Poetical Works of John Skelton: principally according to the Edition of the Rev. Alexander Dyce. In 3 vols. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. cxlvii., 250, 437, 453.

Siebert's Wold: A Tale. By the Author of "Sunbeam Stories." Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 258.

The History of Massachusetts. The Provincial Period. By John Stetson Barry. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 514.

Message from the President of the United States to the two Houses of Congress, at the Commencement of the First Session of the Thirty-fourth Congress. Part III. Washington. 1855. pp. 432.

The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. With Illustrations. Written from his own Dictation, by T. D. Bonner. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 537.

Elmwood: or, Helen and Emma. By Cora Mayfield. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 350.

The Angel in the House. The Espousals. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 16mo. pp. 204.

Currency, self-regulating and elastic, explained in a Letter to His Grace the Duke of Argyll; with Introductory Chapters on the Nature of Capital, and of Money, and an Historical Sketch of British Currency Systems. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1855. pp. 367.

The Medical Profession in Ancient Times. An Anniversary Discourse delivered before the New York Academy of Medicine, November 7, 1855. By John Watson, M. D., Surgeon to the New York Hospital. New York. 1856. pp. 222.

Clara; or, Slave Life in Europe. With a Preface by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 533.

Lays of Ancient Rome: with Ivy, and The Armada. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 181.

The Tongue of Fire; or, The Power of Christianity. By William Arthur, A. M., Author of "The Successful Merchant," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 354.

Helen Lincoln: A Tale. By Carrie Capron. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 308.

An Address delivered before the Members of the Schools, and the Citizens of Quincy, July 4, 1856. By Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856.

A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States, from the Declaration of Independence to the Present Day. Mainly compiled and condensed from the Journals of Congress and other Official Records, and showing the Vote by Yeas and Nays on the most important Divisions in either House. By Horace Greeley. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856.

The Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times. An Oration, delivered on Tuesday, August 5, 1856, before the Literary Societies of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. By George William Curtis. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856.

Topics of Jurisprudence connected with Conditions of Freedom and Bondage. By John C. Hurd, Counsellor at Law. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1856.

Four Letters to a Baptist. By a Layman of Alabama. New York: Dana & Co. 1856.

Considerations for a Candid Mind inquiring after Divine Truth. New York: Dana & Co. 1856.

Memoirs of Celebrated Characters. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 323.

Modern Greece: A Narrative of a Residence and Travels in that Country; with Observations on its Antiquities, Literature, Language, Politics, and Religion. By Henry M. Baird, M. A. Illustrated by about Sixty Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 380.

Political Essays. By Parke Godwin. From Contributions to Putnam's Magazine. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 345.

Comedies. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 125.

Western Border Life; or, What Fanny Hunter saw and heard in Kansas and Missouri. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 408.

Household Mysteries. A Romance of Southern Life. By Lizzie Petit, of Virginia, Author of "Light and Darkness." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 300.

Cousin Nicholas. By the Rev. Richard Barham, Author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," etc. Illustrated. Buffalo: A. Burke. 1856. 12mo. pp. 377.

Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge. — Archæology of the United

States, or Sketches, Historical and Bibliographical, of the Progress of Information and Opinion respecting Vestiges of Antiquity in the United States. By Samuel F. Haven. New York: G. P. Putman & Co. 1856. 4to. pp. 168.

The Legal Profession: an Address delivered before the Law Department of the University of Louisville, Kentucky, February 20th, 1856, by Hon. Bellamy Storer, of Ohio. Cincinnati. 1856.

Appletons' Railway and Steam-Navigation Guide, for the United States and the Canadas. No. III. September, 1856. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 240.

Seventh Annual Report of the New England Female Medical College. Boston. 1856.

Dred; a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. In 2 vols. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 329, 370.

Essays. By Theophilus Parsons. Second Series. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 285.

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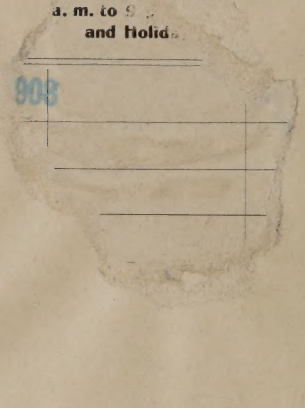

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